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JANUARY, 1834.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE MECHANIC ARTS:

Or Considerations by a Mechanic, offered as incentives to study, especially to his brother artisans.

Lord Bacon, the great master of practical wisdom, has said that 'the empire of man over material things has for its only foundation the sciences and the arts:' and Mr. Hume, alluding to the indirect influence of general knowledge upon the advance of any particular branch of labor, has beautifully observed that, 'We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woollen cloth will be wrought to perfection in a nation which is ignorant of astronomy, or where ethics are neglected.'

The object of this essay is to exhibit, not only the direct importance of scientific principles as applied to the mechanic arts, but to represent the advantages which artisans are likely to derive, indirectly, from the cultivation of literature and science; and we may take occasion further to remark on the salutary influence which such cultivation may be expected to exercise upon the condition of society at large.

At the present day, when mechanics' institutions are becoming popular and frequent in some of our cities, so much has been already said on this subject, that little novelty can be looked for on this occasion. A beaten path lies before us; yet, since it is a subject in itself so interesting and important as to be continually exciting renewed attention, this attempt to bring it still further into notice with the public, by presenting

them with the following observations, will not be considered a useless effort, if, happily, thereby ever so little is added to the common stock of information respecting it; or even should it be the means only of more widely diffusing, in a new form, what has heretofore been suggested by others. Some striking remarks, coming from abler pens, will unavoidably present themselves as too valuable to be lost sight of here, and will therefore be quoted as they may occur in the course of our progress.

Mechanical contrivances have ever been among the first germs of civilization.

Every people ignorant of the mechanic arts have existed in a rude state, and have been very partially, if at all civilized; but wherever those arts have been introduced, they have uniformly given an impetus to civilization and refinement. However rude in their origin, they are effectually calculated to develop the reasoning faculties of man, and unfold the mental capabilities of our nature. The man engaged in mechanical contrivances has difficulties to overcome, and he must think—his inventive faculty is employed and the ingenuity of his mind brought into action. His intellect is under constant discipline, and he acquires quickness of discernment: he learns the adaptation of means to the attainment of an end; and hence, in the physical universe, intelligence is thus brought to assume the direction, and the circumstances around us are subjected to the empire of reason.

In the progress of society, art is antecedent to science. Until recent times, the arts were entrenched in technicalities and mysteries. Shut out from the lights of science, they were conducted mostly by men uninformed and illiterate; and their improvements depended, consequently, on the uncertain operations of chance. Under such circumstances their advancement was slow, and their attainment more difficult. Without any rational principles for their foundation, they were, in their most perfect state but empirical, until science became their handmaid, and paved a way to them broad and beaten. How many laborious and costly experiments—how much toil and thought would not the knowledge of a single scientific principle frequently have saved the experimenter in his search after new combinations and new adaptations of art! What treasure—what time and genius have not been expended, in every country, on the inquiry after 'perpetual motion:' a condition of matter which is inconsistent with the laws of gravitation.

The modes of investigation and discovery begin now to be better understood; our ablest mechanics call in the aid of sci-

ence to their ingenuity, and proceed in their inquiries upon a system, with well-established principles for their guides; hence the many astonishing inventions and improvements of the age we live in, which are of a magnitude and extent far surpassing those of any former times.

These are not the result of accident or chance; nor are they to be referred to genius, intuitively creating new arts and devising new adaptations without effort; but are the fruits of patient, laborious and investigating genius, reasoning and deducing at every step.

The present is an age of improvement. Men of science have begun to devote themselves practically to the improvements of the arts; to experiment on them with a view to systematize and establish them on correct principles. Science is more and more pervading every branch of the mechanic arts, and daily raising them to a more elevated rank.

It behooves every mechanic, therefore, to form his mind to habits of reasoning and observation, and to endeavor to acquire a thorough knowledge of the principles of his art. It is no longer safe to be ignorant; for, in the language of judge Story, 'mere dexterity and mechanical adroitness, expertness of hand, or steadiness of labor, are not alone sufficient to guaranty to the individual a successful issue in his business. Science is becoming almost indispensable, in order to master improvements, as they occur, and to keep up, in some measure, with the skill of the age. It will otherwise happen, that a mechanic, by the time he has arrived midway in life, will find himself superseded by those who, though much younger, have begun life under more favorable auspices.'

Henry Brougham, in his discourse on the pleasures and advantages of science, makes the following observations on knowledge of principles in the arts: 'It gives every man a chance, according to his natural talents, of becoming an improver of the art he works at, and even a discoverer in the sciences connected with it. He is daily handling the tools and materials with which new experiments are to be made; and daily witnessing the operations of nature, whether in the motion and pressure of bodies, or in their chemical action on each other.

'All opportunities of making experiments must be unimproved, all appearances must pass unobserved, if he has no knowledge of the principles; but with this knowledge, he is more likely than another person to strike out something new which may be useful in art, or curious or interesting in science.

Very few great discoveries have been made by chance and

by ignorant persons: much fewer than is generally supposed.' It has been well observed by a distinguished individual, that 'What logarithms are to the mathematician, knowledge of principles is to the mechanic.'

A principle is a fundamental or primary truth, from which others are deduced.

On a series of such truths a system is founded, and all subsequent reasonings or operations in this system, must accord with these first truths, or be abandoned as erroneous, or inapplicable. An acquaintance with principles, whether in the arts and sciences; in politics, religion, or morals; is indispensable to the arriving at just conclusions in any of the details of those branches of knowledge; and on all occasions will greatly help the judgment to form correct opinions in matters any way connected with them. They are the rules, by which well-informed minds and systematic thinkers arrive at the truth on all subjects where absolute demonstrative evidence is unattainable, and constitute an essential part of the art of reasoning.

When an opinion is formed without a reference to principles, it is said to be 'vague' and uncertain; and should it prove to be correct when the tests are applied, it is the result of accident, and not of discernment in the mind of him who thus hazarded it; for discernment is founded upon the self-discipline of the mind. We occasionally see an individual, who, on all occasions, displays much vigor of intellect in his controversies and speculations, and who is evidently gifted with a mind of no ordinary powers; yet whose mental conceptions are of a nature which leads him almost constantly into error of opinion. Such a mind is untrained in the discipline of correct principles—the only sure guide which leads to just conclusions. Men with minds of this cast, exhibit the waywardness of some smart children, whose training has been little attended to.

Great mental powers, under these circumstances, frequently lead to moral excesses; for, without right direction, intellectual energy is but revolting barbarism; and all knowledge not founded on principles, is partial and deceptive: it is the twilight which bewilders the mind, and gives it a false confidence in itself, and can only be dispelled by the clearer light of a more perfect knowledge.

If, as David Hume has observed, the knowledge of astronomy, in its indirect bearings on all the arts, be deemed so essential in a national point of view, can we reasonably expect that an artisan, altogether ignorant of the science directly connected with his branch of business, should be expert in all its details, or be likely to advance his interests in the world? Will the

builder or carpenter, who is unacquainted with geometry, and therefore unable to measure or to estimate the strength of timber, of walls, or the proper construction of arches, be likely to excel in the perfection of his workmanship? The mill-wright and engineer would scarcely be able to construct any complex piece of machinery, without some knowledge of mechanics and hydrostatics, however obtained. Workers in metal will be more skilful, when acquainted with the nature of those substances, their relation to both heat and other metals, and to the airs and liquids they come in contact with. The all-comprehensive science of chemistry, furnishes principles to the cutler, the dyer, the brewer, the distiller, and the tanner; and to many others, engaged in various arts. In short, every art and profession of skill, whether useful or ornamental, have their appropriate principles, derived from kindred sciences. 'In truth,' as chancellor Brougham observes, 'though a man be neither mechanic nor peasant, but only one having a pot to boil, he is sure to learn from science lessons which will enable him to cook his morsel better, save his fuel, and both vary his dish and improve it.'

From a knowledge of principles, we may confidently predict results; which is one of the many advantages that science has over knowledge that is merely practical.

Sometimes experiment suggests the principles, but most commonly, in the present day, 'science precedes art;' the principles are first formed, and, in any improvement, they suggest the experiment. The workman who is familiar with the process, but unacquainted with the reason on which it is founded, will be at fault, the moment he is required to make any new adaptation of it. The difference, indeed, between the mechanic who reasons at every step, as the process passes through his hands, or under his observation, and him who merely repeats the dull routine of his labor as a daily task, without once exercising his thoughts upon the 'why and the wherefore,' is truly immense. The one will remain stationary; the work of a day will be the index of his life; while the other may open to himself a way to reputation and wealth.

Much depends upon the objects which a man proposes to himself: 'whether,' as beautifully observed by judge Story, 'he looks to the end and aim of the whole of life, or only to the present day or hour; whether he listens to the voice of indolence or vulgar pleasure, or to the stirring voice in his own soul, urging his ambition on to the highest objects. If his views are low and grovelling; if the workshop, in its cold routine of duties, bounds all his wishes and his hopes, his destiny is already fixed, and the history of his whole life may be read, though the

blush of youth still lingers in his cheeks. It is not a tale merely twice told; it has been told for millions. If, on the other hand, he aspires to be a man, in dignity, independence, spirit and character, and to give his talents their full scope and vigor; if to a steady devotion to the practice of his art, he adds a scientific study of its processes and principles, his success is as sure as any thing on this side of the grave can be. He may even go further, and dream of fame; and if he possess the sagacity of genius, may build a solid immortality upon the foundation of his own inventions.'

It is not to be understood, from the preceding remarks, that a thorough acquaintance with all the details of a science, is necessary to a right prosecution of the art to which it is allied: for this single object, a limited culture will frequently suffice; but for the attainment of any degree of excellency, it is absolutely necessary there should be habits of reasoning and reflection, which the study of natural science is so well calculated to give.

If we are desirous of learning the benefits which science united to art, has already conferred upon mankind, and would estimate its further capabilities, we need only compare the comforts and elegances of life, as enjoyed by all classes in our present condition, with the discomfort and privations of society as recorded in the history of past ages, and we may form some idea of what may yet be accomplished.

The poorest, in our day, are in possession of comforts and conveniences, which were unknown, even to the rich, two centuries ago. They are well clothed, and have in their houses, a variety of furniture and utensils, of which the ancients were entirely ignorant. The houses of those in the middle ranks of life, are filled with an almost inconceivable number of conveniences and luxuries—furniture, glass, porcelain, plate, linen, books, pictures, &c.

We are enabled to furnish ourselves in this abundance, from the superior cheapness of production, brought about by machinery and the other improvements of the times.

For the diffusion of every possible luxury and convenience, the readiest communication by roads, canals, and railways, are provided. By the agency of ships and the art of navigation, we have intercourse with every part of the world, so that the productions of every soil and climate are everywhere accumulated, to administer to our enjoyments at a comparatively trifling expense. By the discoveries of science and the elegances of literature, whatever can afford profit or amusement, is

recorded, and spread with the greatest rapidity; so that the stock of knowledge is constantly increasing.

If we go back to the records of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we shall find the contrast to this state of things to be very great. The following curious particulars are extracted from a small volume entitled, 'Rights of Industry.'

'Harrison, an historian of those times, mentions the erection of chimneys, as a modern luxury.' 'There were few chimneys,' says this old writer, 'even in capital towns; the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out of the roof, or door, or window.'

'The houses were wattled, and plastered over with clay, and all the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow.' 'The nobility had hangings against the walls, to keep out the wind, which crept in through the crevices which the builder's bungling art had left; the middle orders had no hangings. Shakspeare alludes to this rough building of houses even in his time—

> Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away.

Even the nobility went without glass to their windows, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.'

'When glass was introduced, it was for a long time so scarce, that at Alnwick castle, in 1567, the glass was ordered to be taken out of the windows and laid up in safety, when the lord was absent.' 'In the reign of Edward III. Colchester, in Essex, was considered the tenth city in England, in point of population. It then paid a poll-tax for two thousand nine hundred and fifty-five lay persons. The whole household furniture, utensils, clothes, money, cattle, corn, and every other property found in the town, was valued at 518*l.* 16*s.* 0¾*d.* and which would amount only to 1450*l.* of our present money. This valuation took place on occasion of a subsidy or tax to the crown. The whole stock of a carpenter's tools, was valued at one shilling. They altogether consisted of two broadaxes, an adze, a square, and a navegor, or spokeshave.'

'The mercer's stock in trade was much upon a level with the carpenter's tools. The household furniture found in use among the more wealthy families of Colchester, consisted of an occasional bed, a brass pot, a brass cup, a gridiron, and a rug or two, and, perhaps a towel. Of chairs and tables we hear nothing.' 'In those days none but the clergy and nobility wore white linen.' 'The more sumptuous articles of a mercer's stock were treasured in rich families from generation to generation; and even the wives of the nobility did not

disdain to mention in their wills a particular article of clothing which they left to the use of a daughter or a friend.' We learn from the chronicles of Brantome, a French historian of these days, that even the nobility sat upon chests in which they kept their clothes and linen. Harrison, whose testimony we have already given to the poverty of those times, affirms, that if a man in seven years after marriage could purchase a flock bed, and a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself as well lodged as the lord of the town, 'who, peradventure lay seldom on a bed entirely of feathers.' 'Thomas à Becket was reputed extravagantly nice, because he had his parlor strewed every day with clean straw.' Before the invention of printing, at the time of the valuation of Colchester, books in manuscript, from their extensive costliness, could be purchased only by princes. 'The royal library of Paris, in 1378, consisted of nine hundred and nine volumes, an extraordinary number. The same library now comprises upwards of four hundred thousand volumes.' 'But it may fairly be assumed, that where one book could be obtained in the fourteenth century by persons of the working classes, four hundred thousand may be as easily obtained now.'

'Here then was a privation which existed five hundred years ago, which debarred our ancestors from more profit and pleasure than the want of beds, and chairs, and linen; and probably, if this privation had continued, and men therefore had not cultivated their understandings, they would not have learnt to give any really profitable direction to their labor, and we should still have been as scantily supplied with furniture and clothes as the good people of Colchester of whom you have been reading.'

To enumerate all the advantages which mankind have derived from the extension of scientific knowledge, and from literature, even within the last half century, would be an endless task. The means of comfortable subsistence, and the easy acquisition of all the elegances of life, have been nearly quadrupled, they have become available to all classes, even the poorest among us. The general character has been raised and refined by infusing taste and a decent pride into the minds of those who would otherwise have remained in a rude state—and machinery, instead of lessening the demand for manual labor, (as some have contended,) has ultimately increased it, by its facility of production: for the cheapness of fabrics causes them to be universally purchased. If you give one dollar less than before, for an article of convenience, you will have a dollar more to lay out in the purchase of something else. It is impossible to predict the future capabilities of scientific improvements, or to say to what extent they may yet be carried, especially when mechan-

ics generally, shall become scientific inquirers, which we trust will soon be the case. Until science shall go hand in hand with the arts in every department, the day of their greatest triumph over material things will not have arrived—the day which we may anticipate, when human power will only be exerted in 'its noblest occupation, that of giving a direction by its intelligence to the mere physical power which it has conquered,' leaving all that is purely mechanical to levers, wheels and pistons. For it is probable that but a small proportion of all the properties of matter, and their combinations, has yet been explored. Their greatest number may yet remain unseen and undiscovered. The field of knowledge is ever widening as we advance, and nature is inexhaustible.

(*To be continued.*)

WILCOX'S OHIO PRACTICE.

Law books are multiplying in our state. Last month we had Mr. Chase's first volume of the statutes, and now we have the work of another lawyer upon the great subject of practice. The typographical execution of both these works is very creditable to their publishers; and they are both works of great value. The want of a good work upon practice has been long felt, not in this state alone, but throughout the union; and yet, strange to say, but three states have had the want supplied, viz: New York, Virginia, and now, Ohio.

But is this work of Mr. Wilcox's the one we needed? From an imperfect examination, we think it will answer, though much might be done to improve it. A young man, whose two years have been employed in digesting the immense quantity of legal aliment spread before him, is admitted to the bar, and, perchance, is blessed with a client; very well, what is he to do with him? He has gathered from the statute book a vague notion of what is to be done, but with no certain guide, no sure counsellor, he is like a sailor at sea, in a thick fog, without a compass —or a man, of a dark night, in the streets of Cincinnati, without a lantern; he fears every moment to tumble into a gutter, or stumble over a pile of bricks. His first essay is probably before a justice of the peace, and he needs sadly some kind friend to assist him in his proceedings. Does Mr. Wilcox do this? No; he mentions the jurisdiction of justices, and how their judgment may be appealed from, all which the novice had

sifted previously from the statute: but as to the manner in which justice suits are brought and conducted, he says nothing.

His work commences with an account of the jurisdiction of the several state courts, the actions used in Ohio, and of mesne process; this is all well. Then he gives the various proceedings in the action of assumpsit; which is, in general, he says, commenced either with a capias ad respondendum or summons: but instead of showing in this place, *when* a capias is allowed, he gives the various forms relating to a summons, and reserves the other point till he comes to speak of the capias. This is not a matter of much importance, but we think the arrangement might be improved. Having given the precipes, the writs, and bail-bonds, he proceeds with precedents in pleading, verdicts, judgments, and closes with a transcript of the complete record. All this we are glad to see; we think it much the best mode of presenting the subject; and from the number of cases referred to, we should think Mr. Wilcox had done his duty well; for at present, we must adopt that mode of judging. But we should have liked his work still more, had he given us, in addition, the practice and law with respect to new trials and arrests of judgment, both of which are entirely omitted. Appeals and writs of error, are treated of under separate heads.

Having now done with assumpsit, he follows through, in the same manner, the actions of debt, covenant, &c. and gives the proceedings upon scire facias and certiorari. Next come precedents in chancery, which we have but very partially examined, but should think ample; and lastly, all that relates to various legal proceedings, such as habeas corpus, attachment, dower, &c. not elsewhere treated of. The appendix contains the rules of practice in the supreme court and courts of common pleas.

Thus have we briefly stated the contents of Mr. Wilcox's work, and their order. This order we think well chosen, and the whole bears marks of study and care. We wish that more had been said in a directory way; but it is called a work of forms, and such it is. It is calculated to be very useful, containing much matter and many directions not to be found elsewhere, and will no doubt sell quickly.

But, though the matter is good and well arranged, the man that pays his four dollars for this work, buys not only Mr. Wilcox's matter, but also a vast deal of Mr. Whiting's blank paper. It is true, that a fair margin is well; and it is well to have the lines clear and distinct—and room for a note here and there would not be amiss. But, in this instance, the system is carried to an extent that would be ludicrous, were it a joking matter to pay four dollars for what should cost two. Nor is Mr. Wil-

cox to be acquitted of having a hand in this business: for we find him repeating over the precipe, the summons, the capias, &c. in every case, instead of referring back and suggesting the alterations necessary—thereby causing that to occupy three pages which should fill three lines. Now, all this is little short of imposition. If the matter in a proper form would not pay, let the work alone until some philanthropic attorney comes forward, who will undertake it for nothing. We are sorry to see Mr. W.'s work so faulty. The condensed reports were full of most shameful typographical errors, but they were condensed. Not so with this work; and though carelessness is bad enough, we prefer it to unfairness. Had the volume been half the size, and the same price, we should have liked it better, and would have paid our money more willingly. We would sooner give away four dollars, than have it taken on false pretences.

We might dilate on this matter feelingly, or as a friend has observed to us, argue that the editor and publisher are nullifiers from the horror they show of consolidation. But we refrain, and close with the hope that the kernel of Mr. Wilcox's next work may be as good, and the husk less imposing. K.

ESSAY UPON THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS.

Prosperity, it is said, has a tendency to harden the heart and deaden the feelings of those who enjoy it, to the perception of the multitude and magnitude of the blessings by which they are surrounded.

By a strange perversity of heart, we require the sun to be darkened, the light of the stars to be quenched, and the fountains of the waters to be dried up, before we can truly appreciate the value and unparalleled beauties of these glorious gifts of God.

The course of recent events in our country would seem to illustrate and prove the truth of the same idea and maxim. Our career of universal prosperity has been without a parallel in the history of man: we have grown from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, with a speed and vigor which has outstripped the spirit of prophecy; and nations have gazed with wonder at the growth of the youthful giant of the western lands.

We have done this under the protection and encouragement of the freest constitution on earth; governed by institutions which call forth the noblest efforts of all, from the highest to

the lowest, by setting all upon an equal footing, and securing to every one whatever he may gain in this race of emulation and enterprise.

One would think that a people thus situated, might be contented to reap in quiet the harvest which a bountiful Providence has caused to spring up under their feet, grateful for the blessings which have enabled them to do so. But there is an insatiate appetite in man, for something new and better than he has—a disposition like the old woman in the fable, to kill the goose, that all the golden eggs might be secured at once. To satisfy his own mind, and justify himself in the eye of the world, he discusses the faults and abuses of the system he is discontented with, and broods over them, till, through the mists of a perverted reason, they assume the shape of gorgons and giants. Thus 'chimeras dire,' are conjured up and fill his brain, till he has convinced himself, and all who see with his eyes, that his misfortunes are entirely owing to the baleful influence of these creations of his own brain, which are as intangible as the 'baseless fabric of a vision.' It seems to me, that some of our countrymen are thus afflicted with evil spirits; else why, with these convincing exhibitions of its fruits and beneficial influence, do we hear them speaking of calculating the value of the union. They would weigh our institutions, not in the scales of rigid and impartial justice, but in a spirit of discontentment and fault finding, with minds fully made up that all its advantages and excellences shall be as dust in the balance when weighed against its evils, magnified and distorted by the power of passion and prejudice. I would not condemn the spirit of calculating truly the value of the blessings which are given us. It is the only true basis, as it is the daily sustenance of a grateful and contented heart; far be it from me to wish the spirit checked in the slightest degree. Let us calculate the value of the union—let us weigh the worth of our institutions; but let us do it in the spirit of candor: examine them to see if the highest good has been attained, and not with the ungenerous spirit of dwelling upon its evils alone, predetermine to destroy that, which we profess to love and examine with fairness.

No one would think it just to compare our institutions with the utopian perfection which imagination may have conjured up, because no one would be so unphilosophical as to look for perfection in the works of imperfect beings. The only true way then of arriving at the worth of our institutions, is, by comparing them with those of other nations, to see if we have improved upon them; and this is what I propose to do in the following remarks, taking the English, the freest of existing monarchies, as a representative of the rest.

The first distinction, which I would notice between the English and American constitutions, is the one being a fixed and written instrument, and the other an unrecorded mass of prescriptive rights. If we look at the progress of the English constitution, we shall find that most of its great principles of liberty have been started amid turmoil and rebellion. The people, when oppressed beyond human endurance, have turned upon the heel that crushed them, blindly at first and in the spirit of mere resistance and revenge, and after finding they had the power, have made a demand of their rights.

Having thus attained, what to them was an unusual degree of liberty, they had not the forethought to guard their posterity against the encroachments of the same power which oppressed them, by having a record made of the rights conceded—but content with enjoying them themselves, they compelled their posterity to acknowledge the justice of prescription, or the absurd doctrine that the clearest and most apparent right must be enjoyed by sufferance or rebellion a certain number of years, before it attains a fixed and indisputable place in the charter of privileges. Thus until the reign of Edward I. whatever might have been the occasional advantages before that time attained by the people, they were emphatically slaves and mere cyphers in the body politic. But during this reign, the house of commons was regularly summoned, and from this time the English constitution, or the government of kings, lords, and commons, may be said to date; and from this time the people gradually emerged, from the darkness and slavery of the feudal times, into the light of civil liberty. From this reign to that of Edward III. there was a constant struggle between the people and the crown, about the principles of taxation and legislation—the king having heretofore, with the assistance of his nobles, asserted the right to do both.

The people at length determined that this should no longer be, and after continued efforts and perseverance, in the reign of Edward III. they obtained an admission of three of the great principles of the English constitution, viz:

First.—The illegality of raising money by taxation without the consent of commons.

Second.—The king and the two houses of parliament together possessed the exclusive right of legislation.

Third.—The responsibility of ministers to parliament.

But even these great principles, the truth and justice of which are now established beyond a doubt, and the admission of which the people then obtained by such continued effort, they left their posterity again to fight for, by neglecting to make that

record which should put their right beyond the reach of prescription.

The great charter of privileges, extorted from John by his barons, was declared not to be a declaration of new rights, but only a renewal of old ones, unrecorded and forgotten.

In the reign of Richard II. the whole executive power was usurped by parliament, by means of the authority assumed by them of appointing the executive council and all the officers of the executive. This was an unwarrantable and abusive exercise of liberty; but the next reign, the sovereign being energetic, might exhibit an entirely different aspect, and the scale would preponderate the other way.

This constant fluctuation in the exercise of the prerogative by the king, and power by the parliament, resulted from the want of a common and fixed standard to refer to, defining the powers of each branch of the government, and in what way they should be exercised. For the want of this, now the king, and now the commons predominated, and the same individuals and bodies of men would swear to the support of ordinances directly contradicting each other, as the exigency of the times might require; and thus the sacred cross of Canterbury was made the witness of some of the most enormous perjuries ever recorded in history.

These are some of the many disadvantages of an unwritten constitution. I deem it unnecessary to occupy space and time to prove the utility of that which remedies them. I will, however, before leaving this branch of the subject, make a few remarks upon a system which has grown up under the protection of this prescriptive right—I mean the system of monopolies.

The policy of the kings, subsequent to William Rufus, was to keep the people quiet by freeing them from the lighter manacles of the oppression and taxation of the feudal system. Thus they granted them exemption from tolls on rivers and markets, or the privilege of immunities from ordinary jurisdiction, or of internal self-regulation to certain towns; and from this gradually grew up their present plan of privileged corporations and boroughs, and their most unequal system of representation.

This granting of peculiar privileges to certain classes, or portions of the community, cannot but be injurious to the country at large, and in the end, to the very privileged persons themselves. It destroys the noble spirit of competition, which is the great spring of advancement in every thing; for, by taking away the equalities of those who would be competitors, you destroy much of the ability, and more of the spirit of generous

effort. Whereas, put all on an equal footing, let them start on the same race-ground, and from the same goal, and there is a spirit in man which will call the most hidden springs of power into action, and arouse in all their force the energies of his being, physical and intellectual.

This course is injurious to the privileged classes themselves, for it takes away from them the strongest stimulant to exertion on their part.

The prize is within their reach, easy to be obtained; they have the field to themselves; no one is pressing upon their heels, or distancing them upon the race-course. Here the love of ease, which is so strong in its enervating influence upon man, has no counteracting influence; and the leprosy of inaction creeps over him like a blight, curdling and drying up the very fountains of existence.

Can there be a doubt that the Creator, in giving man his powers of indefinite improvement, intended that he should be awake and in action? If there is, we must suppose that he stamped the soul with his own image, and gifted it with immortal energies, for naught; that the one, or the five, or the ten talents were given it but to be buried in a napkin.

Is has seemed to me that this spirit of emulation was given by God for a glorious purpose; that it is one of the strongest evidences that he intended men should be free; that he has sent them into the broad field of their action and enterprise, equally free and independent.

As man is constituted, if this was not the case, the wings of his spirit would be stripped of their strongest and proudest plumage, and checked in its upward career to regions of new intelligence and light; it would be confined to the narrow and half-illumined course which stern necessity compelled it to move in.

It is true, that England has been prosperous in spite of her restrictions, privileged classes, and monopolies. She has gone forth like a giant, and rejoicing in her course, she has not heeded the poisonous influences which the defects in her system were silently and slowly, but surely infusing into her veins, sapping her strength, and trammeling her efforts. But can any one doubt, from viewing her present situation, that the disease has taken root—that the prosperity of England, if it had not been greater, would have been more lasting, if she had been free from these deleterious influences?

This equality in the rights of men is the basis of all our institutions; it speaks out in every article of our constitution; it has been given as a charter to future generations by the voice

of a whole people, sanctioned by the wisdom and experience of our fathers, and secured by the oath of a nation. The framers of the American constitution, taking all the experience of the past for their guide, started upon a broad and beaten highway, with the light of day shining around them. Selecting the excellences of the English constitution, (and they are many and great,) they left those shackles and incumbrances, which their ancestors acquired in groping their way out of the darkness and tyranny of the barbarous ages, and which still cling to them with immoveable tenacity, hallowed by time-honored prescription.

Let us proceed next to the consideration of the second great difference between the two constitutions; and that is, between the house of commons and representatives.

The representation of the people of England in parliament was founded on two principles: consent to public burdens, and advice on public measures. Of course, while the power of the commons in legislation was weak, and their only office was to grant subsidies, it was natural that the king should summon representatives mostly from the considerable towns in the kingdom, who, from their wealth, could best supply his demands; and be indifferent as regarded the others, whether they were represented or not.

Writs were addressed in general terms to the sheriffs, requiring them to cause two knights to be elected from the body of each county, two citizens from each city, and two burgesses from each borough; and provided the members for the rich towns were returned, no inquiry was made into the legality of the sheriff's proceedings, and it was left with him to determine what other towns should exercise the privilege.

Much fraud was in this way perpetrated by them, by omitting to return members from boroughs and cities that were regularly incorporated, and had already sent members to parliament by undoubted right; and thus it is, that many of the incorporated boroughs in England never return members, though many of them have become very important from their size and commerce.

The system in England of candidates who were strangers or residents elsewhere, standing for members, seems to have existed from the time of Edward III. and probably had its origin in the little value which the people attached to the privilege. They considered it rather a burden than an honor to be represented in parliament, and were glad to accept the services of any one who would perform the work without money and without price. This custom has thus become a prescriptive portion of their constitution.

One great advantage in the representative system is the immediate connexion, in sympathy and interest, between the representatives and their constituents. Those who are inhabitants of a district which they represent, understand the wishes and wants of those who send them, much better than any stranger can be supposed to do.

Our constitution secures this advantage by an express provision to that effect.

By means of the abuses which grew up under these customs, until the passage of the late reform bill, the commons of Great Britian could in no sense be said to be the representative and the organ of the popular will; and the power of the people, except in the check to excess which popular opinion must always exercise in an enlightened community, was a mere nullity.

The crown and aristocracy, by means of their borough influence and bribery, have always commanded a majority in the house of commons, and have thus had the whole power of the government in their hands. If this be so, it takes away one of the boasted features of the English constitution. Let us look at the facts.

There are six hundred and fifty-eight members of the house of commons, and these are distributed without any regard to population or wealth. The counties differ widely in both these respects, and yet each county sends two knights, purporting to be elected by its freeholders; but of the ninety-two knights of the shire, for the forty English and twelve Welch counties, thus sending only one each, forty-six are returned by single great proprietors, mostly nobles. The citizens and burgesses are considered to represent the mercantile interest; but the practice differs as widely from the theory here, as in the case of the knights.

The king had originally the power of summoning burgesses from what places he pleased, and we have seen that it was for his interest generally to do it from the large and wealthy towns; but after this power ceased to exist, and the system of tallages was abolished, many of the boroughs, which in the mean time became deserted, still continued to send members to parliament for no other reason or right than that of time-hallowed prescription. These members gravely took their seats in the house, as representatives of their constituents and their property, which probably might consist, counting every living thing, of an old castle, and a republic of rats, which had held sway there time out of mind. These boroughs came entirely into the control of single houses among the nobility. Thus the earl of Caledon returns two members; the earl of Edgecomb, six; the earl of Lons-

dale, ten; the duke of Norfolk, ten, &c.; and thus about twelve families among the aristocracy return more than a hundred members to parliament. The system of bribery and corruption, though an abuse, and prohibited by law, is yet so universally and openly practised, that the people may be said to have made it one of the settled institutions of the country, in practice and fact, though it forms no part of the constitution in theory. Add the influence thus exerted by the wealth of the crown and aristocracy, to the former modes, and we shall find that they could command an absolute majority in the house of commons, and this, while some of the largest and most flourishing cities in the kingdom have been unrepresented and unknown there. History has shown us the evils resulting from this power, in the capacity which government have had of sustaining and carrying on measures opposed to the general good and the general will; and their national debt, which bows the nation to the dust with its weight; and their civil list, which is the most enormous system of public robbery that the world ever beheld; show that the people's voice has hitherto been but feeble in the matter. They have been treated, not like rational beings endowed with capacities, rights, and wants by the Father of all things; but as machines, unfeeling and unsuffering, created but to minister to the whims and extravagance of those whom chance, and not merit, has made their superiors in fortune.

These evils were so great, that even Blackstone, who has the holiest veneration for prescriptive absurdities, says: 'If any alteration might be wished or suggested in the present frame of parliaments, it should be in favor of a more complete representation of the people.'

It is true that this evil is in some measure remedied by the passage of the reform bill, and I consider the passage of that bill as a glorious triumph of truth and right. The overbearing power of the aristocracy has been broken down; the charm which gave a sanctity to the titled head, has been dissolved; and the people have stood up in the right which the God of nature gave them, and sounded the death-knell to injustice and oppression in their land. It only requires that they should proceed with the moderation and firmness which they have thus far exhibited, to enable them to find the promised land of freedom, where they shall no longer be hewers of wood and drawers of water, to minister to the follies and pampered gratification of their fellow worms.

It requires, however, but a glance at the provisions of the reform bill, to see that they are far from having given them that equality of representation, which is the glory of a free govern-

ment. Many of the old and deserted boroughs have been disfranchised; but among those which remain, we find some glaring disproportions in their system of representation:

Abington,	with a population of		5,229,	has from	5 to 600	voters,	and sends	1 member.
Buckingham,	"	"	3,610,	"	13	"	"	2 members.
Bristol,	"	"	104,000,	"	6,500	"	"	2 members.
Bath,	"	"	28,000,	"	28	"	"	2 members.

Among the new boroughs which have been created,

Tower Hamlets—Population,	360,000,	sends	2 members,
Halifax,	" 15,000,	"	2 members,
Manchester,	" 187,000,	"	2 members,
Ashton, under line,	" 9,222,	"	2 members,

and like discrepancies throughout. Thus we find a borough with fifteen voters sends as many members as one with six thousand five hundred, and twice as many as one with six hundred; and one with nine thousand inhabitants sending the same number as one of three hundred and sixty thousand. This looks very little like equality.

The American constitution expressly provides against these difficulties. The house of representatives is composed of members chosen by the people, the qualifications for electors being as few and as simple as the states themselves require for the most numerous body of their legislatures; and no person can thus be chosen, unless he shall be, at the time of his election, an inhabitant of the district which is to be represented. Representatives are proportioned among the states, according to the number of their inhabitants, which is determined by census every ten years, and the power of regulating the ratio between population and representation, lies with the federal legislature alone.

Thus the connexion between the representative and constituent, is made permanent, and the representation throughout the country, forever equal.

The term of office in the house of commons, is seven years, in the federal house, two; and this is a difference, which I think is decidedly in favor of the latter. We might readily suppose, that where the term of office is so long as seven years, and so large a portion even of the popular representatives is chosen by so small a portion of the people, and where the corrupt influence of the crown and aristocracy is so great—that the power of raising and supporting armies, making appropriations, &c. might be abused—and history proclaims this to be the fact. Although the time of their appropriations is limited to a year, yet such is the power and want of accountability of the commons, that it is in fact, indefinite.

But in the federal constitution, this is remedied by the free

elections, and the short terms of office. The appropriations are positively limited to two years, and if these bounds are exceeded, the people have a remedy in the ballot-box.

There has been much dispute about how long the term of office of the representatives of a popular government should be, to secure the greatest advantage with the least evil. Too frequent elections would occupy too much of the time and attention of the people, and the representatives, being continually changing, would never have the benefit of experience, in the discharge of their duties.

On the other hand, frequent elections are the only means of preserving the sympathies of the people with the government, and keeping alive the feeling of dependence and responsibility in the representative. This subject was most elaborately discussed by some of the greatest lights of the age, before the adoption of our present term of two years, and this term, together with the plan of having half old members in the house all the time, secures to the people the benefit of experience in their representatives, and keeps alive in them, a feeling of dependence, while it preserves, by the frequency of elections, the sympathies of the people with the government. The responsibility of a member of parliament is less, and his power greater, than that of a federal representative; so that upon the old maxim, the greater the power, the shorter should be its duration, the term of a member of parliament, instead of being longer, should be curtailed to a space shorter than two years. The American representative will have less undue influence exerted over him, by the other branches of the legislature, to cause him to err, and from his immediate connexion and contact with the people, will be much more closely watched by them, that he may not abuse the power entrusted to him.

The English house of lords corresponds to the American senate—and I proceed next to a consideration of this branch of the British government.

The king, by his prerogative, and as the fountain of all honor, has the appointment of all peers of the realm, whose dignities and titles are, for the most part, hereditary. The house of lords is of much earlier origin than the house of commons, and first consisted of the assembly of barons, called together by William the Conqueror and his descendants, for the benefit of their counsel and assistance, chiefly in carrying on war. Afterwards, in the reign of Edward III. when the house of commons was regularly summoned and organized, the lords assumed a constituent and permanent place in the government, as the upper house of parliament.

The house of lords is composed of four hundred and one hereditary peers, who hold their seats by right of birth. They are, by their rank and wealth, their peculiar tastes and habits, naturally opposed to the interest of the commons—and the only things which have prevented the eternal collision and warfare which we might expect between two bodies so uncongenial, are the predominating influence which the aristocracy have had in the lower house, and the common cause which both have had against the ministry. The aristocracy would aid the commons to inquire into abuses, and the mal-appropriation of their money, by using them as an engine against an obnoxious ministry; and thus, by the same act, they could assist the commons to their rights, and administer to their own selfish jealousy, by subverting a ministry for their own private purposes. But notwithstanding these influences to harmony, the two bodies frequently came into collision, and until the passage of the late reform bill, the aristocracy generally came off with the advantage. This late trial of strength has shown, that the people of England have awakened to a full consciousness of their rights, and are no longer to be blinded by false pretences, or overborne by undue influence. They have lifted their voice, and it has been heard—they have exerted the might of their arm, and the idol before whom they have been so long obliged to bow to the dust, has been dragged down from his high station. The rod of iron is broken—the reign of the hereditary aristocracy is over.

Public opinion is so fully made up, in this country, on the subject of the English peerage, that I deem it unnecessary to go into detail to show its evils; there seems to be but one voice and mind about it among us. Undoubtedly, the pure and direct popular influence which the two lower houses in England and America would exert, requires some check and balance from a body more permanent, smaller, and less directly dependent upon the people. Let us see how the federal senate answers these purposes.

This body is composed of two members from each state, and must, therefore, always remain comparatively small.

Their term of office is six years, and thus this body is rendered much more permanent than the lower house, and less liable to immediate popular influence and excitement.

The mode of election of senators, is different from that of the more popular branch, being placed one remove from the direct influence of the people. They are chosen by the legislatures of the states, who are themselves elected by the people, and this affords one guarantee that the best men will be selected for senators, and that party feeling will have a less overbearing

influence than in the other branch. The composition of our senate confirms this theory, as the best men in our country have graced this assembly, and they, at this moment present as wise and able a political body, as the world can produce.

By these provisions, the senate is made to act as a check upon the strictly popular body; and the evil of having a branch of the legislature entirely independent of the people, with distinct and opposing interests, is prevented. Thus, then, the truth of the maxim, that the government originated from, and is entirely dependent upon the people, is adhered to, while, at the same time, the advantage of having a body freed from popular prejudice and excitement is preserved.

The king of Great Britain is an hereditary monarch, possessing the crown as a patrimony to him and to his heirs forever.

The difficulty of having rights distinct, and differing from those of his people, would exist with an hereditary monarch, as with an aristocracy. True it is, that really and eventually, the interest of the sovereign and people, are one and the same; but the selfishness and narrow-sightedness of men, lead them, too often, to select a present lesser good, in preference to a distant greater one.

The experience of mankind shows us, that when the interest of the people and the sovereign come in collision, the former always gives way, so long as he has the ability or influence to make it. The king comes to his throne by birth, and feels that his interest is distinct from that of his people, and that they were created but to minister to his whims. Or if he is a thinking being, he feels that he holds a station above them which he has no right to, and for his possession of which he can give no adequate reason—for the divine right of kings, though it is one of the time-hallowed maxims of prescription, is too monstrous an absurdity ever to be entertained by a sentient being. With these feelings, he determines that might shall make right in his instance, and he rules by trampling upon the necks of his people.

The person of the king of Great Britain is inviolable, and it is one of the fundamental maxims of the English constitution, that the king can do no wrong—or, to use the extravagant language of its eulogists, 'the throne is fixed upon a pinnacle from which perpetual beams of truth and justice irradiate.' The evils which result from this fiction, are aided by making the king's ministers amenable for his crimes; but this is no adequate remedy, so long as the king, by the exercise of his power of appointment, can fill the places of those removed, with others equally subservient to his wishes.

The president of the United States is elective by the people,

holding his office for the term of four years. Thus directly dependent upon the people, he must make their interest and good the rule of his action, or his power will be taken from him and given to another.

If he oversteps the limits of his constitutional authority, the power of impeachment lies with the nation's representatives, and the highest officer of the government can be called personally to answer for his misdemeanors, to the people who gave him his power.

The king has an absolute negative upon the acts of both houses of parliament. It requires no argument to prove that this is a power likely to be abused. It is true, that this prerogative is seldom exercised, but the ends for which it would be, are attained indirectly, by influence from other sources. The negative of the president is overruled by a majority of two-thirds in the houses, and thus the final decision of every question is left with the people.

The king has the sole power of declaring war, raising fleets and armies, and making all treaties, and thus of regulating all the external policy of the kingdom. Any engagement entered into in the exercise of this treaty-making power, the honor of the nation is pledged to fulfil, at whatever inconvenience or expense. English history presents examples sufficient to show the strength of the temptation to abuse these powers, and how invariably the ambition, the vanity, or the passions of human nature, yield to them. The framers of the American constitution, wisely modified the exercise of these powers, so as to render their abuse almost impossible. The assent of two-thirds of the senate is necessary to make a treaty binding, and the power of raising fleets and armies, declaring war, and regulating commerce, is vested in congress alone.

The king has the unqualified power of dissolving and proroguing parliament. This prerogative has been exercised with great effect, both by the sovereigns and usurpers of the English throne, to bow the nation to their wishes. The power of the president, in this respect, is limited to interference, in case of disagreement about the time of adjournment, between the two houses.

The king has the power of appointing to all offices, can create new ones, and confer titles of nobility.

The president can create no new offices, and can make appointments but with the advice and consent of the senate. It is only necessary to consider the influence which this power, limited as it is, vests in the president, to be convinced of the impolicy of giving it without restraint.

The constitution of Ohio, deprives the executive of this power and influence, placing the right of appointing to office, entirely in the hands of the people and their representatives; how wisely, time can only show.

It seems to me that both the extremes are bad. There are some offices which should be filled from a quarter as untainted as possible by party passion or prejudice. Those, for instance, who minister at the altars of justice, should hold the scales with as unbiassed a hand and heart as human nature is capable of; and for this purpose the atmosphere which they breathe and which forms the medium of their vision, should be as pure and untainted by the breath of popular excitement, as the *sanctum sanctorum* within the innermost veil of the temple. But at the same time, there should be so much responsibility in the agent appointing, as to be some guarantee for the office being filled with a conscientious regard for the public good, and it seems to me that our national constitution comes nearer to this desideratum, than either of the other systems.

An established church is incompatible with the institutions of a really free country. The tyranny over the conscience is the worst kind of tyranny; darken and fetter it, and send its owner abroad to roam the wide world—he is everywhere a slave—his chains are forged and rivetted by the eternal constitution of things, and his mind, giving its own coloring to things around it, throws the blackness of darkness upon the fair face of nature:—the walls of his prison-house are limitless and insurmountable. But give the conscience freedom, and fetter the limbs and incarcerate the body, still the liberty of that man is pure and celestial; the universe is the home of his spirit, and there is a light and beauty thrown around him, which comes from the God of all freedom and truth. The world has been combatting against the exercise of this undue and undelegated authority, ever since the worship of the Most High was known, and the advance of civil and religious liberty has always been coextensive and together. Bigotry and intolerance have always endeavored to keep the mind dark, that they might bend and mould the souls of men to minister to their lust of power and influence; but there is an innate strength in man's spirit which cannot thus be tampered with,—there is a light there which cannot be quenched; it may be blinded for a time, but it will feel its way to the pillars of the temple of error, and like the son of Manoah, will bow itself in the majesty of the power given it by its eternal author, and bury its oppressors in the ruins.

The effort has long been made to convince mankind that

religion must be held up by government or it will fall; but the religion which requires such support is of little worth.

The people are finding out this mistake, that religion requires help from the state. Let men but see—give them knowledge and light, and they will seek after religion, pure and undefiled, as for hidden treasure. Knowledge is the handmaid of true religion: she arrays her in her most beautiful and attractive garments, adorns her in her high and simple majesty, and by restoring her to the purity and beauty with which she came from the hands of her great author, gives her that power over the hidden springs of the human heart, and that efficacy in human consolation, which is the strongest proof of the divinity of her origin.

I shall leave the discussion of this subject with the statement of a few facts, which show the abuses to which the established church of England has been exposed, and to which it seems to me every one must be exposed, more or less.

The whole income of the church which is expended for the support of the established religion is		£7,600,000	sterling.
Benefices in the gift of the crown amount to		1,203,095	
do. private gift mostly by the aristocracy		2,084,043	
Whole number of benefices		10,533	
Of which the number filled by resident clergy is	4413		
The number filled by curates	4530		
By clergy not resident	1590	10,533	
Number of curates who receive less than	£150	2,999	
do. " "	40	248	
do. " "	30	69	3,316

Thus we find that nearly half the benefices are supplied with religious teachers at an expense of less than half a million of pounds, and the actual service in all the rest is done at a proportionable rate, and the remainder of the church income is expended on the pampered sinecurism of a few worthies, who impiously pretend to be ministers of the gospel of the lowly Jesus. How many of the famishing children of the poverty-struck and heart-broken poor, who can hardly get dry bread enough to keep body and soul together, would this waste of God's gifts make comfortable—how many hearts would it make glad, how many faces to smile, that are now hung down and clouded with the suffering and the agony of grinding want. If those who are thus spending thousands and millions in their boundless extravagance, had one spark of the soul of Brutus in them, they would rather 'coin their hearts, ay, drop their blood for drachmas, than wring from the hard hands of peasants their

daily bread by any indirection,'—but the day of retribution is coming.

An express provision of the American constitution forever excludes the erecting an established religion, and denies to congress the power or right of interfering with the freedom of conscience in any way whatever.

It is maintained in Great Britain, that the power of parliament is omnipotent, not only over the ordinary branches of legislation, but over the constitution itself. This power they have frequently exercised; and in the change that was made in the elections, in apprehension of the Hanoverian succession, not only did parliament change the term of members from three to seven years, but also voted themselves to be in office for four years beyond the period for which the people had elected them. The constitution of the United States is unalterable by the government, and can only be changed by the legislatures or conventions of three-fourths of the states, ratifying any proposed amendment.

I must here leave the subject, with an apology for the brief and meagre manner in which I have treated it. I can only say, that should it lead one single man to examine the subject for himself, and become more convinced of the inestimable value of *union*, on which all our institutions depend—should it knit one heart more strongly to its country's cause and make it more firmly resolved 'with her to live, and for her to die'; an object worthy of the highest effort will have been attained, and I shall be rewarded with the reflection that my labors have been so far blessed.

MORAL EMANCIPATION OF THE NEGROES.

The late conduct of Great Britain toward her West India colonies, has called the attention of the south, and indeed of the whole country, to the subject of negro emancipation. No little fear prevails in the slave-holding states, that the north may be unwisely disposed to bring this matter before congress, if not directly, at least indirectly, by proposing abolition in the District of Columbia. This fear has some foundation, though the disposition of northern men has been misrepresented, and their desires exaggerated. Immediate emancipation is advocated but by a few, and that few seek to bring it about, not by acts of the legislature, but by the might of public opinion; but the

gradual abolition of slavery is desired by all, and no less, I believe, by the wise men of the south than those of the north.

All thinking persons are aware, that freedom is in itself nothing. It is valuable only as a *means* for improvement and doing good. To release the slave, in his present moral and intellectual condition, would be to destroy the property, the security, the independence of the whites, without advancing the happiness or welfare of the blacks one tittle. The fate of St. Domingo has proved this; and that of the British West Indies will but enforce that same lesson; to liberate those that are not fit for freedom, is to do them an injury.

What then is to be done? The obvious answer is—the slaves are to be fitted for freedom, *provided that be possible.* And this is the question on which I wish to say a few words.

To educate the slave, it is said, is to acquaint him with his degradation and his rights, and consequently, to encourage insubordination; and upon this ground it is forbidden to teach a slave to read. But education is a comprehensive term; every thing which teaches the distinction between right and wrong, good and evil, happiness and misery, educates—and educates the most important part of man—the heart; to which the head, with all its stores of learning, is but a handmaiden; and this is the sort of education which we wish the slave to have; it needs not that he should read, or know one letter of the alphabet; it may be given orally, every day and hour; and from its influence, a just master need fear nothing.

But can this be done? I believe it can be; and I believe this, not from mere speculation, but from actual experiment. My informant was Mr. W. formerly a merchant in St. Jago de Cuba, and now a planter in the neighborhood of that town. The information was given in the course of conversation, and without any idea of its being published; but I feel assured, that it can offend no one, to make known that which does so much honor to the intellect and character of that gentleman, as the account I now give.

Mr. W. entered upon his duties as a planter, with the impression, that a negro would work only under the lash; and was, for a time, notoriously the hardest master in that part of Cuba. But a year's experience convinced him that he was wrong; he found the blacks to possess, and that as a body, strong social affections; gratitude, shame, and a perfect capability of perceiving right and wrong, and of being influenced by strictly moral considerations. He threw by the whip, the stocks, and the fetters, from daily use, and by a mere word or motion, brought about all that he desired. To use his own expression, 'by a

shake of his finger, he could work them to death—and he could do no more with all the cat-tails in christendom.' It was a change analogous to that in education, which did away corporal punishment, and, I think, was in part suggested by it.

But how were these effects produced? I will attempt to show his mode of proceeding.

And *first*, he makes the slaves acquainted with their legal rights; he calls them together once every year, explains to them what are their duties, and what their rights; that if they neglect the first, he can punish them, and if he infringes the second, they can punish him; thus giving them a sense that they are men—moral beings, not brutes nor machines; and subjects to law, not to arbitrary will.

And here I must remark, that the first requisite toward elevating our slave population, is wanting in our country; we have no laws defining the power of slave owners. In the British islands, before the late acts, every blow struck, was registered in the government office; and a protector of slaves, whose business it was to prosecute their claims, and seek redress for their injuries, was found in every town. And the Spanish court, absolute as it is, protects the slaves of its colonies from tyranny and outrage, and recognizes them as subjects of its laws. Is it not a disgrace to free America, that she respects the rights of humanity less than do the despots of Spain? To pass the requisite laws, rests with the states. I trust and believe, they will do it before many years.

To continue our account. Having taught his slaves their duties, Mr. W. in the *second place*, convinces them, that the punishments for neglecting these duties are *inevitable*. No previous good conduct, no promises of amendment, prevent the connexion between disobedience and suffering; it is as certain as that between the lightning and the thunder-bolt. But it is his *third principle*, never to inflict the punishment at the moment of the crime, or with the least appearance of passion, or with any other than the proper instrument. He would dismiss his own brother, he said, if he should kick a slave, or strike him with a cane, or exhibit any thing like revenge while punishing. The offender is told that his offence is known; if he has any excuse, it is heard; and he is told to prepare for punishment at some future hour: thus making it, and making the culprit to perceive it to be the administration of justice.

His *fourth principle* is, to add to the rights allowed by law, certain other rights; to inform the slave of them, and to punish most rigorously any infraction of them by his assistants. Of this class, is the right of the slave to be punished only according

to the law of the plantation just mentioned; of this class, also, is the right of the slave to enjoy certain property unmolested; and above all, his right to redress for any insult to, or violation of his wife or daughters. Every one that has lived among slaves, knows how little, in general, the feelings of the negro are regarded in this respect, by the whites, and how vast the evil consequent; but with the gentleman of whom I speak, it is otherwise; 'if it were my own son, and they were the last words I could utter, I would order him to be punished, had he so wronged the meanest slave on the plantation;' such were his words.

His *fifth rule* is equally just and important; it is to enforce strict morality among the negroes themselves. Theft, adultery, and the other crimes, so common among the enslaved blacks, meet with the heaviest punishment he can inflict; and attention to cleanliness, both in their persons and houses, is also rigorously enforced.

The respect thus paid to the common sense and common feelings of human nature, to justice, morality, and good faith, has operated as one might suppose it would, upon human beings. His men, being treated like men, and not brutes, act like men; he doing his share, they are willing to do theirs, and the mass being thus inclined, no single one can make a stand; he is obliged to follow the rest, to do his share, to bear his portion of the burden, or the *public opinion* of his fellow-slaves; their contempt and dislike, will be a worse punishment than the lash. Upon this ground, Mr. W. bases his *sixth rule*, which allows them much latitude in regard to conduct. For instance—though the physician of the estate says when a negro is too sick to work, no one is to say when he is well enough to go to the field again; it is left to the invalid himself to work, and to choose the kind of employment; and should he attempt to *shirk*, his master's want of confidence, and the coldness of his fellows is sure to follow. A very perverse man, he sells. Thus, he appeals to their better feelings, and makes the slaves themselves the most efficient means of preserving peace and good order; and so well has he succeeded, that he told me he now scarce ever struck a blow, while his crops were getting in, and his men called upon to work the hardest.

Such is an abstract of the description given me by Mr. W. I wish it were in my power to procure a full account from himself, but it is not.

It will be observed, by those acquainted with Hofwyl, that he has followed nearly the same plan pursued by Fellenberg, in the education of the lower classes of Switzerland. The experi-

ment has succeeded in both cases. That it will be repeated by many at present, I cannot hope; but I feel confident, that the adoption of such a course, would do much to lessen the evils of slavery, and to fit the blacks for freedom. But every thing must be done by the slave-holding states, and the more speedily they act, not in the abolition, but the amelioration of slavery, the sooner will the present excitement in the free states cease, the darkest spot upon our escutcheon be effaced, and the weakest point in our federal arch be made strong. P.

GENERAL EDUCATION.

This subject can never become trite while properly discussed. No thought is more true, and no truth more important, than that general intelligence is the only palladium of our free institutions. The people are the sovereign—they are more—they are the whole government, both sovereign and subject. They will not err in design, but they may in judgment. Nay, this last is inevitable, unless they possess information adequate to direct them in the functions which they are called to perform. No integrity of principle, no singleness of purpose, no rectitude of intention, can either prevent or postpone political ruin, where the citizen is ignorant of his duties and his rights, and where the legislator, the judge, and the executive are unacquainted with the principles and obligations of their respective offices. The blind are always liable to miss their way, however sincerely they may desire to walk in the right path.

How then can the community be put in possession of that degree of intelligence, which shall prove sufficient to direct them in their suffrages, and in the discharge of those duties to which the suffrage of his fellow-citizens may chance to call every individual of our commonwealth? It may safely be affirmed, that none of the systems of education hitherto, or now in use, will ever effect this desirable object. They are limited in their principles, partial in their operation, and defective in their results. Every man, in our government, has a right to participate in the administration of affairs; and some of every class will, as they have done, successfully prosecute their claims to office, notwithstanding their notorious destitution of the necessary qualifications. Of this we are disposed to complain. But what is their fault? They have a *right* to ask such elevation at the hands of their fellow-citizens. Their want of qualifications is

their misfortune, not their fault. It may be more justly charged upon those of superior knowledge, inasmuch as they have not done what they ought to have done, and could have accomplished, in diffusing general intelligence throughout the country.

Let us cease then to complain that ignorant men are our rulers; but let us adopt immediately such measures as shall secure to all that information which is adequate to the correct discharge of the duties to which every individual may find himself called by the voice of his country.

Let adequate information be as extensive, or rather as universal, as the right of our citizens to aspire to the performance of public service.

This is obviously practicable. Every man delights in the acquisition of knowledge; and, in our country, *every citizen* has, or might have, leisure sufficient, without encroaching materially on the time allotted to other pursuits, or required for the maintenance of himself and those dependent on him, to make him a thorough scholar in every branch of practical knowledge immediately pertaining to his duties as a citizen. The leisure enjoyed by our merchants, mechanics, and farmers, is actually greater than that which is at the disposal of professional men. Their general acquisitions, therefore, might be greater.

Let it not be said that the professions of law, medicine, and theology, are in themselves more favorable to mental culture than the pursuits of what are called the laboring classes. If this be true in any respect, it is only because the elementary education of the former has been more favorable to habits of thought and literary pursuits in after life. Let but the early education of the laboring classes be equal to that generally enjoyed by men seeking employment in the learned professions; and the advantages will, in subsequent life, be altogether on the side of those engaged in active pursuits. We have said that they have more leisure than professional men. This needs no other proof than observation. The farmer, the mechanic, and even the merchant, are seen to be less busy men than the lawyer, the doctor, and the divine. It is true, that the first mentioned *may* employ their whole time, and put in requisition all their faculties, in their respective callings. But the professional men of our country, *must* employ their whole time, and devote their undivided energies to the practice of their professions, or they will fail of success, and, what is more, fail in the discharge of their duties. The labors of professional men are, moreover, the labors of the mind; so that, in their short intervals of relaxation, they come to the acquisition of unprofessional, general knowledge, with jaded faculties and relaxed frames—a

condition very unfavorable for rapid improvement. Hence, you will see such men seeking, and consistently seeking, relaxation in some active amusement, that will at once relieve the mind and invigorate the body. On the other hand, men engaged in active pursuits, resort to amusements which require but little muscular effort, while they employ agreeably the faculties of the mind. Not only therefore is their leisure greater, but their circumstances are more favorable for employing it to advantage in mental acquisitions.

Their health is usually better; their heads clearer; their minds freer from care; and their time more entirely at their own disposal. This is emphatically the case, at least, with the farmer.

Professional men find more difficulty than perhaps any other class of citizens, in commanding, by their labors, a decent competency for themselves and their families. Hence, embarrassments often prevent that quiet of mind which is indispensable to the acquisition of knowledge. The day-laborer, all things considered, is better paid, and can, upon his seemingly scanty wages, better support that style of life which is expected, or, we may say, demanded of him, than can the president of the United States, with his thousands a year. And so it is, down to the lowest salaried officer in the nation. The rules of society require that the style of living be always in proportion to the means supposed to be possessed; and every man in the profession must maintain an apparent equality with the most successful of the corps.

This is much less the case with those who are not employed in public avocations. They may live as they list. They may devote their time as is most convenient or agreeable, without feeling the interference or control of public opinion.

Let but the point of honor be changed, and instead of homage being done to Mammon, let Minerva become the ascendant deity, and the tables will be turned in regard to the comparative intelligence of the two classes. Let but the youth of our country, in general, have such a *common school* education as shall apprise them of their powers; form habits of study and observation; put them in possession of the facts and principles necessary to further improvement; and their intervals of leisure will be transferred from trifling amusements to useful pursuits, from vicious indulgences to the cultivation of the pleasures of taste; and from seeking out methods by which to degrade those that are above them, to the honorable rivalry of attempting to excel them in every species of cultivated excellence. If any thing more be wanting to secure to the laboring classes, at least, an equality in the advantages of an extended education, it

would seem to be the correction of an error common to them and a great part of even the educated. It has too long been an almost universal opinion, that the acquisition of scientific knowledge was a thing entirely incompatible with the ordinary or even professional duties of life. Four, five, six, or a dozen years must be spent in elementary and professional studies, during which the student must be employed *exclusively* in the acquisition of knowledge, to the utter neglect of every relative duty; to the abandonment, for the time, of every social enjoyment; to the foregoing of all the sympathies of life; and, in too many instances, to the utter prostration of his physical energies. The stores of knowledge thus acquired, have been generally supposed amply sufficient for all subsequent emergencies. The *graduate* might now sell his text books, abandon his study, and plunging at once into the active duties of life, bid adieu, and forever, to the groves of Academus, without in the least endangering his future celebrity! Nothing can be more preposterous than such an idea. No man ever became eminent from such a course of conduct. Well may it be said, that their educations have been of but little benefit to men who have thus abandoned them at the very crisis when only they could begin to prove advantageous. No wonder that others, without such an early education as might serve to lull them to indolent repose, have, by sedulously improving every moment of leisure, far surpassed their more favored competitors in the race of honor and usefulness. It was not the want of education, on the one hand, but industry, prompted by a sense of that want, which secured success. Nor was it, on the other, the fault of an education, but of the indolence which it occasioned, that disappointment succeeded the brightest hopes.

No man, who does not employ a part of every day of his life in systematic study, need hope for eminence, or even respectability, in literary society, whatever may have been his early education. Nor need any man, of ordinary good sense, despair of distinguishing himself in his own age, and of leaving behind him some monument for posterity, who will but uniformly devote from two to three hours each day to the acquisition of general knowledge or scientific information on a given subject, though his early education may have been totally neglected. Is this theory? or is it the voice of sober experience?

Look, on the other hand, at Ferguson, and Franklin, and Davy, and Henry, and Clay, and many others, both living and dead, who, without early education, and in the midst of the most pressing poverty, and the unceasing bustle of public life, have risen to an eminence in literature and science, and indeed in

every department of human knowledge. On the other, we could, were it not invidious, point out many who, with every advantage that the others did *not* possess, with equal talents, and not unequal ambition, began their descent from fame at the moment when their friends were applauding their maiden effort, and cherishing the fondest hopes of their future eminence. And why these results, so contrary to what was rationally expected? The one class, aware of their deficiencies, supplied them by their industry in after life; and in so doing, formed habits that remained with them while they remained upon earth. The other, presuming upon the superiority secured by their early advantages, suffered indolence, or pleasure, or perhaps dissipation, to break in upon those habits of patient thought, which were only in a forming state when they left the halls of college, or the office of their professional instructor; and thus their former stores were soon squandered, and with them was lost that which was far more valuable, the ability and inclination vigorously to apply themselves to mental pursuits.

We are deliberately of opinion, that the time now spent by the great mass of our youthful population in common schools, is amply sufficient, if properly employed, for acquiring such an education as would render their subsequent progress both easy and delightful.

We could designate individuals who spent less time in their *abcdarian* than usually falls to the lot of the poorest citizen's most unfavored son, and yet found but little obstacle to their future improvement from a defect of elementary knowledge. But it was their singularly good fortune to have competent and faithful instructers, who knew how to develop mind, and to what extent each branch required to be pursued, so as to yield the greatest assistance in future efforts.

We repeat, then, let but our common schools be properly managed, and elementary studies properly distributed in reference to the several branches afterwards to be pursued; let the people generally be shown that liberal studies are not incompatible with their pursuits; that their leisure and circumstances are peculiarly favorable to their superiority in knowledge; let their notions in regard to the best method of acquiring accurate, practical information, be corrected; let them be induced to make the calculation how long it will take them, by employing only the time which they can conveniently spare from their regular avocations, to equal the time, *the whole time*, usually spent in the acquisition of what is called a liberal education—and the whole community may be expected to rise in their might, and assert their right to an equality in intelligence, as well as in political

privileges. To contribute to this result is the duty and the privilege of every citizen, in his proper sphere. We hail the signs of the times as exceedingly auspicious to such an enterprise. The late conventions of professional teachers and others, in different parts of our common country, cannot fail, by their lectures, circulars, and reports, to bring the subject before the proper tribunal—*the public*—and thus the happiest results may confidently be expected. Let every instructer, and every parent, and every citizen, as he may find opportunity, honestly and audibly express his opinion. 'In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.' We need facts; we need the results of experience; we need to know the destitutions of our country in regard to education; and, more than all, we need a revised system of public instruction, and faithful, competent, enthusiastic, and persevering instructers to carry it into complete effect.

Then, and not till then, may we expect to see every department of civil society conducted by competent—and if morality and religion keep pace with intelligence—honest men.

These thoughts have been suggested by a perusal of the circular issued by the 'local executive committee of the college of professional teachers at Cincinnati.' We hope that every person competent to form an intelligent opinion on the subject, will consider the interrogatories as addressed to themselves personally. We know not whether the answers to such inquiries will embrace all that is necessary; but this we do know, that the best way to acquire information on this, or any other, subject, is to go rightly to work. Necessity may be the mother of invention, but wisdom must ever be the result of experience. H.

A SKETCH.

He had a single child; and she
Was beautiful to that degree,
That not a boor the country round,
But shook for very awe and fear,
And cast his eyes upon the ground,
Whenever she drew near;
The soul that stirred her feeble limb
Was such a giant mind to him.
And yet she was the kindest thing,
It seems to me, that ever lived;
Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
Could keep her from the sick man's side;
With fearless step she trod the wold—
The mountain torrent she defied—
And if she found that Death, indeed,

Had grasped him with his clammy hand,
Then 'twas her joy to bid him speed,
Unerring, to that better land.
With lines of light she drew the bowers,
In which the blessed shall repose;
And told, in music, of the hours,
When free from error, and the woes
That cluster round each footstep here,
We shall go up from sphere to sphere—
Where mind of man hath never flown,
Nor foot of seraph ever trod;
Beyond the ever-living fount—
Beyond the dim, mysterious mount—
Beyond the last arch-angel's throne,
Into the very presence of our God.
At length we missed her pleasant voice:
It was the springtide of the year;
But when we broke the clotted soil,
And scattered the mysterious grain,
She did not come to share our toil;
And in the village there were some
That whispered, that she could not come.
Alas! she never came again.
She died. And when the truth was known,
There came upon our vale, a gloom—
Upon our sunny vale, a chill—
As though the shadows of the tomb
Had clothed each neighboring hill.
We could not think that she was dead:
How could she die—that perfect being—
And moulder into powerless dust?
But it was so; we dug her grave,
And laid her by her mother's side.
This is the spot. The rank weeds wave
Upon it, since the father died.
But still, along the shore, the surge
Chanteth her melancholy dirge;
And still the glow worm's funeral light
Above her burns; and still, you see,
Droopeth the solemn willow tree;
And the dews weep her, night by night.
And still, at morn, our peasant's say,
As darkness melteth into day,
Unearthly music floats away
Above this lonely spot:
And still our village maidens tell,
How sometimes, at the vesper bell,
A form—they know not what—
Comes dimly on the breathless air,
Betwixt them and the western sky,
And awes them—'tis so strange, so fair—
Till, mingling with the colors there,
The scarce-seen features die.
It may be only Fancy's hand
That paints it; or it may be Fear;
Or it may be the spirit bland,
Of her that slumbers here.
But ah! we never more shall see,
By homely hearth, or woodland tree,
Another maiden such as she.

P.

SIR WILLIAM DEANE, OR THE MAGIC OF WEALTH.

BY JOHN RUSSELL, OF BLUFFDALE, ILLINOIS.

In the 'Boston Spectator,' of June 7th, 1810, appeared the following editorial paragraph. 'A Freak of Fortune.' The blind goddess has been famous, in all ages, for the singular and unexpected manner in which she frequently bestows her favors, but never has it fallen to our lot to record an instance of her versatility, so extraordinary as the following. Letters were received in town, by the brig Laura, captain Hill, which arrived in this port a few days since from Liverpool, announcing the death of Sir Robert Deane, of Deane Hall, Lancashire, England. By the demise of this baronet, all his extensive domains in Lancashire, the yearly rental of which exceeds thirty thousand pounds sterling, together with his valuable personal property, including upwards of a hundred thousand pounds in ready money, all descend to a cousin, the only surviving member of that ancient family. But what renders the event so extraordinary, is, the fact, that the sole inheritor of this immense fortune, is William Deane, an indigent tailor, in the village of Milford, Vermont. It is said that he is well educated, and that a singular train of circumstances having reduced him to indigence, he emigrated to the United States, and was subsequently driven to his present humble occupation for subsistence. However this may be, the elevation from the shop-board to the honors of knighthood, for the title goes with the estate—is immense. Most cordially and sincerely do we congratulate him on his rise to rank and fortune, and hope that when he is seated in the castle of his ancestors, he will remember with affection the land in which he found an asylum and a home.'

The above paragraph immediately 'went the rounds' of the newspapers, and excited universal attention; but in Milford, the little country village where the fortunate subject of it resided, the sensation it produced, was absolutely overwhelming.

The weekly mail had arrived—that important event in village life—and the post office was crowded, as usual, with people; all eager and impatient for news. To appease their importunities till he could assort and distribute his packages, the postmaster handed out the 'Boston Spectator' through the lattice work that fenced up a corner of the room into what was emphatically, and in fact, *the* post office. The owner of the paper seized it, and rapidly glancing his eye over the inner columns—saw, and read aloud the article announcing the good fortune of William Deane. It was the very first intelligence of the event that had

reached the village. For an instant, every one was speechless with astonishment; in the next, the postmaster was the sole occupant of the office. In fifteen minutes every man, woman and child, from one end of Milford to the other, had heard the news. The humble domicil of the Deane's was rushed into, without the least ceremony, and twenty couriers, breathless with running, were telling them their good fortune at once.

At first, no one thought of calling in question the correctness of the statement in the 'Boston Spectator,' but envy soon suggested that the editor might possibly have been misinformed, and some of the village nobility whose first impulse had been to go with the rest and congratulate the Deanes, secretly concluded to wait till the report was confirmed, before they condescended to pay their respects to a family which they had hitherto considered so immeasurably beneath them. This confirmation was soon obtained. Mr. Henson, the principal merchant of Milford, whose wealth and influence placed him decidedly at the head of the village, had received by the same mail, a letter from Mr. Walker, the steward of the late Sir Robert, confirming the intelligence in every particular. The letter was in part, confidential, but Mr. Henson communicated all that the public could have any real interest in knowing. The steward of the estate was aware, from report, that the circumstances of the heir were low, and very considerately devised the means of rendering them, before his return to England, a little more in accordance with his future rank.

To effect this object, he requested Mr. Henson to place the family of Mr. Deane in circumstances befitting their station and wealth, and to furnish him with funds to return to England with as little delay as possible, that he might enter upon his estates, and prepare for the removal of his family. To meet these expenses, Mr. Walker authorized Mr. Henson to draw upon a bank in New-York, to which he had sent funds amply sufficient.

The exact place where Mr. Deane resided was not known to the steward, which was the principal reason for not applying directly to the legatee himself. However, enclosed in the letter to Mr. Henson, was one to the heir, superscribed—'to Sir William Deane, Baronet.' This letter was couched in the most obsequious terms, giving him an account of the death of his *lamented* uncle, and a statement of the annual income of the estates, &c., &c., not forgetting to solicit for himself, a continuance in the stewardship under the new lord of the manor, the duties of which he had so ably and faithfully performed under the late Sir Robert.

Mr. Henson did not hesitate an instant in accepting the

proffered agency, and politely told Mr. Deane that any sum of money he might please to want was at his service. The people of the village were too well acquainted with his shrewdness in money matters, and his careful attention to the 'main chance,' to give Mr. Henson the credit of doing this from motives of generosity or friendship. No, they knew him too well, not to feel perfectly assured that had he not ascertained to a certainty that the Deanes had become the actual and *bona fide* inheritors of an immense fortune, and would repay him four-fold for every cent he loaned them, or expended in their service, the Deanes could not have obtained from him a dollar, even to prevent starvation.

It is now high time to introduce the happy favorite of fortune, the heir of all this wealth and honor, more fully to the acquaintance of our readers. He was then about forty years of age, eighteen of which had been passed in Milford. His arrival there, and subsequent history, were well remembered by all the elderly inhabitants. Being young, of handsome person, and with no apparent fault in the world but that of '*drinking*' and the like, he had no difficulty in entering the pale of matrimony, soon after his arrival, notwithstanding his poverty, with a young lady of the village, whose merits and accomplishments were equal to his own. Suffice it to say, that they managed to live, and it may be added, *happily*, notwithstanding the warlike sounds which frequently greeted the ears of the neighbors, and those who chanced to be passing by. For the honor of knighthood we lament that truth requires the acknowledgment, that often while his wife was seated on the shop-board, mending the *habits* of others, her loving husband was indulging in very bad ones of *his own*, at the sign of the harrow, a low tavern at the lower end of the village. Every sixpence he could possibly lay his hands on, stood a fair chance of being expended at that favorite place of his resort. The village barber, who was always ready with a joke, and several others, some of whom had been respectable in the world, till New England rum had reduced them to poverty and disgrace, were his constant companions. It was amusing to observe the traits of character which these tavern friends exhibited when they had fairly drank down the carping cares of this mortal life. At such times, especially, the utmost deference was paid to the rank of each other; not as the world considered it, but to the rank which each had either formerly held, or *would have held*, had it not been for the ingratitude of the world, or the treachery of a friend or relation. One of these associates, according to his own account, had been a legislator in a distant state, and very rich, till some envious

wretches swore falsely against him, and he was compelled to serve an apprenticeship to nail-making in a penitentiary. The latter part of the story was known to be true, and the rest, of course, was taken for granted. This man was never addressed without his title, and becoming deference. But the hero of the whole party was Mr. Deane. He was the heir of a noble family in England, and had it not been for the chicanery of the law, and the villany of a relative, would then have been enjoying rank and wealth, instead of sitting on the shop-board of a tailor. Every time he indulged in '*blue ruin*,' which happened 'pretty considerably' often, the story of his high birth, and the unbounded wealth of his uncle, Sir Robert Deane, of Deane Hall, Lancashire, was sure to be told, with all its particulars and amplifications. Nor did he once fail to predict, on such occasions, that he should one day inherit the title and estates of his uncle. We leave to philosophers the task of accounting for the propensity which some men exhibit while inebriated, to relate all their disappointments and expectations. Every man in Milford, who would listen to him, had heard his story a hundred times, but, beyond the circle of the harrow, it won him no respect. The nobility of the village—for every country village has its nobility, who look down with contempt upon all below them—the village nobility so far from allowing his claims to equality, like the priest and the Levite, passed by on the other side, and rarely condescended to notice either him or his family, even by a nod of recognition.

He was characterized as a miserable, profane sot, with whom it would be disgraceful to have any thing to do, beyond employing him to make or mend their clothes. For several years, his family, which now consisted of himself, his wife, and a daughter of seventeen, had inhabited a room in the basement story of a large building in the village.

Great, indeed, was the astonishment of the Milfordites when they discovered that all his accounts of his high birth, and princely expectations, were verified to the very letter!! What a fortune! Thirty thousand pounds reduced to federal money is upwards of a hundred thousand dollars; more than twice as much as Mr. Henson, the richest man in Milford, is worth; and this sum the Deanes are to receive every year. It is truly overwhelming! What could they possibly do with such an immense sum? How could they ever spend half of it! To a man of such wealth, a few thousand dollars would be of no account, and not a few had secret hopes of being materially benefited by his friendship. Every one envied Mr. Henson for being made the temporary agent of such a man. His fortune would be

made, for he could not fail of being amply rewarded, though every one knew that he had no friendship for Mr. Deane, or any one else, beyond his own interest. The family of Mr. Deane, or as he was now called, Sir William Deane, had been immediately removed from their subterranean residence, to one of the handsomest houses in Milford, which Mr. Henson rented and furnished for that purpose. Every thing befitting their new condition was provided, and magic itself could hardly have wrought a more striking change in the manners and appearance of this family.

The *elite* of society, the very first people of the village, lost no time in paying them a visit. Parties were made in rotation at the houses of all the principal gentry, solely to do honor to *Sir William*, his *lady* and *daughter*. 'What a genteel, *pur*lite woman lady Deane is, said the wife of the minister; she seems as if she was born to the rank she fills!' 'O, certainly,' was the response of the whole coterie.

The excellent qualities of the mother and daughter afforded a most prolific theme of conversation in all good society, and could any measure of praise have been too great for such unheard of merit, not a small share of the encomiums heaped upon them to their very face, might have been suspected of savoring a *little* of flattery and sycophancy. One lady, in the fulness of her heart, seized lady Deane by both her hands, at a large party, and 'wondered how it could possibly have happened that she had not become acquainted with her before, and why lady Deane had never called upon her! Any thing in the world that she or her husband could have done for her and Sir William, would joyfully have been done, had they only called upon them, and made their request known; but, somehow or other, they had never, till lately, enjoyed the supreme felicity of their acquaintance.' By the by, this same lady, of all others, had been the most distinguished for the insulting disdain she had formerly manifested for the poverty and low standing of the Deanes.

A thousand little presents flowed in upon the mother and the daughter, from the neighbors, and every hour in the day saw their house besieged with genteel visiters, who 'just called to see how they were.' If either of them chanced to catch the slightest cold, it is astonishing how much sympathy and alarm it excited among the ladies composing the '*good society*' of Milford. Kind souls, they were half frightened out of their wits, for fear it might terminate in consumption. Every remedy that could be devised, was recommended, and their attention to the supposed invalids was as earnest and assiduous as if their own lives depended upon the issue. So great was the friendship of

these ladies, and so very anxious were they to show kindness to lady Deane and her daughter, that they would really have rejoiced to have had them afflicted with a moderate sized fever, merely to alleviate their sufferings and sympathize with and console them.

Let not the reader imagine, for an instant, that any share of the overwhelming attention bestowed by the ladies and others, upon this family, was at all owing to the *trifling* circumstance that they had risen to *rank* and *fortune*. No, not a particle of it was, by any means chargeable to that account; for I have often heard these ladies declare to lady Deane herself, that it was entirely owing to the exalted merits they discovered in lady Deane and her daughter; and that they would have admired them just as much, and been just as familiar with them years and years ago, had it not, somehow or other, unaccountably happened, that they had not become acquainted with them till recently.

To do justice to Sir William, he wore his newly-acquired honors with as much propriety of character, as most other men who have *risen* to sudden fortune. Dressed in an elegant suit of English broadcloth, from the store of Mr. Henson, he really looked the gentleman; and it was difficult to decide which was most to be admired, his *dress* or his *address*, so perfectly were his manners adapted to his new station in life.

If the gentlemen of Milford, had formerly been deficient in paying him respect, which we are sorry to say was the fact, they now appeared eager to make ample amends for past neglect, by paying up all arrears, both principal and interest. This, common justice required of them. Every one was now anxious to do him a favor. 'Is there nothing I can do for you, Sir William?' was inquired again and again. Each individual was incessant in his efforts to gain the particular friendship of the heir, and to defeat similar attempts of others.

The moral character of Sir William underwent a transformation as great and unexpected as that of his pecuniary affairs. It is true, that he swore just as often, and just as profanely, as he did before; but some how or other, though I am not philosopher enough to explain the 'reason why,' yet the effect was entirely different. Even the Rev. Mr. Polyglot, the worthy parson of the village, who had hitherto expressed the utmost horror of his oaths and immoral character, now declared, that 'Sir William was really become a moral man; and though, to be sure, he sometimes used language that was a *little* profane, yet he did it from mere thoughtlessness and habit, and meant not the least irreverence in the world.' Intention, alone, renders

any thing evil: it follows, that Sir William, having no evil intention, was in fact, a *moral man.*

He was intoxicated, perhaps, rather oftener than formerly; but from entirely a different cause and motive. Before his elevation to rank, his intemperance was charged to mere sottishness of disposition, but he immediately laid aside this degrading propensity. *Now*, his intoxication was in consequence of having accidentally drank upon an empty stomach—or the liquor had an unusual effect, on account of his being out of health—or hospitality and politeness to his guests required it. I said that he was '*intoxicated*,' but people generally gave it another name, that of '*being in good spirits.*' In a word, it was universally acknowledged, that Sir William Deane was temperate, and drank not a drop more than a man of his rank and wealth ought to drink.

To do him justice, he had not a fault in the world. He laid them all aside, the moment he heard of his elevation. Not a doubt existed in the mind of the Rev. Mr. Polyglot, that his wealth and influence would essentially promote the cause of virtue. To effect this object, he managed to have Sir William elected president of a society which he had recently instituted to support the gospel, by raising a permanent fund to *pay his own salary.*

Miss Deane, the heiress apparent of all the accumulated wealth and dignity of the family, became at once a conspicuous object of attention among the young lawyers, doctors, and merchants, the rising nobility of the incorporated village of Milford. She was now about seventeen, and a girl of excellent qualities. Her education was rather limited; but in fashionable life it is not necessary to be a 'blue stocking,' or a philosopher. She had hitherto been known by the soft, poetic name of 'Betsy,' but more frequently was she designated by the far more pastoral one of 'Bets.' Remembering the words of Solomon, that '*a good name is more to be desired than great riches*,' the people of Milford, as if by universal consent, changed that of the gentle young lady in question, to 'Miss Elizabeth.'

The principles of gentility and taste must have been innate and inherent in the mind of Miss Elizabeth Deane, in defiance of the theory of Locke; for in a surprisingly short time, could she display all the airs and affectation of high ton, and cut the acquaintance of her former associates in the most approved and fashionable style.

It was certainly presumption in an untitled republican, to aspire to a connection with a British knight; but what will not

disinterested love dare to hope? To give a detail of the rivalry for the smiles of this young heiress, would fill a volume, and we will, therefore, leave it all to the imagination of the reader.

Six weeks had scarcely elapsed since the intelligence of the death of Sir Robert had reached the village, when Mr. Henson had every thing in readiness for the departure of Sir William, to England. The family were to remain in the elegant mansion in which Mr. Henson had placed them, till the return of Sir William, who would come prepared to remove them, in style, to Deane Hall. Other letters had arrived, extracts from which had been published, urging his immediate departure, and confirming all the particulars of the first intelligence, beyond the possibility of a doubt, had any existed. But none did, or could exist; for Mr. Henson was a man, of all others, the least liable to be deceived. He had once been an importer of goods from England; had often been in that country, where his acquaintance was extensive, and had likewise a deep knowledge of mankind.

It was decided that Sir William should sail from Boston, which was about one hundred and fifty miles distant. Numerous and expensive were the parting dinners made on the occasion. It could hardly have excited more profound regret, had his departure been final, instead of for a few months. Sir William had become a warm friend to the Americans, and intended to persuade several of the young nobility of England with whom he should become acquainted in his visit, to accompany him to Milford, when he returned for his family. This latter event was anticipated in the village with the most delighted expectation. The good offices and influence of Sir William would undoubtedly induce some of these young noblemen to marry in Milford; and more than one mother of a beautiful daughter, resolved to improve the interval by accomplishing her at a dancing school, and thus prepare her for the style of life she would enter upon in England. This ambition was not confined to the mothers and daughters. The fathers, also, entered with spirit into the plan, and having read in novels, that English noblemen are excessively fond of the chase, and of *hounds*, many a good, honest, brindled dog, who had never dreamed of any higher employment than that of guarding the house and sleeping in the shade, was put in training for the expected occasion.

At length the farewells and adieus were all said and wept, and Mr. Henson accompanied Sir William to Boston. In that town, as everywhere else, the legatee was an all-engrossing object of attention. Every body had heard of his good fortune, and every body was eager to pay him respect. This they had

ample leisure for doing, as no vessel in Boston would sail for an English port in less than ten days. Politeness required that Mr. Henson should wait and see his friend set sail, and he concluded to employ the intervening time in laying in his annual supply of goods. Teams were in readiness, waiting his orders. His first purchase was at a wholesale dry goods store, at which he had long been in the custom of trading, and frequently on a credit. On the present occasion, he selected goods to the amount of more than thirty thousand dollars. 'Mr. Henson,' said the merchant, 'I have long dealt with you, and have always found you punctual and honest; but, really, sir, thirty thousand dollars is a large sum to credit to any country merchant. I do not, in the least, doubt your honesty or your ability to pay me, but really, sir, you must pardon me for asking security.' Mr. Henson replied that he was about enlarging his business in Milford, and also about establishing another store in Waltonville; that to fail of obtaining the goods would break in upon all his plans, and greatly injure him. As it regarded security, he had not the least objections to giving it, but there was no man in Boston acquainted with his circumstances, who was able to secure that sum, except his friend, Sir William Deane, and he felt *extreme* reluctance to asking such a favor from him. 'I will willingly take Sir William,' was the reply of the merchant, who had been previously introduced to him, and with whose good fortune he was well acquainted. At length, the '*extreme reluctance*' of Mr. Henson to asking such a favor, was overcome, and Sir William taken in security. A note, payable in six months, was given. At three other mercantile houses, in different parts of the town, about the same amount of goods was obtained at each, and the security of Sir William Deane *reluctantly* asked by Mr. Henson, and cheerfully taken by the merchants. The goods, amounting to nearly one hundred and forty thousand dollars, were safely placed on board the wagons, and Mr. Henson accompanied his teams a few miles on their way, and then returned to Boston.

The next morning, Sir William embarked for England. Mr. Henson paid his passage, and just as he stepped over the side of the vessel, already getting under way, was seen to put a thousand dollars into his hands.

Reader, our story is rapidly drawing to a close. The teams, instead of taking the route to Milford, went directly to Montreal, in the province of Lower Canada, out of the reach of the laws of the United States. Mr. Henson was there, ready to receive them, and had adroitly managed to convey all his property in Milford, to the same place. He opened a large store in

St. Paul street, with the fruits of his ingenuity and the credulity of his creditors, which he enjoyed in perfect security, as no law of the United States could reach him. SIR WILLIAM DEANE WAS NEVER AGAIN HEARD OF. Mr. Henson, having often heard the drunken boast of the tailor, that he was the heir of Sir Robert Deane, etc., contrived his plot to correspond with it. Deane, hating his wife, readily entered into it, on condition that Mr. Henson paid all the expense, and give him a thousand dollars at the moment of setting sail. The letters were written, and all the subordinate parts of the drama performed by Mr. Henson. The wife and daughter of Deane were really the dupes of this imposition. Great was their astonishment when the title and estate all 'vanished into thin air.' How rapidly does human character change. In one day after the plot was known in Milford, lady Deane and her daughter, in despite of their '*exalted merits*,' had dwindled down to the level of common mortals. They once more became the tenants of their former residence in the basement story, which fortunately remained unoccupied. *Miss Elizabeth* has again become simply Betsey, and even a syllable less. However, she still adverts with an air of pleasure and triumph, to the time when she reigned indisputably, the *belle* of the village; but regrets that she did not accept the hand of lawyer Harvey, when she had the opportunity. Such is "THE MAGIC OF WEALTH."

THE NEW YEAR.

WE congratulate ourselves on the arrival of a New Year, and our friends upon the departure of the one that has passed away to be numbered with the years before the flood. Yes, most joyously, and with a conscience void of all offence, do we extend our hands to that numerous and respectable family, called the public, and felicitate every member of it upon the departure of that ill-fated, ill-conditioned, distorted, disagreeable, and disreputable year, which has just, to our infinite satisfaction, made its exit. We dislike to speak behind its back, now that it has gone; and all who are acquainted with the proverbial amiability of an editorial disposition, must be aware of the pain which it gives us to trample upon the remains of the fallen. But for once we must be permitted to exult. It has been a bad year, and no reputable writer would risk his character in the hopeless enterprise of defending it. To say nothing of the cholera—of

which we might speak feelingly—it has been a villanous year, the record of whose crimes would disgrace a century. Let any unprejudiced gentleman or lady just read the newspapers—those faithful chroniclers of the times—and the fact will be seen to be fully attested, that it has been a despicable year, fraught with every kind of misfortune, fraud, and crime. When has there ever been so many direful accidents? Explosion upon explosion! The cabinet at Washington, and ever so many steam boats have blown up, and nullification has been completely exploded. Colonel Crocket, Black Hawk, and Daniel Boone, have had their lives written by persons to whom they never gave the slightest offence. Many subscribers to newspapers and periodicals have died in the publishers' debt; and, what is worse, many are living in the same state of delinquency. If the newspapers are to be believed, it has been a year of awful wickedness in the political world. The 'mother bank' at Philadelphia, according to all accounts—except bank accounts—is not a whit better than the scarlet lady at Rome. She has actually bought up, within this degenerate year, no less than eighty thousand dollars worth of printers, who, supposing them to have been purchased at their actual value, must form a corps as numerous as that which subdued the redoubtable band of Black Hawk. From the same source, we learn that the great magician continues to deal in the black art: that the greatest and best of men, is the worst and weakest of rulers—that the constitution has been completely overthrown—and that the kitchen cabinet have entailed the succession to the vice-presidential office upon the gentleman who killed Tecumseh and his heirs male.

There have been failures innumerable: merchants have failed in one place, and crops in another; several new novels have been complete failures; the sun has failed to shine for nearly two months; Mr. Duane, junior, failed in his obedience, because Mr. Duane, senior, failed to give him good parental advice; every thing has failed but the old Roman, who never fails to do as he pleases.

Stocks have fallen; rents have fallen; rain and snow have fallen in unusual quantities; some politicians have fallen in, and some have fallen out; the stars have fallen, and we have all fallen upon evil times. The deposits have been removed, and the editor of the Knickerbocker complains that his splendid literary chariot, which he assures us, is the finest affair that ever was seen, has been sadly barked at by a parcel of ill-natured curs, and is of course going—to the dogs.

Affairs have taken a sad turn. Mr. Adams has turned poet; major Downing has turned author; Mr. Rush has turned

a somerset; and Tom Moore, of Ireland, has turned a penny by turning theologian. There never was such a disastrous time since the fatal era of the flood—if we except, indeed, that dreadful period mentioned by a distinguished writer, when *whole nations* were swept off by the malignant ravages of the smallpox.

But we trust that brighter days are before us; and while we condole with the public over past misfortunes, we congratulate ourselves upon anticipated pleasures. We shall not occupy room in wishing the public a happy new year, for every intelligent person—such as we presume all the readers of the Magazine to be—will do that for himself. Condolence is soothing, and it may be very agreeable to mourn by proxy; but the brightest of all pleasures, that of hope, should be enjoyed by each individual in his own proper person. We shall therefore confine our felicitations to ourselves.

Cheerily do we look forward to the labors of a new year! Judging of the future from the past, the editorial chair will be a seat of dignified repose, in which we shall enjoy the most palmy state of literary ease, and the path of duty bereft of every thorn, and glowing with beauty and delight, shall remind us

> 'How noiseless is the foot of Time,
> That only treads on flowers.'

It is a pleasant thing to be an editor! Solomon, who tried every thing else, pronounced all the vocations, and cares, and pleasures of life, to be vanity—but Solomon never was an editor. There is no other man who enjoys life so well, unless it be the 'turbaned Turk,' who takes his opium *cum dignitate*, and lets the world wag as it may. Other men toil and wrangle for office; they vex their spirits, waste their bodies, and turn their coats until they become threadbare. Too much ambition will not only

> Turn an old man to Clay

but will turn him back again, wherever he finds a clay tenement uncomfortable, or his title to it liable to doubt. But an editor creates his own office, takes the responsibility of appointing himself, and needs no senatorial confirmation. He cannot be removed, rejected, impeached, or nullified—except by public opinion; and as he is one of the makers of public opinion, he must be a clumsy artificer if he cannot shape it to suit his own wishes. Then his income is so princely: suppose him to have three thousand subscribers—nine thousand dollars a year—more than the salary of a cabinet secretary, and just as much as a minister plenipotentiary. True, the paper-maker must

have his share of this, and the printer claims a goodly portion; some of it goes to the publishers, some to contributors, some to collectors, and not a little to the post-office department, while a very respectable modicum is lost by the way, or retained by the prudent care of our patrons, who deem it safer in their own hands than in our pockets. But what of all that? The foreign minister spends all his income, and we do no more nor less; the credit and the pleasure of the thing, consist in the having it to spend; and it is just as creditable for a gentleman to lay out his thousands upon printers, publishers, paper-makers, patrons, and post-offices, as upon cooks, confectioners, and court-dresses. They both live up to their income: the only difference is, that the one gets his income and spends it; the other spends his income and never gets it; the position of each is precisely the same at the end of the year—they are just as rich on the thirty-first day of December, as they were on the first day of January. This then is the source of joy which the editor participates with the patriot statesman—that of serving his country without pecuniary emolument; expending the treasures of his own mind for the benefit of others, and giving his years to thought and labor, without acquiring affluence. What though we never soil our hands by contact with the filthy particles of matter called money! we earn it; a portion goes to support the industry of the country; a larger portion is retained by our friends and patrons, who subscribe to our works for the disinterested purpose of encouraging learning, and giving countenance to our praiseworthy efforts; and surely none deserve it so well as these kind-hearted persons, who so generously give their time to the perusal of our pages, and their names to enhance the respectability of our list.

Some object to the labors of an editor; to the cares, the drudgery, the weary nights, and the effects of midnight oil upon the health and complexion. But oil 'maketh the face to shine,' just as surely as 'wine maketh the heart glad.' Drudgery, indeed! What is life itself but drudgery? What is any toil, or any pleasure, which is pursued with the same laudable perseverance evinced by an industrious editor, but drudgery? The lawyer, the physician, and the merchant, who pursue their respective callings with energy, are all drudges; for they work as hard as the drayman or wood-chopper. Some work to gain a living, and some to spend their substance; some labor to improve their intellects, and some to destroy them; but we know of nobody in this nation who does not work, unless it be the Siamese twins, and the free people of color.

It is true that editors have some petty vexations, which are

known only to the initiated: for 'the darkness comprehendeth them not.' They often toil without assistance. Though all acknowledge the beneficial effect of a sound and vigorous periodical literature upon the morals and refinement of society, few are willing to extend to it that aid without which it cannot possess either vigor or originality. In vain do we appeal to the scholars, wits, and men of learning, with whom our country abounds; we appeal to them personally, and by letters, and by public invitations, which are addressed alike to all. One gentlemen will not write without a direct solicitation from the editor; another will not put his pen to paper, without a pecuniary remuneration greater than we can afford; a third wants leisure; and a fourth is diffident of his powers. The truth with regard to them all, is, that they do not clearly discover that they have any direct, personal interest in the matter; and are far from being convinced, that to labor for the edification of others from notions of public spirit alone, is the duty of any gentleman or lady—unless that lady or gentleman be an editor —in which case it is quite appropriate and just, and exactly as it should be. The consequence is, that the editor is often driven to the necessity of writing against time; to the direful alternative of preparing a certain number of pages by a particular hour, to furnish employment to a certain number of compositors; whose fingers must be kept nimbly going, to keep out of the way of the pressmen; who are pushed on in turn by the folders and binders; who are hard pressed by the publishers; which latter gentlemen would be indignantly censured by the public, if the work should not appear punctually on the appointed day of publication. A man may write under such circumstances, and every editor does it; but he must either borrow his ideas, or do without any; the latter of which is at present the most approved plan. Some indeed go the length of borrowing whole articles; and we often see our own republished without the slightest acknowledgment: the prize essay contained in our last number, was reprinted in a paper in this city, without any indication of the source from whence it was derived, except in an editorial paragraph, which few readers would notice.

Another small evil, and the one next in importance to having no contributors of value, is that of having some who are of no value. Conceive the delectable feelings of an editor, sitting in his lonely chamber, immersed in thought, and surrounded by manuscript; when a neatly folded billet, with a delicate superscription, in a female hand, is laid before his delighted eye. Doubtful whether it be an invitation to a party, a declaration of love, or a contribution to his pages, he eagerly tears it open,

grateful in anticipation for any thing, from such a source. It is addressed to *a rose*, or *a dew-drop*, or *a forsaken one;* the lines are equi-distant, exactly parallel, of unequal length, and each headed by a pretty capital. The final or penultimate syllables rhyme prettily. It is poetry of course. The meaning is somewhat obscure, the syntax and prosody rather out of sorts, and the orthography an improvement upon Webster. But it is poetry; there is poetry in the gilt-edged paper, and the handwriting, if in nothing else; and the writer is the kindest of creatures: a sentimental note, intended only for the editor's own eye, assures him, that the fair author's admiration for his talent and known gallantry, induces her to intrude on his valuable time. It is her first attempt, the maiden offering of her heart. She knows that it is defective in thought, style, and composition, but thinks it may have some merit. She apologizes for the handwriting, pleads haste and a bad pen, and begs us to correct the ideas, grammar, spelling, and punctuation, and to give the composition thus amended a place in our valuable miscellany; or else, to save her blushes by throwing it in the fire. What a dear little soul she must be, to place such confidence in a hardened critic! We spare her blushes, as in duty bound, and obey her last request.

Another manuscript is before us. It is written on coarse paper, and in a vile hand. The lines have no mathematical symmetry: they are neither horizontal, perpendicular, nor serpentine—but zigzag. The author intends to write an essay, but is not very particular as to the subject. This gentleman too, modestly requests us to correct the style, grammar, spelling, and handwriting, of his piece, we of course furnishing the requisite allowance of ideas, if any be deemed necessary. The next day, we get a letter, suggesting certain alterations which the writer thinks might be made in his piece; all which he requests us to interline, or to incorporate, if we think it best to write the article over. Another day brings another letter, containing a hint, that if we prefer it, the writer will be so obliging as to copy his own composition, and adopt any amendments that we may suggest. Finally, we receive a wrathful epistle, complaining of the nonpublication of the said essay, and demanding the manuscript. Alas! we cannot raise the dead: it was burnt in five minutes after its reception.

A letter by mail, all the way from Canada, with double postage, unpaid. The writer has read our work, and has a high opinion of the editor. He knows of no person in the United States, in whose opinion he has so much confidence. He is an Englishman, but dislikes his own government, is not much better pleased with that of Canada, and wishes to settle in this

country. He would take it as a great favor, if we would advise him where to pitch his tent, where the best lands are to be found, and what are the relative prices of land in different places. He would like to know something about climate and health—the state of literature and education, religion and morals, and the rate of interest on money—the laws relating to real property and naturalization, and especially in what respect the laws of the United States and of the different states differ from those of England, and from each other. We advise him to read Flint and Mrs. Trollope.

Another letter! It is from a young gentleman, whose education has been neglected, and who laments that his mind is not remarkably strong—though he too, thinks 'it has merits.' He very naturally supposes that authorship would be the most appropriate calling for a young man of weak mind and bad culture, and proposes to write for us, provided we will select a subject, and furnish him with a few of the first rules of composition.

Another—another—and another! 'The cry is still, *they come!*' These are all from angry subscribers. One dislikes our magazine, because there is too much religion in it; another complains of too much levity; one wants more poetry; another, more tales; and another, better reviews; one thinks our articles too long; and another finds them too short. We should be glad to be able to please them all—especially one gentleman, who is very indignant because he did not 'git a chanse to rite for the preameum not giting the nuse in time;' therefore he peremptorily orders his subscription to be discontinued.

So we go. These are some of the miseries of editors; but who is there that passes through the world without rubbing against the sharp angles of other men's oddities? Man is born to trouble; and an editor is but a man. So we wish ourselves a happy new year, and intend to take things quietly, and get along as comfortably as we can. If the curs bark at *our* chariot, let them bark—the more noise it makes the better. If the authors that we review, get angry and abuse us, we like them all the better; it shows that we hit the mark; and besides, we admire an author who has spirit enough to get angry on proper occasions. Above all, we shall keep our own temper unruffled, and be as pleasant, as witty, and as wise, as we can. We desire to live in charity with all the world; and for that purpose, shall try to get in favor with our neighbor, the editor of the Cincinnati Daily Gazette, who usually keeps a pet author or two, that he allows nobody to abuse but himself—shall praise the American poets, whether we like them or not—and shall make friends with the Knickerbocker.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

On the Penitentiary System of the United States, &c. By G. De Beaumont and A. De Toqueville, Counsellors of the Royal Court of Paris, &c. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard. 1833.

It is no small evidence of the value in which American institutions are held abroad, that they are beginning to be made the subject of special inquiry by foreign nations. The writers of the work before us were commissioned by the French government to travel through the United States, and to inspect personally the actual condition, and the effects upon society, of the penitentiary system, as established in this country. Not long since, a committee of the British house of commons visited most of our states, for a similar purpose; and we may perhaps have the honor of ameliorating, by our example, the criminal codes of two of the most enlightened nations of Europe.

The volume before us affords a striking evidence of the total inability of all government to eradicate vice, or to do more than hold at bay the malignant passions which are continually raging in the bosom of society. There seems to be just virtue enough in every well-regulated community, to keep vice in subjection, but not enough to extinguish it. If there be not a native depravity in the human mind, an innate perversion of the moral sense, powerfully impelling a large mass of mankind to a preference of crime, we know not to what cause to attribute some of the results detailed in this work. The penitentiary system obviously possesses advantages over every other mode of punishment which has ever been invented; yet it has totally failed, so far as its object was to reclaim the convict, or to lessen the aggregate amount of crime in the country. The system is to be applauded on account of its benevolence, its convenience, its consonance with our ideas of justice, its efficiency as an engine of police: but we are not aware that any particular efficacy in the reformation of the criminal, has as yet been discovered in the workshop or the solitary cell, any more than in the lash, the pillory, or the gallows. The authors remark:

'Such is the insufficiency of human institutions, that we see melancholy effects resulting from establishments which in theory promise none but happy results.

'In England, it has been believed that the springs of crime and misery may be dried up by giving work and money to the unfortunate; but we see the number of paupers and criminals every day increasing in that country.

'There is not one philanthropic institution, the abuse of which does not border closely upon its usefulness.

'Alms, however well distributed, tend to produce poverty; and assistance afforded to a forsaken child, causes others to be abandoned. The more we contemplate the melancholy spectacle presented by public benevolence, struggling without success against human sufferings, the more we are obliged to acknowledge, that there exist evils against which it is generous to strive, but of which our old societies seem incapable to rid themselves.

'Yet the wound exists, open to every eye. There are in France, two millions of paupers, and forty thousand liberated convicts, who have gone forth from the bagnes and other prisons.

'Alarmed by so formidable an evil, public opinion asks a remedy from government, which does not cure it, perhaps because it considers it incurable.'

These evils are doubtless, in one sense, incurable. At all events, they cannot be cured by any of the measures heretofore adopted for that purpose. The pauper who is fed at the public charge, or supported by private charity, having no incentive to industry, will remain in degraded poverty; the felon can seldom be reclaimed, or the convicted criminal restored to usefulness and honor. Still, the case is not hopeless. However we may have failed in our attempts to reform the degraded, it by no means follows that we may not prevent men from becoming thus incurably infected by crime, and disgraced by punishment. It is possible to eradicate a disease, by removing the causes which produce it, while the disorder itself may be incurable. The combined skill of the whole medical profession was unable to check the dreadful ravages of the smallpox, but the genius of one man discovered a method by which the infection may be avoided. 'An ounce of prevention,' said Dr. Franklin, 'is better than a pound of cure.' The experience of every day adds accumulated evidence to the truth of the proposition, that religion, morality, and industry, constitute the only efficient code of civil government, and furnish the only system of police by which vice can be effectually restrained, and the public peace preserved inviolable.

The first idea of a reform in American prisons, belongs to a religious sect in Pennsylvania. The Quakers, who abhor all shedding of blood, had always protested against the barbarous laws which the colonies inherited from the mother country. In 1786, their voices succeeded in finding due attention; and from that period, the punishment of death, mutilation, and the whip, were successively abolished, in almost all cases, by the legislature of Pennsylvania. Murder, in the first degree, is now the only crime which is punished capitally under the laws of that state.

The first state which showed itself zealous to imitate Pennsylvania, was that of New York, which in 1797, adopted both new penal laws, and a new prison system.

The first plan of penitentiary punishment was that of solitary confinement without labor. This was afterwards ameliorated in Pennsylvania, by the introduction of the system of absolute solitude, *with labor*. A different plan was devised in New York at the Auburn prison: that of common labor during the day, with isolation during the night; and a lively controversy ensued as to the relative merits of these systems. Speaking of this discussion, our authors remark:

'In this fortunate country, which has neither troublesome neighbors who disturb it from without, nor internal dissensions which distract it within, nothing more is necessary, in order to excite public attention in the highest degree, than an essay on some principle of social economy. As the existence of society is not put in jeopardy, the question is not how to live, but how to improve.'

Massachusetts, Maryland, Tennessee, Kentucky, Maine, and Vermont, have gradually adopted the Auburn plan; and the writers of the work before us give to the latter their decided preference.

Several of the states have not stopped here, but have also established houses of refuge for juvenile offenders, as an addition, in some measure, to the penitentiary system, in imitation of New York. These latter establishments were founded in Boston in 1826, and in Philadelphia in 1828. There is every indication that Baltimore also will soon have its house of refuge.

It is customary, in order to ascertain what influence the penitentiary system has exerted upon society, to inquire whether the number of crimes has augmented or diminished, in proportion to the population, since it has been established. This would seem to be, *prima facie*, a fair mode of reasoning, but it has been found to be altogether

delusory. The solution of such questions is difficult, because it requires statistical evidence, which can seldom be procured. There is not in the union, nor in any of the states, any central authority which possesses them. The number of convictions can only be discovered by an inspection of the records of the various courts having criminal jurisdiction, although the number of individuals actually imprisoned, may be ascertained from the books of the different prisons. But allow these facts to be fully established, still they fall far short of furnishing the requisite data upon which an accurate judgment may be formed, because they afford no just evidence of the great aggregate of crime, inasmuch as the number of persons acquitted from want of proof, or any cause other than their innocence, remains undetermined, as well as the still greater number never arraigned for trial. Accordingly, we find the results to be such as do not accord with our experience. The writers say:

'If we take these special convictions for the basis of our observations, we shall see that in the states of New York, Massachusetts, and Maryland, the number of criminals, compared with the population, decreases; that in the state of Connecticut, it increases; whilst it is stationary in Pennsylvania.

'Shall we conclude from this statement, that the prison of Connecticut is very bad; that those of New York, Massachusetts, and Maryland, are the only good penitentiaries; and that those of Pennsylvania are better than the first, and worse than the others?

'This conclusion would be strange, because it is an incontestible fact, that the penitentiary of Connecticut is better than the prisons of Maryland and Pennsylvania.'

Another result from these calculations is, that a difference must be made between the number of crimes and their increase: in the state of New York, there are more crimes committed than in Pennsylvania; yet the number of crimes is stationary in the latter state, while it diminishes in the former. In Connecticut, where crimes increase most, there are in the whole but half as many committed as in other states.

It seems also, that in order to establish well-founded points of comparison between the various states, it would be necessary to deduct from the population of each, the foreigners, and to compare only the crimes committed by the settled population. It is asserted, that Maryland is the state of which the settled population commits the largest number of crimes. But it appears that this result may be accounted for by the fact, that Maryland has the largest proportion of manumitted negroes. It is ascertained, that in those states in which there exists one negro to thirty whites, the prisons contain one negro to four white persons.

But in some of the northern states, where the number of free blacks, in proportion to the number of whites, is daily decreasing, the number of convicted criminals is increasing.

After all, there is no subject more intricate, or which has afforded greater perplexity to the philanthropist, than the causes by which crime is increased or diminished. The truth is, that the causes of crime are so fruitful and diversified, and the means of prevention so numerous, that we shall always err when we give too much importance to any one of the multitudinous engines which are in operation for the reformation of man, and the amelioration of the social condition. Religion, morality, reason, industry, and temperance, all tend to the suppression of vice. Employment keeps men out of mischief, and the penitentiary is not without its influence. The rod of the parent saves many a clever boy from the gallows; and a conscientious schoolmaster may do more in this behalf than he will ever get either pay or credit for. The preacher does a great deal, and public sentiment does a vast deal more. The bottle carries

off a great many who would otherwise be a nuisance to society; but it makes more criminals than it poisons. The gallows removes the most notorious offenders; but it reforms none: for we doubt whether any one was ever prevented by fear from the commission of crime. Habit, example, public opinion, conscience, may make men honest, but not the dread of punishment. Above all, there is a great deal in the mother's milk. Let the fountain of nourishment be sweet and pure, and there will be mental as well as bodily vigor and grace.

But the causes of crime are various and fluctuating. Sometimes a crisis in the industry of a country, the disbanding of an army, the influx of a large number of indigent emigrants at an inclement season, or any other cause by which the poor are thrown out of employment, the vicious released from restraint, or the best of us exposed to very strong temptation, will produce an increase of crime. Thus, in the year 1816, as our authors remark, 'the number of criminals increased in an extraordinary degree in all American prisons. Had the penitentiary system any thing to do with it? No; it was simply in consequence of the war between America and England.'

It is very clear that the increase of crimes, or their decrease, may be produced by general causes, and sometimes by such as are accidental, but which have no direct connection with the penitentiary system.

We have not room to notice a variety of financial details, relating to the construction of prisons, the support of criminals, and the proceeds of their labor. These are full, and as we should judge, accurate.

The penitentiary at Cherry Hill, Philadelphia, cost in its erection, $432,000; the outer wall alone, cost $200,000. We have no doubt that the same sum expended in founding permanent schools, would have produced a far more satisfactory result.

A comparison of the number of male and female convicts, is highly creditable to the superior virtue of the fair sex. In the Auburn prison in 1832, there were

White males,	592
White females,	10
Black males,	66
Black females,	15

and a similar proportion prevails in most of our prisons.

It appears that the proportion of foreigners in all our prisons is very great; and that the Irish form from one-half to one-third of all the foreigners.

We regret that we have not room to pursue this interesting subject. The volume is one which deserves the careful perusal of all legislators and philanthropists. We are happy to observe that the authors are, on the whole, favorably impressed with our institutions, and especially with the mildness and efficiency of our criminal codes; and that they profess, in terms of high gratification, their sense of the civilities which they received, and of the cheerful and prompt aid afforded them, in their inquiries, by all our public functionaries, to whom they applied for information.

THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1834.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

By *periodicals*, are understood all those publications which issue from the press at *stated periods*. In this sense, it comprehends alike almanacs and reviews, annuals and newspapers, and is the origin of a distinct branch of literature, and a new mode of disseminating knowledge. Constituting a vast portion of the power of the *press*, it illustrates, in connection with all the machinery of steam, and organized societies, and railways, and post-offices, that remarkable prediction in Daniel, that 'in the time of the end, many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.'

The progress of periodical literature is one of the most remarkable features of modern times. Since its origin, within three centuries, it has multiplied far beyond any of the more permanent productions of letters, and connected itself with all the elements, whether moral or mental, political, literary or scientific, of civil or social life. It has become almost a living voice, uttered by every nation, speaking the sentiments of every sect of religion, manners, or politics; of every society of science or art; of every kindred and tongue, near or remote, 'bond or free,' within the limits of humankind. It is heard 'like the rushing of mighty winds,' from the thick-peopled shores of Europe, and the broad fields of America; like the 'sweet south' from the banks of the Ganges and the plains of Persia; in gentle whispers, from the forests of Sydney, from the dark coasts of Africa, and the lone isles of the ocean. It comes

to us 'like the sound of many waters,' and rushes by to other generations.

The periodical press has now become a new instrument of power—of *mighty power* for good or evil. Its broad and searching influence, we all know; for who has not felt its energy on his own mind? or seen it in the walks of letters? Few inquiries into the modes and principles of society can be more interesting than an investigation into the origin and nature of this new authority, the extent of its dominion, the rule of its action, and the means, if any, by which it is to be controlled and made beneficial to the human family. Such an investigation I propose, so far as is possible, to make. To do this, I shall first give a detailed statement of the *origin*, *progress* and *actual condition* of the *periodical press*. The materials necessary for this purpose are more widely scattered and less full and precise than exact accuracy requires, yet sufficiently abundant for careful observation and deduction. The tables of M. Balbi, a contributor to the Revue Encyclopedique, and those very useful records, the Bulletin des Sciences and the Westminster Review, contain many interesting facts upon this subject. Indeed, it now begins to receive a separate attention, and its statistics will soon be as regularly systematized as those of any other department of knowledge.

1. The *history* of periodicals is, in its nature, not very obscure. The date of the first newspaper is not preserved; but we may approximate very near it. They are said to have originated in Venice, about the middle of the sixteenth century. The first one published in England, was the *Politicus Mercurius*—a copy of which still exists in New Haven, Connecticut—about the year 1558, during the reign of Elizabeth. The first newspaper published in France, was the *Gazette du France*, in 1631; in Denmark, was the *Danish Courant*, under the reign of Christian IV. 1644. In 1656, the *Danish Mercury* in *verse*, was published in Copenhagen. The first *Review* was the *Journal des Savans*, published at Paris in 1665; the first English *Magazine* was the Monthly Recorder, at London, in 1681. About this period, they began to arise in every kingdom of Europe; as at Rome, 1668; Berlin, 1696; Rotterdam, 1692. The oldest of the present English periodicals is the Gentlemen's Magazine, which was begun in 1731; and however much it may be cast into the shade by the brighter glow and fashion of younger works, is now dignified by age, and rendered dear to the scholar by the contributions of Johnson and the wits of his time. It will be observed that in England, the first periodical was a newspaper, whilst on the continent, the establishment of literary and sci-

entific reviews, if not absolutely the first, were long anterior to the general introduction of the minor periodicals. The reason doubtless is, that newspapers are the offspring of politics and commerce, and can only exist with some degree of political liberty, while the cultivation of literature and science is perfectly consistent with political despotism. The fact of journals being found at Moscow and Vienna, does not form an exception, as they are there merely the organs of the governments, or the announcers of commercial intelligence. In England, newspapers came with that spirit of liberty which settled the shores of America, beheaded Charles I. and terminated with the revolution of 1689. Although they existed under the tolerant government of protestant Denmark, and were introduced into the thick darkness of Russia by that wise innovator, Peter the Great, yet on the continent they were very rare, until the French revolution introduced new springs of action, and gave a new organization to society. They have since multiplied in a proportion almost marvellous. The following tables will exhibit, as accurately as the careful selection of scattered materials will admit, the progress and existing condition of the *periodical press of the world.*

TABLE I.

Table of the Periodical Press of the World.

COUNTRIES.	Population.	Presses.*	Persons to a Press.	REMARKS.
British Isles, - -	23,400,000	(1) 483	48,650	(1) 334 of these are newspapers.
France, - - -	32,000,000	490	65,306	
Prussia, - - -	11,660,000	262	44,503	
Austrian Empire,	32,000,000	80	400,000	
Switzerland, - -	2,013,000	128	15,735	
Pay Bas, - - -	2,100,000	83	25,301	
Belgium, - - -	3,800,000	63	60,317	
Wurtemburgh, -	1,540,000	48	32,083	
Bavaria, - - -	4,037,000	48	84,104	
Saxony, - - -	1,400,000	54	25,925	
Baden, - - -	1,130,000	22	51,363	
Hanover, - - -	1,550,000	19	79,473	
Hesse Darmsdat,	700,000	18	38,888	
Hesse Cassel, -	592,000	13	45,538	
Muhlenburgh, -	508,000	9	56,544	
Saxe Weimar, -	222,000	17	13,058	
Small States,(2)	2,030,000	80	25,038	(2) This comprehends the free cities of Hamburgh, Lubec, Bremen, and the Dutchies of Nassau, Brunswick, &c.
Papal States, - -	2.590,000	6	431,000	
Sardinia, - - -	4,045,000	8	509,000	
Sicily, - - - -	7,420,000	6	1,236,000	
Tuscany, - - -	1,275,000	6	212,500	
Modena, - -	350,000	2	175,000	

* The word *Presses* is used in these tables for brevity, to signify *Printing establishments.*

TABLE I.—(*Continued.*)

COUNTRIES.	Population.	Presses.	Persons to a Press.	REMARKS.
Parma, - - - -	440,000	1	440,000	
Spain, - - - -	13,900,000	16	868,000	
Portugal, - - -	3,530,000	17	207,640	(3) The most northern journal is printed in *Iceland*, by Stevenson.
Greece, - - -	5,000,000	5	1,000,000	
Denmark,(3) - -	1,950,000	81	24,095	
Sweden & Norway,	3,822,000	81	47,189	(4) This includes not only the kingdom of Poland, but also, the whole of ancient Poland. The presses are nearly all in the former.
Poland, (4) - -	19,711,312	39	505,413	
Russia, - - -	51,320,000	130	394,769	
Total Europe,	236,035,312	2315	101,951	
British America,	2,500,000	30	83,333	
Maine, - - -	399,462	15	26,630	
New Hampshire,	269,533	17	15,855	
R. Island, - -	97,210	9	10,801	
Vermont, - - -	280,679	10	28,067	
Connecticut,(5) -	297,711	29	10,265	(5) Of these, 2 are quarterly and 2 monthly.
Massachusetts,(6)	610,014	40	15,252	
New York,(7) -	1,913,508	242	7,820	(6) Of these, 4 are quarterly, 10 monthly, and 1 two-monthly.
New Jersey, - -	320,779	19	16,356	
Pennsylvania, -	1,347,672	126	10,695	
Delaware, - - -	76,739	4	19,184	(7) Of these, 2 are quarterly, 4 monthly, and 18 daily.
Maryland, - -	446,913	24	19,454	
Virginia, - - -	1,211,266	40	30,282	
North Carolina, -	733,470	25	29,338	
South Carolina, -	581,458	14	41,532	
Georgia, - - -	516,504	22	23,767	(8) Of these, 1 is quarterly, 3 are monthly, 1 semi-monthly, and 3 daily.
Ohio,(8) - - -	937,679	99	9,471	
Kentucky, - - -	688,884	40	17,222	
Tennessee, - -	684,822	25	27,392	
Indiana, - - -	341,582	30	11,386	
Illinois, - - -	157,575	10	15,757	
Missouri, - - -	140,084	8	17,510	
Alabama, - - -	309,206	10	30,920	
Mississippi, - -	136,806	6	22,801	
Louisiana, - -	215,791	18	11,986	
Florida, - - -	34,725	3	11,575	
Arkansas, - - -	30,383	1	30,383	
Michigan, - - -	31,128	4	7,782	
Dist. Columbia, (9)	39,858	12	3,321	(9) Of these, 3 are daily.
Total N. America, except Mexico,	15,336,441	932	16,455	
British India, - -	114,430,000	(1) 50	2,721,500	(1) In Bengal, 40; the rest are in Bombay and at Fort St. George.
Chinese Empire,	300,000,000	3	100,000,000	
Japan, - - -	25,000,000	0		
Ottoman Asia, -	12,500,000	1	12,500,000	
Persia, - - - -	9,000,000	(2) 3	3,000,000	
Ceylon, - - -	830,000	1	830,000	(2) At Tifflis, in the province of Georgia, in three different languages.
Rest of Asia, - -	59,000,000	0		
Total Asia,	519,960,000	58	8,981,777	

TABLE I.—(*Continued.*)

COUNTRIES.	Population.	Presses.	Persons to a Press.	REMARKS.
Colombia,	3,000,000	20	150,000	
Central America,	1,600,000	5	320,000	
Mexico,	8,000,000	28	285,714	We have no means of ascertaining the present number of journals in South America; but those stated here, are the number given by M. Balbi, for 1828.
Lower Peru,	1,700,000	19	89,473	
Upper Peru,	1,500,000	4	375,000	
Brazil,	5,000,000	8	625,000	
Republic of Chili,	1,400,000	16	87,500	
Rio de La Plata,	650,000	19	35,623	
Spanish America,	1,400,000	7	200,000	
Dutch America,	114,000	2	57,000	
French America,	240,000	3	80,000	
Danish America,	110,000	4	27,500	
Republic of Hayti,	950,000	5	190,000	
Total South America, Mexico, & West Indies.	25,664,000	140	183,314	
Cape Good Hope,		2		
Isle of France,	18,000	2	9,000	
Isle of Bourbon,	14,000	2	7,000	
Gold Coast,		2		
Egypt,	3,000,000	1	3,000,000	
Tripoli,	660,000	1	660,000	
Sierra Leone,		1		The total population of Africa cannot be known; it is here stated according to geographers.
Liberia,		1		
Elsewhere,		1		
Total Africa,	60,000,000	13	4,285,714	
New South Wales,	60,000	5	12,000	
Van Dieman's I.		(3) 3		(3) The most southern paper printed in the world is issued from Launerter, Van Dieman's Island.
Batavia, - - -	9,360,000	1	9,360,000	
Otaheite, - - -	130,000	1	130,000	
Other Islands, -	9,000,000	0		
Total Oceanic, -	18,550,000	10	1,855,000	

RECAPITULATION.

Europe,	236,035,312	2,315	101,951
North America, except Mexico, South America	15,336,441	932	16,455
Mexico and West Indies,	25,664,000	140	183,314
Africa,	60,000,000	13	4,285,714
Asia,	519,960,000	58	8,981,777
Oceanic,	18,550,000	10	1,855,000
World,	875,545,753	3,468	2,552,740

NOTE. These tables are compiled as near as possible for the year 1830. In the United States the press is so fluctuating, the compiler is well aware, that in some of the states, the numbers are not exact—probably, *under-rated*.

This table has been prepared with much care, and from many authorities, and it is hoped, will give a *birdseye view* of the state of one great department of human improvement.

TABLE II.

Classification of Periodicals in different countries.

COUNTRIES.	Literary.	Scientific.	Religious.	Com. and Arts.	Political.	Education.	Miscellaneous.	REMARKS.
Prussia,	89	58	17	56	27	(1)	15	(1) In Prussia the journals of education are included under other heads.
Poland,	20	12	—	1	6	—	—	
Wurtemburgh,	1	11	—	25	7	—	4	
Pay Bas,	15	10	5	6	23	23	—	
Denmark,	34	12	4	—	26	3	—	The journals under the head of commerce, are chiefly those styled *announcing*, i. e. advertising.
Russia,	44	21	6	—	3	9	47	
City of Paris,	9	77	9	40	17	6	19	
Proportion in Europe.	212	201	41	128	109	41	85	
New York,	13	1	16	4	204	1	6	The newspapers of the U. States are of a very miscellaneous character; their proper denomination is *political* and *commercial.*
Ohio,	3	3	6	—	87	—	—	
Connecticut,	3	1	3	—	23	—	—	
Massachusetts,	6	1	8	—	23	1	1	
Pennsylvania,	6	2	6	2	110	—	—	
Maryland,	—	2	—	—	22	—	—	
Proportion in the U. States.	31	10	39	6	469	2	7	These tables are calculated for the year 1830.

TABLE III.

Exhibiting the circulation and expenses of the Press.

PAPERS.	Daily circulation.	Weekly circulation.	Subscription	REMARKS.
Moniteur (Fr.)	4,000	New York	To French	The English papers pay 5½ cents stamp duty on each sheet; hence, the Times pays $200,000! per annum. They also pay $1 per ream higher for their paper than the Americans.
Constitutionnel (Fr)	20,000	Observer,	papers, from	
Journal De Debats	14,000	20,000.	$15 to $20.	
Lond. Times (Eng.)	10,000		English day-	
Morning Chronicle	4,000	Christian	lies, $40.	
N. Y. Courier	3,000	Advocate,	New York	
Jour. of Commerce	2,000	25,000.	daylies, $10.	

TABLE IV.

Progress of Periodicals.

IN ENGLAND.			IN AMERICA—(North.)		
Year 1696,	9	Periodicals.	Year 1775,	42	Periodicals.
" 1808,	145	"	" 1810,	378	"
" 1830,	483	"	" 1830,	932	"

1. The first and an irresistible inference from these tables is, that periodical literature and free institutions have gone hand in hand together. Thus in Europe the press of Switzerland, Saxe Weimer, Pay Bas, England, Prussia, and France, is out of all proportion greater than that of Russia, Austria, and the Italian states. The former are, with perhaps the exception of Prussia, all constitutional governments, all tolerant in religion, and except France, all protestant. The latter are all despotic, and all intolerant. There is some exception to be made, however, in favor of England and against Germany, on account of the great difference in the expense of publication: Germany being the greatest and cheapest mart of publication, and in England all printing being enhanced by the enormous governmental duties. We should naturally look to England, as that country in which periodical literature would flourish most, and so it undoubtedly would, but for the increased expense of printing. In the United States, where more freedom of action prevails, we see the number of periodicals, especially newspapers, enormously increased. There can be no doubt, there is also action and reaction. As free institutions are gradually established in Europe, the press will render them more durable and enlarged, till it becomes impossible to resist the gradually accumulating mass which presses against the old barriers and renders necessary a new constitution of things.

A particular illustration of this influence of the press upon opinion, and the reaction of liberal institutions upon the press, may be found in England and France. The first newspaper press established in England, we have already seen, was during the reign of Elizabeth, at which period, compared with the present, the government of England was almost despotic, and the influence of opinion unfelt. The press barely existed till the encroachments and tyranny of Charles I. had excited open rebellion; and with it came the political writings of John Milton and many others of wit and genius. Then the press grew and its power became irresistible. From the moment that Milton and Baxter and Waller, with a brilliant host around them, had shown the true power of literature, and graced it with pure morals, and sparkling wit, and lofty courage, the press and freedom became inseparable elements of the British constitution. What periodical literature has since been in England, no one need be informed. The satire of Pope, the wit of Addison, the dignity of Johnson, the invective of Junius, and the vigor of Brougham, have in succession, given it celebrity and power. And at the present moment, we see the periodical press of England directed by vigorous and enlightened intel-

lects, swaying the multitude to vast efforts of surpassing interest to the human race—to the suppression of slavery among the millions of the Indies—to the right government of the more than millions on the Ganges—to the reformation of all those systems, political or ecclesiastical, which have so long oppressed Britain herself.

In France, a similar, but briefer history is recorded. The establishment of literary reviews there, was of early date; but newspapers flourished little before the French revolution. It was literature and science, which gave birth to that event; and the literary men of the nation had prepared the public mind for the change, by the wide dissemination of liberal opinions. With the change, the press acquired new power, and in its turn, made new contributions to the spirit of revolution. No sooner had the old regimè been broken down, than the press had acquired an impregnable position in the favor of the people. It continued to increase even under the despotism of the Dictator, Bonaparte, who, while he encouraged every thing, which improved science, or adorned letters, sought to control the exercise of political opinions. Under Charles X. we have seen a complete revolution effected by an attempt to fetter the press; and it is now established in France, with a permanency and a power, scarcely inferior to what it has obtained in England.

The same illustration which is here given in respect to England and France, might also be extended to Germany, Switzerland, and other countries. Where the press has gone, *there* goes constitutional liberty, and there it will continue to dwell.

Another inference which may be drawn from the state of periodical literature is, that it is in the highest degree favorable to the progress of christianity. While the periodical press has penetrated every portion of the christian world, even the forests of Siberia, and the snows of Iceland, the pagan and mahommedan nations have felt nothing of its influence. Among all the 500,000,000 of Asia, if we except the fifty presses established in British India, not a half dozen periodicals go forth to give their light and instruction to the people. There the nations are literally 'sitting under the shadow of darkness.' Can we suppose they would remain pagan; that they or any body would worship the beasts or become sacrifices upon the altar of fire, if informed, with all the vivid power of the press, upon the glorious consummation to which human nature might arrive? Could the mahommedan, even with the pleasures of his terrestrial paradise in view, or even the poor Indian, when he beholds

> 'Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced;
> Some happier island, in the watery waste;'

continue to acknowledge the Koran, or bow to the image, when warmed by the influence of christianity, diffused by the power of the press? It is true, the mass must first be taught to read; but give the intelligent few the press, and knowledge will follow it as light the pathway of the sun. Wherever periodicals have been established, the effect has been to enlighten ignorance, to destroy restraints upon opinion, and to abolish corruptions upon christianity—all circumstances favorable to the growth and progress of the christian system. It is by such means, that the inquisition has been destroyed; that the union of church and state in Europe is becoming weaker and weaker; that the bible is disseminating throughout the world, and the cause of education upheld. Indeed, the invention of printing and the reformation were nearly coeval in time; and now the periodical press and the Bible are going hand in hand, through millions in darkness, as did the ark of the covenant and the pillar of fire before it, through the wilderness of old.

But the important consequences and power of the periodical press in respect to free institutions and the progress of christianity, are not the only ones, upon which the enlightened observer is called to comment. There are other influences of the press, which, if they do not appear so strongly in statistical tables, are not less obvious to the understanding. One of them is the influence of *journalizing* upon the extension of general intelligence. There is no doubt that periodicals, especially the newspaper press, have contributed more than any one cause to disseminate intelligence and excite the love of reading among the common people of civilized countries. They contain, as all know, exactly that spicy and exciting mixture, which ministers so powerfully to the intellectual appetite of mankind; and it may well be doubted, whether half of those, who now peruse the political discussions, or dwell upon the gossip of the day, would even have learned to read, or if learnt, have exercised the faculty, without the means which this species of literature held out, of gratifying curiosity or furnishing amusement. Could *books* have ever supplied their place? With all the minuteness of division and subdivision, could they have ever furnished equal *variety?* Or, can the utmost ingenuity make them equally cheap? Be this as it may, no one can doubt that periodical literature has a great, an increasing and permanent influence upon the general intelligence of the mass of the people. Knowledge has been more generally diffused, and the average measure of attainment advanced. Thousands now read and study the political and religious systems of the day, and are fast acquiring the elements of science from monthly

tracts, or penny magazines, where one in the days of Elizabeth gathered them from some scarce and dear bought volume.

A fact, as exhibited in the second table, in reference to the United States, especially, may here be noticed; it is the much larger proportion of scientific journals published in Europe than in the United States. The state of New York, with its two millions of people and commercial Babylon, has but one journal which may be called scientific, while Paris has seventy-seven; the whole union has but ten, while Prussia alone has fifty-eight. In Europe, the journals devoted to arts, science and letters, are much more numerous than those attached to politics and commerce. In our country the case is exactly reversed. There are ten journals discussing ephemeral politics, where one even touches upon the borders of science or the arts. And if some bolder spirit, imbued with the love of learning and the desire of communicating it to others, should commit the mistake of attempting a high and liberal journal of letters and science, with what frigidity is it received? How slowly does it linger along? And often, how unregretted, perish! The truth is, that in Europe, literature as well as science, is a separate profession, to which men devote their lives, and in which success is synonymous with wealth and fame; that each department, sect, and opinion of this profession, has its official periodical, supported by the elite of its corps, and nourished by all the favorers of learning. Take, for example, the journals of Paris, in which M. de Chataubriand with other celebrated names appear, as the editors of the Constitutionnel; the Duc de Broglio and others, of another leading journal; M. de Argout and the ministry, of another; and where one review—the Encyclopedique—has for its collaborators, hundreds of minds known to letters, to fame, and genius. *Here*, literature is but the *incident* of other objects, and journals are established, not to cultivate taste and knowledge, but as ministering to the love of excitement and novelty. This fact is conclusive, that however *self-adulatory* we may be, and however much we may boast of our *political privileges*, we have less taste for, and devote far less time and industry to the cultivation of letters and science, than the comparatively crippled people of Europe.

In addition to the great points we have already noticed, periodicals have also the merit of becoming the *depositaries* of those *minor efforts* of genius, which, as they are commonly transient and temporary, would otherwise be neither known nor preserved. Many may afford delight and amusement, by the exercise of an active imagination, or excursive wit, who have neither the patience of thought, or diligence of labor required to produce a continued and methodical work. Such

are those who furnish most of what is interesting in the minor poems and narratives of the day; and such also, were those who in former times gave dignity and celebrity to the British essays. On the pages of periodicals only, do Steele, Hawksworth and Dennie survive. The *Spectator*, more than *Cato*, prolongs the memory of Addison; and even the *English Dictionary*, supposed to be that enduring monument of its author, grows dim as time advances, while the *Rambler* freshens and greens with the lapse of years.

But it is not enough to consider periodicals merely in a favorable point of view; they doubtless have their disadvantages, as every good has its attendant evil. An obvious one is, the diminution of sound scholarship and thorough learning, as distinguished from light literature and general facts. There is now not only a less knowledge of ancient learning, but less accuracy in investigation, and less zeal in the pursuit of remote truths, or intricate details, than characterized the times when scholars were a separate *caste*, and learning an eminent distinction. That this is in some measure, the effect of a multiplication of periodicals, there is little doubt. They are of a light and exciting nature, multifarious in their contents, and without system in their details. Hence, while in their very nature, they increase the number of readers, they also divert the attention of the studious and the inquiring from the paths of learning, to the more pleasant walks of novelty; a knowledge of many facts is mistaken for science; and those are now satisfied with the *superficial*, who in a different age would have penetrated the very depths and mysteries of the most abstruse subjects of study.

Another disadvantage attendant upon the great diffusion of periodical writing, is the *degeneracy* of *criticism*. Sound judgment and refined taste, the true foundations of criticism, exist in as great degree now, as formerly; but it is not exercised as independently and impartially. The press, once a rare thing, and of high price, the organ of the learned, and difficult to control, is now cheapened in the market, found at every door, accessible on every side to flattery, or resentment; to pecuniary profit, or ambitious reward. Hence, it no longer utters the voice of literary justice; but, like the world,

> 'Its ready visit pays, where fortune smiles,'

and holds its principles at the command of its interest. This difficulty must increase, as the press increases. The fault is not with it, but with the mode of its existence. It is a creature of private, not public patronage. It looks to the wealthy of the land for custom; to the leaders of parties for patrons; and must vary as they vary, or lose its aliment and its readers.

Does any one want evidence of this? Let him look at the newspaper, or the periodical press generally, of this country. How many papers regularly utter flattery and commendation upon the works of particular publishers? How many papers have risen, as if by magic, to great circulation and influence, under the patronage of particular men and parties? How many papers have at once perished, because their editors dared to express independent opinions? From this state of things has risen the modern *art of puffing*—an art sufficiently unpleasant, when used openly by an individual for his own benefit, but absolutely odious when practised by those to whom we look as the organs of correct criticism and the disseminators of truth. Into this practice, however, the press has fallen to a degree offensive to decorum, and destructive of equity. The practice of puffing has almost driven out of existence pure and honest criticism. Nothing can be supposed more improving to authorship, or more useful to the literary public, than a discriminating and impartial investigation into the defects and merits of literary works. This is legitimate criticism and the proper foundation of correct public taste. Yet such is the obvious subserviency of the press to interest or resentment, that little confidence is now placed by any, in its judgments upon the literature of the day. Works are praised or blamed by the *name* of the author, or oftener of the *publisher*, by the sum that has been paid for the copyright, by the breadth of its pages, or, perhaps, the color of its binding! The lofty and unbending Spartan critic, in whose breath authors and printers once lived, now

'Pleased with a rattle, and tickled with a straw.'

lavishes unmeasured praises upon him, who generously presents him with a volume, or nobly honors him with the patronage of his establishment. If, perchance, that volume be written by a rival in the trade; or worse, by one unknown to fame; or worse yet, is published by one who has forgotten the critic; what terms of invective, what language of contempt are sufficient for the wretched author? alas! what would be his fate, if the reproaches of one critic were not quickly wiped off by the venal adulation of another. Degrading as is this condition of things, it arises from the very multiplication of the press. The more it is multiplied, the more it assimilates to individuals, and the more it becomes dependent upon private patronage. The consequence will be, that the opinions of separate presses will not be regarded till they are gathered into an aggregated whole.

Another evil of periodical literature, is its tendency to *licentiousness*. Brief and current articles partake much more of passion, than books deliberately written and carefully revised.

They are likewise necessarily more personal and more controversial. That they should therefore partake of the heats of the day, and be occasionally carried beyond the bounds of propriety and justice, is not surprising. But it has gone farther, and made rude attacks upon character and unnecessary exposures of private life, the frequent if not habitual business of its existence. But, is this altogether the fault of the press? Has the state of society nothing to do with it? Are the laws sufficient for the preservation of order? Can he who sustains and winks at an assault upon his neighbor, complain of one upon himself? Is it not the toleration of the *public*, which creates the licentiousness complained of? These questions lead us to the consideration of the means, if any, by which the press can be *restrained* and *improved*. This investigation is the more important, as no weapon of human invention, and no mode of influencing society, is so powerful as the periodical press.

At the very first appearance of periodicals, it was seen by the governments, that they would diffuse too much light, and be too strong in their influence for the permanent existence of that darkness and passiveness, which alone consist with temporal and spiritual despotism.

Accordingly, they were at once placed under the *censorship*, and in those days of arbitrary power, little or no resistance was offered to measures, which, under pretence of preserving public morals and private rights, were in fact aimed at perpetuating the subjection of the people to despotic and hereditary authority. But the right of speech—and the liberty of the press is little else than the right of speech—was too necessary to all mankind, and too essential a part of personal existence, not to be soon asserted by all, who had risen a single degree in the scale of intellectual improvement; accordingly, we have seen the contest which for two centuries has been going on between the press and absolutism, in relation to the right of publication; we have seen that a step once gained by the press has never been lost; that it has obtained almost incontrollable influence over the most powerful nation of the earth; that in a second, it has defied one dynasty and overthrown another; and that in fact, the government censorship cannot exist one step beyond the limits of despotism. In truth, the censorship, as an instrument of controlling the press in the hands of *governments*, cannot endure. The spirit of the age is against it; and the same unlimited power of *opinion*, which compelled the sultan to establish a press in Constantinople, and Mahomed Ali, at Cairo, will also compel them to submit to the freedom of its action. But how then is the press to be controlled? Are the *laws* sufficient

to restrain it from wrong? In America, it has always existed without the censorship, and the *law* of *libel* is its only restraint. It must be confessed, however, that the *law* has been merely a *nullity;* for no sooner is redress sought against the slanderer and the libeller, than the jealousy universally felt in favor of the liberty of the press, is successfully appealed to; and the private wrong is forgotten by the jury in its zeal for the public interest. In this manner the evil has acquired impunity, till custom has so inured it to the public mind, that what in private life is thought insult and outrage, is submitted to from the press, as a matter of course, and grossness of any kind no longer offends. Is there then no remedy for the abuse of the press? There is—but it lies only with the people. If the press in its might, be the *throne;* there is *power behind* the *throne*—the *people,* who support the press, and whose opinions it speaks: and this in a free country, would seem to be the only superior authority. Can the people complain of the licentiousness of the press, when it subsists by their patronage, and breathes their opinions? Can that publisher be impugned in the forum of public opinion, whose libels offend no taste, whose outrages withdraw no support?

The whole depends upon *public opinion*, or rather, public morals. It will be licentious, when the people are licentious; corrupt, when they are corrupt; superficial, when they are superficial; but in the formation of this very public opinion, the press itself *reacts*, and becomes the great *lever* with which to work. How guarded, then, in the exercise of his talents, should be every one, who gifted by Providence with the abilities to write or to teach, is sent forth to minister to the knowledge and form the opinions of men! Though millions read, and millions are taught, yet, compared with the mass, few write and few teach. The time is coming, however, when from the cheapness of production, and the facility of execution, the periodicals of our country will become as numerous as its churches; when every *coterie* will have its organ; when every institution will have its press, and printing, like writing, be the trade of all. Nor is this true of our country only. The spirit which generates the press, like fire in the prairie, is communicating from mind to mind, through the christian world; nor is this all: its sparks are falling on the dry stubble of pagan Asia, and its fire will soon be lit up on the steppes of Persia, by the sands of the Nile, and on the banks of Euphrates. How magnified then will be the influence of intelligent man on his fellow-man! The eloquence of the voice now sways its thousands; but the *eloquence of the press* goes forth to multitudes as numerous as the

leaves of autumn; its echoes are repeated from shore to shore, from nation to nation, from generation to generation, while time endures.

THE WINTER KING.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

O! what will become of thee, poor little bird?
The muttering storm in the distance is heard;
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing black;
They 'll soon scatter snow flakes all over thy back!
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away?
And what art thou doing, this cold winter day?

I 'm picking the gum from the old peach tree—
The storm does 'nt trouble me! Pee, dee, dee.

But, what makes thee seem so unconscious of care?
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare:
And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
Like Liberty's form, with the spirit of glee,
When no place is near for thy evening rest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no nest?

Because the same hand is a shelter for me,
That took off the summer leaves—Pee, dee, dee.

But, man feels a burden of care and of grief,
While plucking the cluster, and binding the sheaf!
In summer we faint, in the winter we 're chilled,
With ever a void that is yet to be filled.
We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air,
Yet, all their rich gifts do not silence our care.

A very small portion sufficient will be,
If sweetened with gratitude! Pee, dee, dee.

I thank thee, bright monitor! what thou hast taught
Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought.
We look at the clouds—while the bird has an eye
To Him who reigns over them, changeless and high.
And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle came.

Because in all weather I 'm merry and free,
They call me the Winter King—Pee, dee, dee.

But, soon there 'll be ice weighing down the light bough
On which thou art flitting so playfully now;
And, though there 's a vesture well fitted and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
What, then, wilt thou do with thy little bare feet,
To save them from pain, 'mid the frost and the sleet?

I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see!
To warm them, and fly away! Pee, dee, dee!

Newburyport, Mass.

ISABELLE AND HER SISTER KATE, AND THEIR COUSIN.

Mistakes and misunderstandings are not such bad things after all—at least not always so. Circumstances alter cases.

I remember a case quite in point. Every body in the county admired Isabelle Edmunds, and in truth, she was an admirable creature, just made for adoration and sonneteering and falling in love with; and accordingly all the county of —— *was* in love with her. The columns of every Argus and Herald and Sentinel and Gazette and Spectator and all manner of newspapers, abounded with the effusions, supplicatory and declaratory, of her worshippers—in short, Miss Isabelle was the object of all the spare 'ideality' in all the region round about. Now, I shall not inform my respected readers how she looked—you may just think of a Venus—a Psyche—a Madonna—a fairy—an angel, and so forth, and you will have a very definite idea on the point. I must run on with my story. I am not about to choose this angel for my heroine, because she is too handsome—and too much like other heroines for my purpose. But Miss Isabelle had a sister, and I think I shall take *her*. 'Little Kate,'—for she was always spoken of in the diminutive—was some years younger than her sister, and somewhat shorter in stature. She had no pretensions to beauty—none at all—yet there was a certain something—a certain—In short, sir, she looked very much like Mrs. A. or Miss G. whom you admire so much—though you always declare she is not handsome.

It requires very peculiar talent to be overlooked with a good grace, and in this talent, Miss Kate remarkably excelled. She was as placid and happy by the side of her brilliant sister, as any little contented star, that for ages has twinkled on, unnoticed, and almost eclipsed, by the side of the peerless moon. Indeed, the only art or science, in which Kate ever made any great proficiency, was the art and science of *being happy*—and in this she so remarkably excelled, that one could scarcely be in her presence half an hour without feeling unaccountably comfortable themselves.

She had a world of sprightliness—a deal of simplicity and affection—with a dash of goodnatured shrewdness, that after all, kept you more in awe than you would ever suppose you could be kept, by such a merry, goodnatured little nobody. Not one of Isabelle's adorers ever looked at her with such devout admiration as did the laughter-loving Kate. No one was so ready to run, wait, and tend—to be up stairs and down stairs, and everywhere, in ten minutes, when Isabelle was dressing for conquest; in short she was, as the dedications of books sometimes set forth, her ladyship's most obedient, most devoted servant.

But if I am going to tell my story, I must not keep you all night, looking at pictures; so now to my tale, which I shall commence in manner and form the following.

It came to pass that a certain college valedictorian and a far-off cousin of the two sisters, came down to pass the first few months of his free-agency at their father's; and, as aforesaid, he had carried off the first college honor, besides the hearts of all the ladies in the front gallery at his last commencement.

So interesting! so poetic! such fine eyes—and all that, was the reputation he left with the gentler sex. But alas, poor Edward—what did all this advantage him? so long as he was afflicted with that unutterable, indescribable malady, commonly rendered *bashfulness*—a worse nullifier than any ever heard of in Carolina. Should you see him in company, you would really suppose him ashamed of his remarkably handsome person and cultivated mind. When he began to speak, you felt tempted to throw open the window and offer him a smelling bottle—he made such a distressing affair of it; and as to speaking to a lady! the thing was not to be thought of.

When Kate heard that this 'rara avis' was coming to her father's, she felt unaccountably interested to see him; of course—because he was her cousin, and because—a dozen other things too numerous to mention.

He came—and was for one or two days an object of great commiseration as well as admiration to the whole family circle. After awhile, however, he grew quite domestic; entered the room straight forward, instead of stealing in sideways—talked off whole sentences without stopping—looked Miss Isabelle full in the face without blushing—even tried his skill at sketching patterns, and winding silk—read poetry and played the flute with the ladies—romped and frolicked with the children, and in short, as old John observed, was 'as pleasant as a psalm-book, from morning till night.'

Divers reports began to spread abroad in the neighborhood, and great confusion was heard in the camp of Miss Isabelle's admirers. It was stated with great precision, how many times they had ridden—walked—talked together, and even all they had said. In short, the whole neighborhood was full of

> 'That *strange knowledge* that doth come
> We know not how—we know not where.'

As for Katy, she always gave all admirers to her sister '*ex officio*,'—so, she thought 'that of all the men she had ever seen, she should like cousin Edward best for a brother,' and she did hope Isabelle would like him as much she did; and for some

reason or other, her speculations were remarkably drawn to this point; and yet, for some reason or other, she felt as if she could not ask any questions about it.

At last, events appeared to draw toward a crisis. Edward became more and more 'brown studious' every day, and he and Isabelle had divers solitary walks and confabulations, from which they returned with a peculiar solemnity of countenance.—Moreover, the quick-sighted little Kate noticed that when Edward was with *herself* he seemed to talk as though he talked not, while with Isabelle he was all animation and interest; that he was constantly falling into trances and reveries, and broke off the thread of conversation abruptly; and in short, had every appearance of a person who would be glad to say something, if he only knew how.

'So,' said Kate to herself, 'they neither of them speak to me about it—I should think they might; Belle I should think would—and Edward knows I am a good friend of his; I know he is thinking of it all the time—he might as well tell me—and he shall.'

The next morning Miss Kate was sitting in the little back parlor. Isabelle was gone out shopping, and Edward was—she did not know where. Oh, no, here he is—coming book in hand into the self same little room—'now for it,' said the merry girl, mentally—'I'll make a charge at him.' She looked up; Master Edward was sitting diagonally on the sofa, twirling the leaves of his book in a very unscholarlike manner: he looked out of the window and—then he walked to the sideboard and poured out three tumblers of water—then he drew a chair up to the work-table and took up first one ball of cotton—looked it all over—and laid it down again—then another—then he picked up the scissors and minced up two or three little bits of paper; and then he began to pull the needles out of the needle-book, and put them back again.

'Do you wish for some sewing, sir?' said the young lady, after having very composedly superintended these operations.

'How——ma'am—what?' said he starting, and upsetting box, stand and all, upon the floor.

'Now cousin, I'll thank you to pick up that cotton' said Kate, as the confused collegian stood staring at the cotton balls rolling in divers directions. It takes some time to pick up all the things in a lady's work-box; but at last peace was restored, and with it came a long pause.

'Well, cousin,' said Kate, in about ten minutes—'if *you* can't speak, *I* can; you have something to tell me, you know you have.'

'Well—I *know* I have,' said the scholar, in a tone of hearty vexation.

'There's no need of being so fierce about it,' said the mischievous maiden; 'nor of tangling my silk, and picking out all my needles, and upsetting my work box, as preparatory ceremonies.'

'There is never any need of being a fool, Kate, and I am vexed that I cannot say'——— * * * (*a pause.*)

'Well, sir, you have displayed a reasonable fluency so far; don't you feel as if you could finish? Don't be alarmed; I should like, of all things, to be your confidante.'

But Edward did not finish; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he appeared to be going into convulsions.

'Well I must finish for you, I suppose,' said the young lady: 'the short of the matter is, Master Edward, *you are in love;* and have exhibited all the phenomena thereof this fortnight. Now you know I am a friendly little body, so do be tractable, and tell me the rest. Have you said any thing to her about it?'

'To her? to who?' said Edward, starting. 'Why Isabelle, to be sure; it's she, is'nt it?' 'No, Miss Catharine, it's *you!*' said the scholar, who, like most bashful persons, could be amazingly explicit when he spoke at all.

Poor little Kate! it was her turn to look at the cotton balls, and to exhibit symptoms of scarlet fever; and while she is thinking what to say next, you may read the next piece in the magazine.

MAY.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a young gentleman, whose education has been neglected; a case which is very remarkable in this country, and one which is extremely distressing to a sensitive mind, as well on account of its singularity, as of its distressing influence upon the aspiring hopes of ambitious juvenility. Having consulted my friends, who, fortunately for me, compose a very numerous and highly enlightened body, I found, to my surprise, that there existed a considerable diversity of opinion among them, as to the best mode of cultivating an adult, but neglected intellect. One presented me with an essay on physical education; another offered me a work on the philosophy of the human mind. One

friend advised me to study, another directed me to travel, and a third counselled me to get married. I was invited by one friend to go to the Mechanic's Institute, while another suggested the Woodward High School; and I was, in short, directed successively to the museum, the circulating library, the lyceum, the theatre, the Miami university, the infant school, the sporting club, and the penitentiary. Above all, I was most particularly urged to make no determination until I had laid my very singular and interesting case before the public, through the medium of your magazine.

I beg you not to infer from the foregoing remarks, that I am entirely ignorant or illiterate. On the contrary, I have always been accustomed to the best society which this country affords, and have read with avidity, and with some care, the most approved works in the English language. But then it has so happened that I understand no other tongue. I was not aware of my own deficiencies, or of the awful state of ignorance in which I stood, until last fall, when I heard some lectures, in which the important proposition was announced, that in order to understand the English language, it is necessary to be acquainted with those of Greece and Rome. I confess that I was somewhat startled by this novel hypothesis. Having associated all my life with those who spoke my native tongue with purity and elegance, and mingled much with another class, who use all its strong, though coarse idioms; and having been a devoted reader of Johnson, Addison, Goldsmith, Shakspeare, and other masters of English composition, I had supposed that there was no legitimate word in our vernacular, of which I did not know the meaning; nor a sentence, constructed with grammatical accuracy, in which I could not understand the precise idea intended to be conveyed, pursue the train of reasoning, discover the precise shade of thought, and appreciate the beauties of sentiment or style. I can even remember the sensations of delight with which, when a child, I beheld the arcana of philological knowledge expanding and disclosing its wonders and its beauties to my inquisitive mind. It was like the gradual, but beautiful process by which the landscape is decorated in the vernal season with vegetation and flowers—when the warm, soft breeze and brilliant sunshine, predispose the heart to enjoyment, and the buds are seen opening one by one, and the flowers exposing in succession their delicate or their gaudy colors, until the whole scene is richly clad, the hills glow with vivid beauty, and the valleys teem with an exquisite variety of hue and fragrance. It is thus that the lights and shades of thought are disclosed to the young and ardent mind; it is thus that the diversified and

delicate texture of a vernacular tongue is expanded to the mental eye. It was at first an unmeaning mass of words, in which here and there a familiar sound was recognized. But that which, like the bleak hill and leafless bough, had been cheerless to the eye, becomes, when lighted by the sunbeam, and adorned by the bud, the leaf, the flower, and the fruit, all life and beauty. I can remember the sensation of thrilling joy caused by the shooting of a young idea, and the music of a mother's voice when it touched upon a chord of the heart, or when it caused some latent germ of thought to expand to my astonished intellect. Knowledge is received, and thought expressed, through the medium of *words;* and no words can ever be so indelibly impressed upon the memory, as those which were associated with our first impressions; none can ever convey to the mind a meaning so precise, or an emotion so intense. It is the language of nature; it is the mother tongue. It is that in which we are accustomed to embody every joy, and every sorrow; and it is difficult to understand how any perception of a natural object, or of a thought, or of a train of argument, can be rendered more clear by the aid of a foreign tongue, than when expressed in that which is blended with the affections, deeply seated in the memory, and associated with every operation of the mind and transaction of life.

Such was the reasoning of my young and inexperienced mind. But I find that I was altogether mistaken. We ascertain the character of a tree almost instantaneously, by an inspection of the leaf, the flower, the fruit, and the bark; and not by digging into the ground in search of the seed from which it sprung. But the philologist forbids this simple and very obvious process, carries us down to the deeply hidden root of the word, and bids us to seek out the decomposed and putrid germ from which it sprung. I differ from such a philologist in this: that I discover a certain tree to be an oak, because it bears an acorn, while he arrives at the same conclusion, by learning that it grew from an acorn. Mine is an agreeable, easy, rapid, and certain operation; his, slow, laborious, and uncertain—for after all his pains, he may never find the acorn, or find it so rotten as not to afford any true indication of its original character. I may consort with the poet while I investigate the beauties of my mother tongue; but he is the fit companion of the grave-digger. I learn the language of truth and nature from living lips, from minds glowing with vigorous thought, and in the companionship of hearts that beat responsive to all the realities of life—hearts allied to my own by the ties of blood, society, and interest; while he toils among the noisome damps of antiquity, collecting

the corrupted skeletons of a dead language, and seeking knowledge in the mouldering skulls of deceased sages.

Such, I say, was my reasoning. But I find I am mistaken. I have learned that it is impossible to understand an English word, without a critical knowledge of the language from which that word was derived. If I tell a lady that she is *amiable*, she is not to be expected to understand me, unless she can trace the word through the French down to the Latin; but if I say to her that she is *sort'o pretty*, she cannot mistake my meaning, because *sort'o* is a native of our own valley, and *pretty* is an English word of pure Saxon origin. By the same process of reasoning no one should presume to decide whether a bank note be counterfeit or genuine, unless he be intimately acquainted with the process of the manufacture of the paper, and of the fabrication of the linen from which that paper was made, taking care to note by the way, the exact character and fashion of the garment in which that linen may have strutted its little hour upon the stage; and lastly, tracing the vegetable fibre of which the thread was spun, by its proper botanical name, down to its root. Nor should a goldsmith, who has the fear of criticism before his eyes, and is duly sensible of the classic truth, that 'all is not gold that glistens,' pretend to distinguish a pure from a base metal, unless he is intimately versed in geology and mineralogy, and well acquainted with the arts of mining, smelting, and refining—nor even then, without he knows what it was called in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin.

Professor Rafinesque understood this matter perfectly, and in writing the annals of Kentucky, commences by informing us that 'Adam, or Admo, or Adimo, (first man) and Eve, or Evah (life) are the parents of the primitive, or antediluvian nation, called the Adamites,' and then goes on regularly to show the lineal descent of the Kentuckians, through Noah, from Adam.

I therefore stand corrected, and am thoroughly convinced, that unless every word which has emigrated into the region of mind which we inhabit, can be traced back, not only to its Saxon, Grecian and Roman ancestors, but to its primitive root, as first taught by the original teachers in the university of Babel, we shall never be able to understand ourselves or each other, or have any appropriate conception of the beauties or powers of language. The faculty of speech is different from all other faculties: we see with our own eyes, eat with our own teeth, and hear with our own ears; but we speak with the tongues of dead men. Our bodies are improved by exercise, and our minds enriched by experience; but every change in our language is a corruption. The man who uses an ax becomes

expert by practice, and it would profit him nothing if one should rise from the dead to show him how his grandfather chopped; but chopping logic is a different affair, and words are not axes, though they are sometimes cutting words.

I have therefore been brought to mourn in sackcloth and ashes over my ignorance of the ancient tongues, to remedy which, as far as practicable, I have lately taken to the reading of dictionaries, particularly such as go largely into the doctrine of descents, and trace out the ancestry of the several parts of speech. Of these, my decided favorite is *Crabbe's Synonymes.* I peruse it with reverence, and am delighted with the plan, the arrangement, and the admirable perspicuity of the propositions laid down. There I found words which I had imagined I understood perfectly, explained in a way so novel, as to convince me that I was entirely ignorant of their meaning. The reason of this is, that George Crabbe is an A. M., and being master of the art of digging about the tree of knowledge, goes to the root of the matter. I read with avidity, and am learning very fast; so that I hope soon to become sufficiently expert in my vernacular to converse fluently with a literary lady, or an L. L. D., to puzzle any common M. D.; or to write an article for a literary periodical.

To illustrate my meaning fully, I shall add a few extracts from this admirable work, by which you will discover clearly how much more definite are the ideas of a man who understands the dead languages, than those of one who only uses the vulgar idiom of our country.

Mr. Crabbe places together a number of words which seem to the unlearned to be synonymous, or nearly so; and by tracing the derivative back to its source, finds its meaning, and shows that synonymes differ from each other, as much as a cabbage from a cauliflower, a mason from an antimason, or a snake from a horse hair.

Take the following example:

'*Assembly*, *company*, *meeting*, *congregation*, *parliament*, *diet*, *congress*, *convention*, *synod*, *convocation*, *council*.'

'*An assembly*, (v. to assemble, muster) is simply the assembling together *any number* of persons.'

Here I learn several important particulars, which would not occur to any mere English reader, who had not the faculty of looking at English words through classical spectacles. First—that two persons constitute an assembly: as for instance, a gentleman and his wife, or a lady and her infant, for it is '*simply* the assembling together of *any* number of persons,' and no persons assemble more simply than those I have named. Second—

the words *assemble* and *muster* being perfectly synonymous, I may with equal propriety speak of the *mustering* of a company of ladies and the *assembling* of the militia. When I *muster* sufficient courage to go to Mrs. B's, I will also *assemble* boldness to write an article on philology. Third—'an assembly, is *simply* the *assembling* together,' etc. It is of course the *act* of assembling only; simply the assembling; whenever the persons shall be actually assembled, it is an assembly no longer, for according to the author, it is simply the *assembling*, and not the body assembled, which is an assembly.

'*Company*, a body linked together, is an assembly, for purposes of amusement.'

My admiration of the author increases with every step that I take under his guidance. He is not one of those crabs that go backward. What a fine thing it is to understand the languages! Company, is a body *linked together*. A man and his wife are linked together, therefore a married couple is a company—rather dull company sometimes. A tea party is a company, therefore, are all the persons who happen to meet at such a party *linked together*. Company is *a body* linked together; under this definition it is not necessarily a body of persons, but merely a body. A criminal hung in chains, is a *body linked together*.

A steam engine is a body linked together—therefore a steam engine is a company; the great republican family is a body linked together—therefore is the great republican family a company just as much as a steam engine, a tea party, or a married pair. But this is not the whole of the definition: it is an assembly *for purposes of amusement*. Of course a body linked together, or assembled, for any other purpose than amusement, is *not* a company. It is the *purpose* for which they are linked, which makes an assembly a company, and that purpose is amusement. As for instance, 'the glorious company of the apostles,' or a company of soldiers who engage in the agreeable pastime of man-slaying, or a fire company, or a water company, or any other company, not excepting the present company: to wit, any two or three who may read this article in company. What a merry world we live in! Nothing but amusement is going on, in company. Messrs. A. B. and company sell tape for amusement. Messrs. C. D. and company sell arsenic for amusement; Messrs. E. F. and company print hymn-boooks for amusement; and the president, directors and company of the Bank of the United States furnish amusement to Jack Downing and the folks down east. But I cannot dwell, as the auctioneers say—therefore I proceed to the next definition.

'*Meeting*, a body met together, is an assembly for *general purposes of business*.' I meet my friend in the street; this is a meeting; of course, it is for *the general purposes of business*. I go to meeting on Sunday—for *the general purposes of business*. A young lady meets her lover by appointment; it is a tender meeting—for *the general purposes of business*—and a pretty business they sometimes make of it—a very fair business transaction. Two gentlemen quarrel—a challenge ensues, and a meeting takes place—for the *general purposes of business*—which often turns out to be a bad business for one or both of the parties. It is quite obvious that a meeting cannot be held for any *special* purpose—a tea party, a ball, a meeting of a board of directors, a kitchen cabinet, an accidental assemblage round a lady's centre table, a wedding, a funeral, or a love scene, is equally for the general purposes of business.

I proceed—'*Congregation*, is an assembly brought together from congeniality of sentiment, and community of purpose.' This is as true as a syllogism. No doctor of divinity, laws, or medicine, ever made a more profound discovery with his spectacles on, or announced it in happier language with his spectacles off. Superficial observers have supposed that a congregation might be divided into several classes, one of which go to church to worship, another because they admire the preacher, a third because it is Sunday, and a fourth because they have nothing else to do. Censorious writers have hinted, that one goes to church to show his good morals, another to show her bonnet, and a third to show his gallantry. This is a mistake: all go 'from congeniality of sentiment, and community of purpose.' Neither is there any new school, or old school, high church or low church; but all meet together with one accord. But we learn further, that the term *congregation* is not limited to a *religious* meeting. According to our author, it is 'an assembly brought together from congeniality of sentiment, and community of purpose.' Therefore, a dancing assembly is a congregation; for where will you find more congeniality of sentiment, or community of purpose? A dinner party where all are alike lovers of good eating and good wine, is a congregation—and a company of ladies and gentlemen who meet for the common purpose of being witty, and enjoying the wit of others, and who are perfectly congenial in their sentiments of respect for each other, is nothing more nor less than a congregation.

If several persons meet together to do an unlawful act, with congeniality of sentiment and community of purpose, the law calls such meeting an affray, a riot, or an unlawful assembly, as

the case may be, but the dictionary of synonymes denominates it a congregation.

'*Parliament*, signifies an assembly for speaking or debating on important matters.' I was one of a little circle of friends who met together a few evenings ago, and debated the important subject of capital punishments; of course, I consider myself a member of parliament.

There was a meeting in this city last autumn, for the sole purpose of debating on important matters connected with the church government of a numerous and respectable body of christians. That assembly was a parliament, according to the definition of the author, and not a synod. The law school, the medical college, and the mechanics' institute are parliaments; for each of them is 'an assembly for speaking or debating on important matters.' In short, a debating society is a parliament, if it debates on important matters, but not otherwise.

'*Congress*, is an assembly coming together in a formal manner, from distant parts, for special purposes.'

We were told above that a *meeting*, which might be for a duel or a wedding, was for *general* purposes; we now learn that a *congress* is held only for *special* purposes. Here we discover the great importance of philological researches, and the advantage of critical analysis in language; the very marked difference in meaning between the words *general* and *special*, of which I had a slight suspicion before, is indicated in this particularly accurate work with remarkable sagacity. But a congress not only meets for special purposes, but it is an assembly coming together in *a formal* manner, which is not stated to be the case with a parliament, a congregation, or other assembly. It comes together, moreover, *from distant parts*, so that it is necessary that the members should reside a great way from the place of meeting.

A diet, according to our author, 'is an assembly for governing or regulating affairs of state,' in which important particular it would seem to differ from a parliament, a congress, or a convention.

'*Convention*, is an assembly coming together in an informal and promiscuous manner, from a neighboring quarter.' This is precisely the description of a convention held by a hospitable friend of mine on christmas day, whereat his friends came together in an informal and promiscuous manner, from a neighboring quarter, to drink egg-nog out of a china bowl nearly as large as that in which Lemuel Gulliver paddled his skiff for the amusement of the Brobdignag lady. The Baltimore mob, so celebrated in history, was likewise an assembly coming

together in an informal and promiscuous manner, from a neighboring quarter; but the convention of teachers, lately held here, which, however informal and promiscuous, came not from a neighboring quarter, but from divers and distant parts, was no convention at all.

'*Synod*, we are told, 'signifies literally going *the same road*, and has been employed to signify an assembly for consultation on matters of religion.' This is a first-rate definition; members of synod all go the same road, and never differ in opinion as to which is the right road—though there is occasionally a priest or a levite among them, who passes by on the opposite side.

'*Convocation*, is an assembly convoked for an especial purpose;' such for instance as that which was convoked for the especial purpose of witnessing the examination at the Western Female Institute, or that which assembled for the especial purpose of celebrating the landing of the Buckeyes—or that which is convoked every morning, by every family, for the especial purpose of invigorating the body by eating breakfast. It is merely an assembly convoked for an especial purpose; and it is a matter of no importance what the purpose is; provided it be especial: nor how, nor when, nor where, nor why the convocation is held. If two men ride on one horse, one must ride behind, but still if they meet on the back of the horse for the especial purpose of riding, that meeting is a convocation, though if they ride for the general purposes of business, it would be only *a meeting*.

'*Council*, is an assembly for consultation either on civil or ecclesiastical affairs.' War is neither a civil, nor an ecclesiastical affair; of course there can be no such thing as a *council of war*. And if two or three ladies take sweet council together, be not alarmed, for they will be perfectly civil and ecclesiastical in their remarks, strictly confining themselves to the civil affair of courtship, and the ecclesiastical matter of marriage; unless they meet in *a formal manner from distant parts*, for then it would be a congress—and unless they meet in an *informal and promiscuous manner from the neighborhood*, for then it would be a convention—though it must be remarked, that if they came together for *the general purposes of business*, it would be a meeting, and if *for amusement*, a company.

Such have been my researches into this erudite volume of synonymes. I send them with my best wishes that you may live a thousand years, and that my own fate may be

SYNONYMOUS.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE MECHANIC ARTS:

Or Considerations by a Mechanic, offered as incentives to study, especially to his brother artisans.

(*Continued from page 9.*)

THE considerations which should impel the mechanic to the cultivation of literature and science, are not alone the advantages which, as we have shown, will result to him in the line of his profession; he will, in the course of his progress, realize numerous other less direct, but equally important and lasting benefits, some of which we will presently endeavor to present to his notice, as further incentives to study.

Formerly the profession of a mechanic was held in but little estimation; he who embraced it was shut out from all intercourse with the learned in every department. 'Scholars of all sorts, by general consent, looked with indifference or disdain upon the common arts of life, and felt it to be a reproach to mingle in the business of the artisan.' 'The laboratory and the workshop, the study of the geometrician, and the shed of the machinest, were for ages at almost immeasurable distances from each other, and the pathways between them were few and little frequented.'* The natural sciences, in themselves, are so nearly related to the arts, that it is matter of surprise their cooperation did not at once take place. But that a friendly intercourse between learned, literary men, and the unlettered mechanic should be slow in forming, need not be wonderd at: there was a want of some middle ground on which to establish it. They possessed no information in common which could inspire a mutual respect, or any way impart reciprocal feelings in an interchange of sentiment and views.

The mind of the artisan was exclusively occupied with the mechanical details of his profession, and the arrogance of learning had taught the scholar to deride his ignorance of bookish knowledge, however intelligent he might be in other respects.

But if his station in society has been considered to be lower down in the scale than that of the learned professors, the scholar, and the man of science, and if these have claimed over him a precedency, let him console himself with the reflection, that the cause is not to be found in the nature of his employment, which is calculated to put in requisition as much acuteness and ingenuity of mind as the operations of any other intellectual pursuit whatsoever. Fortunately the distinctions which formerly subsisted in society, as based

* Judge Story.

upon the arbitrary classification of men, are no longer observed, or at least, are in a great measure, abolished. The spread of knowledge of every kind, within the last half century, has exerted its power in breaking down the barriers which kept separate the different ranks of society. 'Men of science have become familiar in the workshops of the artisan,' and by imparting their principles, have raised him in numerous instances, to the same level with themselves. 'He who is eminent in his art, may now place himself by the side of the scholar, and the mathematician, and the philosopher, and find no churlish claim for precedency put in:'* his profession has become not only profitable, but honorable. Let the mechanic, thus encouraged, then, 'raise himself to the rank of a scientific inquirer,' and he will not, in this age, need to complain of the disdain and superciliousness of other ranks and classes of men. He will meet with the countenance and fellowship of those whose minds are more deeply imbued with literature and science, and receive from them a tincture of their glowing spirit.

The intercourse now happily established between the scientific scholar and the artisan is manifesting the most beneficial effects, both in the advantages which it confers directly upon the improvements of the age, and in the moral influence it is exercising over the community at large.

It has communicated an impulse in this way, which will go on extending, until it produce a salutary change in the whole structure of society. The establishment of 'mechanics' institutions' in some of our cities, in which there is a companionship and commingling of all classes, is a distinguishing feature of the age we live in.

They will, when they shall become general, soon level all extraneous distinctions, and have a more direct and forcible influence in promoting the good morals and happiness of the social state, than all the grave discourses that were ever framed.

Let knowledge become universally diffused, and we shall hear much less of the depravity of human nature, and experience fewer of the evils and desolations which arise out of the vices and follies of mankind. Ignorance fosters and encourages crime and immorality, while virtue is so closely allied to knowledge, that a cultivated understanding almost necessarily delights in its exercise. Men more frequently do wrong from want of making a correct estimate of things, and from mistaking the ntaure of actions and their just bearing on their fellows, than

* Judge Story.

they are prompted to voluntary transgression by wilful malice or corrupt motives.

In a great majority of cases, if you succeed in impressing a conviction of error upon the mind, you effect a change of sentiment and feeling favorable to reform. The study of nature, with the habit of correct observation which it certainly engenders, will lead men to the discernment of their true interests. It will admonish us of the injurious tendency of all excuses and lead us to avoid them—for 'science, while it elevates the objects of desire, has in the same proportion, a tendency to restrain the outbreakings of the bad passions of mankind.'*

It will infuse into our breasts kindlier feelings of philanthropy than were wont to characterize our species in other and ruder periods.

The discriminating comprehensiveness thus acquired from apprehending the harmonies of nature, will enable us, in studying the constitution and intellectual character of man, to arrive at sound moral principles. The constant discipline to which the mind is subjected, will teach us that true happiness is only to be found in the well-regulated habits of temperance, justice, and humanity; that if a man, on a review of his conduct, does not experience feelings of self-approbation; if he is dissatisfied with the employment of his own time, he will not under any other circumstances, however favorable, enjoy permanent happiness. It will become apparent, in short, that a man in being virtuous is, in every way, consulting his own interests; for happiness is, in a great measure, the test of virtue.

When there shall be a general intercourse among all classes, and the different orders of society have learnt to make a right estimate of each other's merits and pursuits in life, society will present a very different and more attractive form. Benevolent and charitable feelings will take the place of the party bickerings, the envyings and strife, which too much, at present, characterize the mass of the community.

While, therefore, those engaged in mental labor, are beginning properly to appreciate the work of the mechanic, who is employed in what are denominated, somewhat exclusively, the productions of utility, let not the mechanic despise those arts which promote pure and innocent delights and furnish the graces and ornaments of life, the profitableness of which is less direct and apparent. The poet, the painter, the abstract student, or elegant writer, are all producers, and labor as dili-

* Judge Story.

gently and profitably, perhaps, as any mere manual laborers can do.

There is a feeling abroad that considers the interests of the 'working man' as distinct from those of the rest of the community, and regards mental labor as comparatively worthless: thus we frequently hear of the 'working man's party,' a distinction which is calculated to alienate that class from the fellowship of those who would be their greatest friends, and to disturb the harmony of society.

'No one can say that the mental laborers are not workers. They are, we may truly affirm, taken as a class, the hardest workers in the community. No one ever reached eminence in their pursuits without unwearied industry: the most eminent have been universally despisers of ease and sloth, and have felt their highest pleasures in the absorbing devotion of their entire minds to the duties of their high calling."

'James Watt and Robert Fulton were worth more to society than five hundred thousand hedgers and ditchers.'*

We have now seen how great and numerous are the advantages likely to attend upon scientific and literary acquirements, both directly, and indirectly; that they are calculated not only to advance materially the worldly prosperity of all those in possession of them, but that they conduce essentially to confer upon them virtue and happiness. And that, when knowledge shall become general, it will have a regenerating influence upon the condition of society, and unite the various classes of mankind in one common bond of fellowship.

It remains now to inquire into the *means* which the artisan possesses of prosecuting the studies, which have been so earnestly urged upon his attention in the preceding pages. These, with a great majority of the working mechanics, are necessarily limited. A great portion of their time is unavoidably consumed in attending to the duties of their station; they have to labor for perishable things; and their associations are not generally of that kind which afford opportunities of improvement, or which tend to give a relish for intellectual pursuits. The education of many of them has been neglected, perhaps, in early youth, and they are apt to consider themselves as cut off from the aids usually thought necessary in making any advancement in literature and science.

But we shall presently make it apparent that the disadvantages under which they labor are by no means so discouraging in reality, as they are generally supposed to be, especially in the

* Right of Industry.

present day, when we have so great a variety of popular treatises and works of reference, by which the elements of every species of knowledge are simplified and elucidated in the plainest manner, so as to bring them within the comprehension of all those who may be desirous of making the acquisition.

Every mechanic, who will be at the trouble, and devote but a small portion of his time daily to that object, has it thus in his power, from books alone, to acquire a decent knowledge of literature, and of every branch of practical philosophy, and so raise the standard of his enjoyment and increase his usefulness in society. In order to this, it is not necessary that he should become a finished scholar, be a master of rhetoric, and write in a finished style. These are only incidental accomplishments: they are the dress and ornaments which decorate the subject, and are as frequently employed to deck out unworthy thoughts and vapid sentiment as to give energy and effect to more noble conceptions. They are like the gilding and architectural embellishments of a structure, which add nothing to the real strength and usefulness of the building. The uninitiated in science conceive it to be most abstruse and difficult of attainment. They consider a teacher as indispensable, in order to arrive at an understanding of any of its details, and hence are discouraged from entering upon the undertaking, which if once set about in good earnest, with the appliances at hand, would present less difficulty than is frequently encountered in learning the manual operations of a craft; and would shortly become a most amusing occupation, daily exciting new interest in the mind. Scientific knowledge is certainly not so difficult of attainment as those unacquainted with its principles generally apprehend it to be. Living teachers are really not as indispensable as they are often supposed. 'A good elementary book upon any subject, is itself a teacher, which to a person of ordinary intelligence, ought almost to render any other unnecessary.'* Edmund Stone, a self-taught mathematician, who, in his eighteenth year, while working as a gardener in the employ of the duke of Argyle, had, from a very few books, obtained a knowledge of Latin, French, and the higher branches of the mathematics, when asked by the duke, who happened to see him with a Latin copy of Newton's 'Principia,' how he came by the knowledge of all these things, replied, 'a servant taught me ten years since to read. *Does one need to know any thing more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn every thing else that one wishes?*'

* Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

The pursuit of knowledge is also the greatest and most enduring source of amusement, while it is, at the same time, the cheapest, and therefore accessible to all. It has been asked, 'When did we hear of any one who, having fairly commenced the pursuit of literature or science, ever becoming tired of it; or would not have gladly devoted his whole life to it, if he could?' and the same ingenious writer goes on to observe, 'There may be other passions to which men will deliver themselves up, in the first instance, with greater precipitation and impetuosity; there is none, assuredly, which will engage them so long, or, eventually, absorb their whole thoughts so thoroughly as the passion for knowledge. We have numberless instances of persons, in every rank of life, who, for the sake of gratifying it, have contended with and overcome such difficulties and impediments of all sorts as certainly would have worn out the strength of almost any other impulse with which we are acquainted. But this is an impulse which, we may venture to affirm, when once truly awakened, no discouragements that the most unfavorable circumstances have interposed, have ever been able effectually to subdue.'*

But to extend these observations, and enumerate here all the inducements and incentives to study which the consideration of the subject will supply, would much exceed the limits of this essay: on some future occasion the subject may be resumed. We will only now advert to the ordinary objection, that the mechanic has not the time which others have to devote to the improvement of his mind. This objection is not so serious as would at first seem. Every one, even the busiest and most industrious, has some hours in the twenty-four in which he is released from the duties of his profession, and which he may call his own; when, if he has the inclination, he will find the *time* for reading and study: 'he will find it by never losing it.' 'Part with it we must; but we may give it either for something or for nothing. Its mode of escape from us, however, being very subtle and silent, we are exceedingly apt, because we do not feel it passing out of our hands like so much told coin, to forget that we are parting with it at all; and thus, from mere heedlessness, the precious possession is allowed to flow away as if it were a thing of no value. The first and principal rule therefore, in regard to the economizing and right employment of time, is to habituate ourselves to watch it.'† No one, however freed from other engagements, and however much leisure he may be able to command, can devote all his waking hours to reading

* Library of Entertaining Knowledge. † Ibid.

and study. Relaxation after study, is as necessary to the mind as rest after labor is to the body. The one can no more support incessant mental exertion, than the other can sustain unremitting toil, without in a short time becoming the victim of an oppression so ill-advised and unfailing in its consequences.

Bodily exercise is essential to health and life; and he, who does not allot some hours daily to that object, will soon experience incipient bodily ailments. Dyspeptic, nervous symptoms, with depression of animal spirits, will disqualify him for the full enjoyment of life, and enfeeble the energies of his mind.

The mechanic, while employed through the day in attending to the active requirements of his calling, will have ample leisure to reflect on, and so profit by, what he has read in the intervals. His labor will be no very material interruption to thought, even when given to subjects entirely unconnected with his present occupation; and when that labor is over, he will return to his book and his studies with a keener relish, and be saved all the tedium and listlessness which so frequently pursue the professional student into his seclusion, and sometimes render abortive all his efforts at application.

In making the above, rather novel observations, the writer of this article speaks advisedly, having from experience, in the course of his own active life, had occasion to remark how greatly the disadvantages of want of time, etc. to the mechanic, for acquiring knowledge, have been exaggerated, and made the plea for ignorance. What an amount of knowledge could be obtained, if all the evenings spent in idleness, and worse than useless amusements; all the hours employed in trifling and unprofitable conversation, together with some portion of time abstracted from sleep, of which there is frequently a greater portion than necessary or even healthful—were devoted to reading and study, or even intelligent conversation.

With considerations such as the preceding, the mechanic, who is not overtasked in his avocations, and covetous of knowledge, will scarcely have to regret his inability to make the entire disposition of his time. He may, if he should have an ardent thirst after knowledge, consider himself even more fortunate than many who have jeopardized health and life, and most certainly curtailed existence, by neglecting, in their zeal for study, to take that exercise, without which, neither the body nor the mind can long be preserved in a sound condition.

Perhaps no circumstances can be more favorable to the enjoyment of life, where there is a mind devotedly in love with knowledge, than a moderate portion of healthful labor joined

to the cultivation of literature and science; the alternations of mental and bodily exercise relieve each other; and we may exclaim with the poet of nature,

> 'Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
> Progressive virtue and approving heaven.'

YOUTH.

Season of hope and gladness,
Thy heaven is ever bright:
No passing cloud of sadness
Doth veil thy liquid light.

Mirror of truth divine,
There is no guile in thee;
Upon thy silver shrine,
Love's purest offerings be.

Laughing, thou onward speedest,
Thy step is ever free,
Nor toil, nor care thou heedest,
Bounding upon the lea.

The wild-flower springeth up
In lonely beauty shining;
And pure the lily's snowy cup,
On yonder wave reclining.

Yet fairer, lovelier thou,
In rosy bloom, O youth!
Mirror'd on thy clear brow,
Lo! purity and truth.

Emblem of sainted spirits!
Thy innocence proclaims,
That land of holy beauty,
Where goodness ever reigns.

Within those radiant orbs,
The soul's pure mansions shine,
O! be this breast forever,
All passionless like thine.

M. N. T.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The report of this officer, is usually the most interesting to the general reader, of those which annually accompany the president's message; because it embraces, besides the details which relate strictly to military affairs, a vast deal of valuable information in reference to the Indian department, and to the internal improvements which are carried forward through the agency of the general government. It is from the perusal of such documents that we become acquainted with the actual condition of our country, and learn the truth in relation to the administration of its domestic concerns. The clamors of the newspaper press, while they do much good in pointing out the errors of public men, and awaking a jealous watchfulness in the public mind, seldom afford the impartial information which is required to satisfy the curiosity which they excite. We are too apt to be misled by the heat of party, and to praise or decry, from the mere impulse of feeling, and without reference to any invariable standard of justice.

We do not intend by this remark, either to applaud or condemn the present administration of our government. In respect to the individuals who compose it, we stand neutral; we belong to the peaceable commonwealth of letters, and have nothing to do with the collisions of party, which have been properly defined to be 'the madness of many for the benefit of a few.' But we contemplate with interest the *results* of public measures, and without inquiring with whom they have originated, or to what political school the agents may belong who have carried them into operation, we indulge a patriotic pride in beholding the steady prosperity, and advancing improvement of our country. The plaudits or the denunciations of party, carry with them no evidence which may direct the judgment in its search after truth:

'A breath can make them, as a breath has made.'

But time brings in its matured verdict, as it ripens the fruit, or develops the fibre of the tree.

It is not necessary in reviewing a document like that before us, to assign either merit or demerit to public individuals. We behold in it the beneficial results of an enlightened public sentiment; it affords a commentary upon our free institutions which cannot be mistaken. We learn that however the opinions of politicians may differ, and whatever may be the exasperation of their feelings, or the selfish objects of their widespread intrigues, there is an energy in the will of the people, which is steadily operating for the public good. Those minor questions having reference to the elevation of men to office, which are in fact of but little importance to any but the parties engaged, may occupy ostensibly the largest share of the public attention; while the great measures which affect most essentially the prosperity of the nation, and the comfort and security of the citizen, are going quietly forward, like the noiseless current of some mighty river, whose onward career cannot be stayed. The policy of the government may be changed injuriously in reference to local or temporal interests, public expectation may be disappointed, and the prospects of an individual or a class of society, may be blighted by the caprice or ignorance of an individual, as a man may be run over by a rail-road car; but the machine moves majestically on; and the evils which disturb the

political world, are no more indicative of the insufficiency of our republican institutions, than is the explosion of a steam boat an evidence against the value of the invention of Fulton.

The great experiment goes on successfully; and the true elements of national prosperity and greatness continue to operate with vigor and fidelity. The great cause of education is advancing, the press continues to multiply the means of spreading knowledge, roads and canals extend the facilities of trade, the pulpit maintains its influence and the bench its purity, the sanctuary of home and all the civil and political rights of the citizen remain inviolate. The owners of ships, of slaves, of spinning-jennies, and of bank stock, may wrangle for the patronage of the government, and fright the land 'from its propriety,' by the fierceness of their dissentions. People will quarrel about money, as long as the world stands; and those who accumulate wealth with the most facility, and possess it in the largest quantity, are precisely those who make the most noise, but who after all, exert the least influence in a republican government. The contests for office and for money will continue to rage; but they are harmless; for like storms in the natural world, they cloud the sky, and alarm the timid mind, but eventually purify the atmosphere. The plough horse still treads the furrow with unabated industry. The steam boat paddles its way freighted with the products of the land; the mechanic whistles over his labor; there is plenty at the fireside of the citizen, and peace and thankfulness within the sanctuaries, which are tolerated in the exercise of every form of worship.

The report of the secretary of war is accompanied by several documents of high interest, emanating from the subordinate branches of that department. The subject of internal improvement is that which invites our first attention, as it is the one which bears most immediately upon the prosperity of the western states.

It appears from the report of the chief engineer at Washington, that a little over *one million* of dollars has been expended during the last year in erecting and repairing fortifications and other military works, and a fraction less than *two millions* has been laid out upon internal improvements, in erecting or improving, piers, light-houses, harbors, rivers, roads, &c. The expenditures for the latter purpose were as follows:

Internal Improvements.

Repairing the Cumberland road, east of the Ohio river, - -	$267,733 61
Repairing the Cumberland road in Virginia, - - - - -	34,440 00
Construction of the Cumberland road in Ohio, west of Zanesville, -	237,209 08
Continuing the Cumberland road in Indiana, - - - -	222,641 63
" " in Illinois, - - - -	165,284 00
Continuing the road from Detroit towards Chicago, - - -	28,068 18
Continuing the road from Detroit to Fort Gratiot, - - -	20,553 06
Continuing the road from Detroit to Saganaw bay, - - -	31,484 97
Road from Detroit to Grand river, - - - - - -	28,500 00
Road from La Plaisance bay to intersect the Chicago road, -	30,608 76
Road from a point opposite to Memphis to W. Strong's house, on the St. Francis river, in the Territory of Arkansas, -	100,000 00
Road from Line creek, Alabama, to the Chattahoochie, opposite Columbus, Georgia, - - - - - - - -	20,000 00
Improving the navigation of the Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi rivers, - - - - - - - - - -	50,000 00
Improving the navigation of the Red river, Louisiana and Arkansas,	
Improving the navigation of the Arkansas river, - - -	
Removal of obstructions to the navigation of the Savannah river, between the mouth thereof and the city of Savannah, -	

Improving Cape Fear below the town of Wilmington, North Carolina,	48,740 73
Carrying on the improvement of Ocracock inlet, North Carolina,	33,090 50
Deepening the channel through Pascagoula river, State of Mississippi,	15,715 24
Deepening the channel through the Pass-au-Heron, Alabama,	4,643 51
Improving the harbor of Mobile, Alabama,	10,821 25
Removing obstructions in the river Appalachicola, Florida,	9,542 08
Improving the harbor and river of St. Marks, Florida,	10,153 93
Completing the improvement of the inland channel between St. Mary's and St. Johns, Florida,	9,000 00
Removing the obstructions and improving the navigation of Escambia river,	5,000 00
Improving the navigation of the Ochlochney river,	5,000 00
Improving the harbor of Chicago, Illinois,	25,000 00
Removing sand-bar at the mouth of the Merrimack river, Massachusetts,	8,785 34
Preservation of Plymouth beach, Massachusetts,	2,807 47
Preservation of the beach at Provincetown harbor, Massachusetts,	4,695 64
Removing the bar at the mouth of the harbor of Nantucket, Massachusetts,	9,083 11
Preservation of Deer island, Boston harbor, Massachusetts,	
Breakwater at Hyannis harbor, Massachusetts,	11,270 87
Removing obstructions at Lovejoy's narrows, Kenebeck river, Maine,	600 00
Removing obstructions in the Berwick branch of the Piscataqua river, Maine,	435 81
Piers at Stonington, Connecticut,	
Repairing piers at the entrance of Kennebunk river, Maine,	1,700 00
Improving the navigation of the harbor of Mill river, Connecticut,	3,973 48
Improving the harbor of Saco, Maine,	22 78
Piers and mole at Oswego, New York,	14,175 85
Piers at Buffalo, New York,	38,447 35
Piers at Dunkirk harbor, New York,	7,720 07
Pier at Black-Rock harbor, New York,	3,900 28
Improving the entrance of Gennessee river, New York,	18,450 87
Removing obstructions at the mouth of Big Sodus bay, New York,	19,040 68
Piers at La Plaisance bay, Michigan Territory,	8,123 07
Removing obstructions at Ashtabula creek, Ohio,	6,703 78
Removing obstructions at Cunningham creek, Ohio,	804 05
Removing obstructions at Huron river, Ohio,	1,047 38
Removing obstructions at Grand river, Ohio,	4,704 20
Improving Cleaveland harbor, Ohio,	5,012 11
Removing sand-bar at the mouth of Black river, Ohio,	7,382 41
Improving the mouth of Conneaut creek, Ohio,	5,568 62
Improving the harbor of Presqu'Isle, Pennsylvania,	8,465 14
Improving the harbors of Newcastle, Marcus Hook, Chester, and Port Penn,	12,609 20
Improvement of the navigation of the Cumberland river, Tennessee,	30,000 00
Total.	$1,857,731 81

Light-Houses.

Light-house at the harbor of Buffalo, New York,	$3,200 00
Beacon light at the entrance of the harbor of Erie, Pennsylvania,	
Light-house at Cleaveland harbor, Ohio,	
Beacon light at Grand river, Ohio,	151 92
	$3,351 92

We present this list in order that our readers may see at a glance the aggregate amount of the money expended for these important purposes, as well as the distribution among the several states and territories. When these works are taken into consideration in connection with those which are in progress under the direction of the respective states, it will be seen that our country is rapidly becoming improved. We propose to notice these improvements in reference to the interests of our own section of country.

The government has at several periods made liberal appropriations for the improvement of the harbors upon the great northern lakes. During the last war with Great Britain, the want of safe harbors was felt as a serious inconvenience attending the employment of our naval force in that quarter, and if no other reasons existed to justify these expenditures, they are highly judicious as forming a part of the system of national defence, and affording security against invasion to an exposed frontier, by increasing the facilities for the employment of either our naval or military forces. But these works are valuable, and indeed indispensable, to the trade of all the northern portion of the western country, including a part of Pennsylvania and the whole of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan.

Large expenditures have been made in repairing and extending the Cumberland road, a work which is justly viewed as one of great interest; as it not only affords a convenient passage over the Allegheny mountains, but will extend in a nearly direct line, through the whole breadth of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to the centre of Missouri.

It will be seen, by the above list, that a variety of other roads have been opened, repaired, or extended under the direction of the general government.

The works of highest interest to us, are those which have been carried forward for the improvement of the navigation of our large rivers. We have long been of the opinion, that public attention was not sufficiently drawn to this subject, and that a singular apathy has prevailed in relation to a matter of more importance to the prosperity of the west than any other. The Mississippi and Ohio rivers stretch from one end to the other of this great valley, and extend their larger tributaries throughout its whole breadth. The Atlantic itself does not, within our empire, wash so extensive a line of coast, or bear the freights of commerce to so many ports. Thirteen states and territories, embracing half the members of the union, and a still larger proportion of its territory, lie in contact with these waters, and are directly interested in their navigation. It is therefore as much a matter of national concern, and as important to the American people, to improve the natural avenues of intercommunication afforded by these rivers, as the protection of our commerce upon the ocean by a naval force, or the erection of harbors and lighthouses for its advancement. The one is a *national* commerce, not because it embraces an intercourse with foreign countries, but on account of its general utility and the numbers who enjoy its benefits; and the other is equally national for the same reasons. Like the ocean, too, this great thoroughfare is common to all. It is difficult to say which state is most interested in its trade and navigation, or where the line of demarcation should be drawn, which would separate the direct interest of one from another, or show where the one ended and the other commenced.

But these are precisely the kind of public improvements which have been, least of all, pressed upon the consideration of the general government. The western states consider themselves, very properly, entitled to a liberal share of so much of the public treasure as may be set apart for such purposes; for all of them in which the land is

owned by the government, have made concessions which far exceed the donations received by them. The appropriations of the general government, in aid of internal improvement, have usually received their direction from calls made upon congress by the state legislatures; and the latter, influenced by selfishness, by personal considerations, or by that very natural species of patriotism which looks first at home, have been in the habit of confining their recommendations chiefly to objects of public utility within their own boundaries. All of them have claimed assistance for their colleges, their common schools, their roads, or their canals; praiseworthy objects, upon which we care not how liberal, or how lavish, may be the expenditure of the federal treasure. But there has been an absence of that enlarged policy which should have looked to results of wider and more permanent advantage to the whole west; and which should have brought the combined influence of the whole to act for the general good. Appropriations of money in aid of improvements of limited or doubtful utility, have passed with difficulty through the legislative branches of the government, and have sometimes been arrested by the executive; for they must struggle against selfishness, opposing interests, constitutional scruples, and even political intrigue. But works like those under our consideration, would be obnoxious to no objection, would alarm no honest scruple; and a weight of influence might be arrayed in their favor which would look down every shadow of opposition. There is not a farmer, a merchant, nor an owner of real estate, in the west—not a man who has interests in common with those of his country, who would not be directly benefited by such improvements as should render the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers practicable and safe throughout the whole year. That such improvements are feasible, that they are within the scope of the means at the command of the nation, and strictly within the constitutional exercise of its power, are points which we think will not now be disputed by any reflecting mind. In the upper parts of both these rivers, are rapids caused by ledges of rock, or masses of loose stone, through which permanent channels may be made with facility; and through the whole course or these rivers, above their junction, there are sandbars, which present greater difficulty, but which we think have been shown by experiment to be susceptible of all the desired improvement. The snags, once so formidable, have been greatly diminished in number, and may be entirely removed.

This subject has already received some aid from congress, and the results have been auspicious. Taking all that has been done together, little as it is, in comparison with what remains to be effected, we are not aware that any expenditure of public money has been more judicious.

The project of removing the snags and sunken timber from the beds of our rivers originated with captain Henry M. Shreve, who contrived a steamboat for the purpose, which operates with such speed and energy, that scores of the largest trees are raised in a day, with the assistance of a few hands. The business of removing snags is performed only when the water is low; at other times, the crews of the boat are employed in cutting away the overhanging timber from the *falling-in banks*—that is, from such banks as are becoming gradually undermined by the action of the current, and which furnish the greatest amount of these dangerous obstacles to navigation. Captain Shreve says, in his last report to the Secretary of War:

'In the months of October, November, and December, 1832, January, February, and March, of this year, the steam snag-boats, Helipolis and Archimedes, removed from the bed of the Mississippi river, 1,293 snags. The same boats, in August and September, 1833, removed from the bed of that river, 667 snags: in all, 1,960 snags

during the year. The crews of the same boats have within the year felled from the falling-in banks of the Mississippi, (at times when the water was too high to remove snags, and when the engines of the boats were out of repair) about 10,000 trees.—During the month of November last, these boats were engaged in removing the Choctaw Indians from Memphis, Tenn. and Vicksburgh, Miss. to the mouth of the Arkansas river.'

'One hundred men were employed in August, September, October, November, and December, 1832, felling timber on the banks of the Mississippi river, and cutting snags from the dry bars and island chutes. They proceeded from St. Louis to the mouth of the St. Francis river, distant five hundred miles, where they cleared the timber from all the falling banks and dry sand-bars. The last-named work (felling timber from the banks of the river) is thought by many persons to be an injury, and not an improvement to the river. I am, however, of a very different opinion. I believe it to be the only effectual mode of removing obstructions from the shores, and of great importance to the improvement of the channel. This opinion has been formed from actual observation. For some five or six years the trees have been cut from the falling banks of the river, nearly all the distance for the first 300 miles below the mouth of the Ohio, where the shores of the river are comparatively clear of snags, logs and roots, safe to land at with a flatboat, and in the stream the accumulation of snags are not more than half so great as in those parts of the river where the timber has not been felled from the banks; nor are the banks safe to land at with any description of boat, in consequence of the bends where the banks fall in being very much obstructed along the shores with the trees, roots and logs that are falling in with the banks. Many persons object to felling the timber above alluded to, alleging that the stumps roll in as the bank caves in, and lie on the bottom, forming a dangerous obstruction to the navigation. This I view as an erroneous opinion. Every man well acquainted with the character of the Mississippi river, must recollect that the banks that fall in are washed by the deepest and most rapid portion of the stream: consequently, when a stump slides from its foundation, it sinks below the draft of any craft that can navigate the river; as the bends where the banks fall in are universally from ten to fifteen feet deeper than the best channels over the bars that stretch across the river from the foot of one bend to the head of the next at almost every point in the river. Where the timber falls in, the root sinks, and the top either floats and forms a snag, or the top of the tree lies on the bank, and keeps the shores perpetually obstructed to such extent that flat-boats, attempting to land at them—and if caught in a gale of wind, they are obliged to pull for the first bend they can make—are frequently stove and lost; and if they make the land, they are liable to be sunk by the trees falling on them. That work has, however, been abandoned for the present year very much against my judgment.

'During the last year several steam boats have been lost by striking logs or snags: but none of them were good and substantially built boats. I would here beg leave to observe that a great many of the boats now navigating the Mississippi river are very light timbered, just sufficient to hold the plank together to bear caulking: consequently, if one of those boats strikes a snag, drift log, or any thing of sufficient weight to fracture the plank, the boat is stove and sunk. The inquiry is then made, what did she strike? The universal reply is, one of Shreve's stumps; but if it was a stump, and a first rate substantial boat were to strike it, she would evidently be stove, for a stump is one of the most dangerous description of obstructions that could be in the river. But I have not known a good substantial steam boat to be stove, excepting one, for the last four years. The heavy boats of three hundred tons and upwards are nearly all stout, well-built boats, and, from their greater draught of water, are more liable to strike than those of a smaller class; and, if they do strike, must receive a much heavier shock from their greater weight, and greater speed with which they run, for the largest boats are universally the swiftest; yet but one of that class of boats has been stove in the Mississippi river in the last four years: consequently, I am of the opinion that almost all the losses of steamboats for the last four years from being stove, have occurred from the insufficiency of the boats, and not from the stumps, to which nearly all the losses are charged. I am of the opinion that the Mississippi river is at this time as safe to navigate, excepting in extreme low water, as it will ever be. For the im-

provement of the extreme low-water navigation of that river, much is yet to be done. To execute that part of the work, it requires extreme low water, which continues but a short time each year; consequently requires a longer time to complete.'

Several improvements have been attempted upon the sand-bars in the Ohio, under the direction of the same enterprising individual, captain Shreve. His plan is simply that of throwing out wing-dams from each side of the river, so as to confine the current within narrow bounds, and thus giving it sufficient volume and power to wash a channel for itself. Such dams have been finished at French Island, at Three-Mile island, at Scuffletown bar, and at the Three Sisters. These were formerly the shoalest and most difficult bars in the Ohio river; but the improvement effected has been quite equal to the most sanguine expectations, and no delay or hazard is now experienced in passing them. The most extensive of these works, and that which if successful will most satisfactorily attest the correctness of the principle which applies to them all, is the one now in progress and nearly completed, at Cumberland Island, near the mouth of Cumberland river. It is proposed to change the channel of the river so as to force its waters to pass between the island and the Kentucky shore, by which means a channel will be washed through the bar below, and the mouth of Cumberland river relieved of a very formidable obstruction. Two hundred men are now employed on this work. The length of the dam is about half a mile, its width at the base thirty feet, and its height sixteen feet; and it is composed of large masses of limestone rock quarried from the shores above.

Some diversity of opinion has been entertained as to the advantages to be derived from these operations, in reference both to the sand-bars and snags, but the doubts are not greater nor better founded than those which have invariably assailed every novel and bold undertaking. It is obvious too, that many of them proceed from interested persons; the pilots decry every improvement in the navigation of the rivers, which by making it more safe and easy, has a tendency to render their own calling less important, and their services less valuable; while the owners and officers of insufficient and badly managed boats, are always ready to attribute those disasters by which life and property have been wantonly endangered, to any other cause than their own cupidity or criminal negligence.

The removal of the great raft in Red river, is one of the most extraordinary and valuable of the improvements which our country has witnessed. This singular obstruction has been but little known, and its extent very imperfectly understood. According to Stoddart, the lower end of the raft is about one hundred and thirty miles above Natchitoches, or three hundred miles from the junction of Red river with the Mississippi. The extent of the raft he states to be forty-five or fifty miles, which shows the imperfect knowledge of its true character, which existed when he wrote, or else the great rapidity with which it has since increased; for that raft is now known to be one hundred and forty miles in extent. This obstruction is composed of a vast mass of timber which completely fills the whole bed of the river. There are intervals through which the water penetrates; but in many places the timber, and the mud which has been deposited, have become accumulated in solid masses which are firmly fixed to the bottom of the river, and on which bushes and small trees are growing. The natural channel being thus obstructed, the waters of the river have burst in numerous places over the banks, inundating immense tracts of fine alluvial land, and passing down through a complicated chain of lakes and bayous, which are thickly studded

with large trees, and obstructed by fallen timber. Over these inundated bottoms, and through those lakes and channels thus filled with dangerous obstructions, and changing from year to year, boats have been obliged to pass, with a degree of hazard and difficulty, that has rendered the attempt almost hopeless. In many places the current is so rapid, and the newly formed channel so filled with growing trees, that descending boats cannot be steered safely through them by the helm, but are passed down by means of cables fastened to the trees.

The manner of the original formation of the great raft, cannot now be ascertained, nor even inferred from any probable evidence. It is obvious however, that whenever from any accidental concurrence of circumstances, the timber floating in the river became lodged so as to form a connected barrier across the river, the mass would continue to be enlarged from year to year, by new accumulations from above. Another natural effect would be, that while the upper end of the raft would annually receive new supplies of sound timber, the lower end would after a number of years begin to decrease by the decaying of the materials composing it. But in this process the gain would greatly exceed the loss, so that although the raft would be growing in one part, and decreasing in another, it would on the whole be rapidly increasing. The facts in relation to it, according to the evidence of the oldest inhabitants, corroborated by the appearances on the shores, support these propositions. The raft has been gaining in extent, and gradually moving up the river.

This obstruction has rendered one of our finest rivers useless, and checked the extension of our population into one of the most valuable sections of our continent. Red river has its rise among the Mexican mountains, at no great distance from Santa Fe. This source appears from the best accounts to be about fourteen hundred and fifty miles northwest of its confluence with the Mississippi. It drains a country within the boundaries of the United States, as extensive and as valuable as the valley of the Ohio. There are few obstructions in the navigation besides the one above described. It pases through a dry and undulating country, beautifully interspersed with prairie and timber, lying chiefly between thirty-two and thirty-four of north latitude; a large portion of the lands are fertile, and the climate is congenial to the growth of sugar and cotton. It is probable that if ever the vine shall be successfully cultivated in our country, on an extensive scale, it will be in that region.

There is no accurate account of the great raft, or of the region above it in any of our geographies, or books of travels. That of major Stoddart, who adds to his own observations those of Mr. Dunbar and Dr. Hunter, is the best, except those contained in some very interesting papers laid before Congress by colonel Sevier, and published with the public documents. The attention of the government has been directed to the improvement of this river for several years past; but the plans submitted, were such as did not promise success, while the estimates of the probable expense of even those doubtful plans, were enormous. The removal of the raft itself seemed hardly practicable, and it was thought the object must be attained either by means of a canal, or by connecting, deepening and clearing the chain of lakes and bayous, now navigated. The latter plan was adopted, the work commenced, and some twenty or thirty thousand dollars expended to very little purpose; when captain Shreve suggested the simple and efficient measure which has since proved eminently successful. His plan was to remove the timber from the original bed of the river by steam boats; and he has completely succeeded in opening the whole channel through a distance of sev-

enty miles, in *one year*, at an expense of little over $30,000. The following is an extract from his report.

'On the first of April last, I arrived at the foot of the raft with four steam boats, viz. the snag-boat Archimedes, the Souvenir, Java, and Pearl, all belonging to the United States; and one hundred and fifty-nine men, including officers, mechanics, cooks, laborers, &c. At ten o'clock that day commenced work, and proceeded into the raft on that day about two miles, but found the current so slack that the timber, when separated, would not float off. The dead water extended, at that time, about forty miles below the raft. On the twelfth I began to pass the timber out of the river into the low bottoms and bayous that pass off from the main bed of the river to the lakes and swamps. Those bayous I have filled up in as effectual manner as it was practicable at the high stage of water that prevailed during my stay at the raft, throughout the whole distance I proceeded. By that means, I forced the water, which was carried off by the bayous, to pass again down the old channel, which has produced a current from the extreme upper end of my operations to the original foot of the raft, and forty miles below, of three miles an hour. In the distance of seventy-one miles, which I proceeded into the raft, I found the mass of timber in fifty-six sections, covering about one-third of the whole surface of the water. In many places the timber was quite solid to the bottom of the river, which I found to be an average of twenty-five feet deep. Many places, however, immediately above or below a section of the raft, the water did not exceed fifteen feet, until after the raft was removed, and a current produced by opening a free passage for the water, when those banks of mud all disappeared in a short time, and left an uniform depth of twenty-five feet. The islands that had been formed by the location of the raft have all been taken out, by drawing the trees that grew on them out by the roots, and the action of the water on the mud and sand of which they had been formed. All the timber that leaned over the water in such a manner as to obstruct the navigation, have been taken away as effectually as it could be done in high water. The navigation is now good for steam boats as high up as the Cado agency, seventy-one miles above where I found the foot of the raft in April last. Still greater improvements may be made on the same distance by cutting away the growth of timber that has sprung up within the natural banks of the river, quite down to its extreme low-water bed since the formation of the raft. This, however, is absolutely necessary, and must be done to put the river in a situation to carry the entire mass of drifting timber, that annually falls into it, out to the Mississippi, and, by that means, effectually prevent a renewal of the raft. It will also be necessary to extend that work to the head of the raft, or as high up as the timber may have grown up, so as to form obstructions to the passage of the timber that must pass down in the spring freshets. The mouths of the bayous, which have been cut out from the main bed to the swamp, must also be carefully stopped up, so as to turn the water back into the original bed; which has sufficient capacity to carry off the whole column of water, so soon as the raft is removed, and the channel brought back to its original course; which must be the consequence of filling up the bayous, and taking the timber out of the bed through the main river. This work can be most effectually done during low water. It will be advisable to do it in the months of October, November and December.'

About one half of this formidable raft has been thus removed at a trifling expense. Captain Shreve estimates the cost of removing the remainder at one hundred thousand dollars; as the upper part is composed of trees more recently deposited, less decayed, heavier, and more closely interlocked by means of their branches, than the decayed timber at the lower end. The value of the lands reclaimed from inundation by the completion of this work, will more than repay the expenditure; while an extensive region lying above, will be immediately brought into market.

There is another point connected with this report which we should be glad to notice more at large, than the already protracted length of this article will permit. The academy at West Point has been assailed in the newspapers, and the policy of sustaining that institution has even been made a subject of debate in some of the state

legislatures. From the evidence before us, we have no hesitation in declaring, that any reflecting man who will impartially inform himself on the subject, must be satisfied not only of the utility of that institution, but that the amount expended in its support is actually yielding advantages to the country, sufficient to recommend it as a measure of economy. The advantage of furnishing to the army as officers, a band of well-educated and disciplined young men, is in itself of incalculable importance. The improvement which has taken place in the character and deportment of the officers of the army, chiefly in consequence of the regulation confining the appointments to cadets, seems almost incredible to those who know what it was, and see what it is. The time has passed by, when the officer was proverbially an idle man, who resorted to pleasure and to intemperance, from mere want of employment. They are now, as a class, gentlemen of temperate and unexceptionable habits; and the scenes of profligacy and dissipation once so common in the vicinity of our garrisons, and even within the barracks, are now unknown. General Eaton who kept a diary, while in service in our army, has left on record the following list of a court-martial which sat at Cincinnati, in 1793, with his comment, subsequently made.

'Brigadier-general Thomas Posey, President—resigned and dead.

Majors.	D.	Resigned and dead.
	H.	D——d by brandy.
Captains.	P.	Dead per do.
	P.	Dead.
	Eaton.	
	P.	Dead per brandy.
	M.	Dead per do.
	F.	Dead.
	P.	Dead.
	J.	D——d per brandy.'

No gentleman now in service, could perpetuate the disgrace of his brother officers by making up such a record; and although the change may be in part attributable to the great revolution of public sentiment, in reference to the most dangerous species of dissipation, it is also greatly owing to the fact that our younger officers are well educated, that their training commenced early, and that they have been accustomed previously to entering the army, to restraint and discipline at the military academy.

But the country is deriving important advantages from the services of these gentlemen. In the course of instruction pursued at West Point, the study of mathematics receives the greatest share of attention, and the cadets become thoroughly versed in this valuable branch of knowledge. Those who have not sufficient capacity to attain a respectable proficiency in these studies, or who neglect the opportunity, are dismissed as not being proper subjects for the patronage of the government. The gentlemen commissioned, are young men who have improved their time, and who possess acquisitions of a useful character. The government has consequently always at its command, both in and out of the corps of engineers, a large number of officers, well skilled in civil and military engineering, and it has been the policy for some years past, to employ all who could be spared from duties strictly military, in superintending works of internal improvement, or in making surveys and estimates in anticipation of such works. Through the labors of these officers, and those of the topographical department, the government has accumulated a vast mass of facts, the result of actual surveys of our harbors, rivers, boundaries, and various portions of the country, which afford to congress, and to the nation, at all times, the most authentic means of informa-

tion. The largest and most valuable contributions which have been made, to the topographical knowledge that we possess, in reference to our own widely-extended territory, have emanated from this source. During the past year, as in former years, these officers have been employed in erecting and repairing fortifications, in surveying and improving harbors on the sea coast and the lakes, in making roads, and in improving navigable streams. Nearly all the works enumerated in the list which we have extracted from the *report*, are under their superintendence. The government has shown great wisdom in thus employing the army usefully in time of peace: and we doubt whether any equal number of persons under its pay, render services of equal value, or perform them with more fidelity. Nor can we imagine any plan by which the army can be steadily supplied with well-educated, efficient officers, competent to perform the various and highly important duties imposed on them, and fit to be trusted with the disbursement of the large sums which now pass annually through their hands, except that of *educating them for the purpose*—training them up from childhood, becoming thoroughly acquainted with their characters before they are trusted, giving them the amount of knowledge, and the kind of knowledge, necessary for their stations, and engaging them permanently in the service of their country. So far as our opinion may go, we should deeply deplore any change of policy which might destroy, or cripple, an institution whose influence upon the army has been so salutary, and whose advantages have been so signally blended with the best interests of the country.

Practical Essays on Medical Education and the Medical Profession in the United States. By Daniel Drake, M. D. Cincinnati: Roff & Young.

In a late number we spoke of the necessity of general education, and literary acquirements, in reference to one of the most dignified, and certainly the most useful of the liberal professions. We are glad to find similar views, in relation to another profession, most ably supported, in the work before us: a work which has been some time published, but which had escaped our notice. We were not aware until our attention was directed to it, that this unassuming volume treated of topics interesting to the general reader, and of importance to the whole community, as well as to that class of our fellow-citizens to whom it is more immediately addressed.

We might pause to inquire, why it is that certain professions continue to be termed *liberal* and *learned*, when that accurate knowledge, and those extensive acquisitions which once elevated them to so high a standing, have ceased to be considered indispensable, or even desirable. A century ago the pillars of the law were men of extensive erudition; they were not merely *gentlemen learned in the law*, but were deeply versed in the ancient classics, in history, and in the science of government. Perhaps one reason for this was, that knowledge was obtained with more difficulty than at present, and pursued with more ardor; it was not so generally diffused, and being confined to comparatively few, was the more highly esteemed.

It must be obvious to every observer, that at present, and in our country, the professions are crowded with persons whose early education has been defective; and who

commence their professional studies with very slender literary acquirements, and scarcely any fixed habits of mental discipline. Even where the ceremony of passing through college is thought necessary, it is, with respect to but too many, a *mere ceremony*. The parsimony of the parent, or the impatience of the young aspirant to commence the career of active life, converts the whole operation of preparing the mind into a race against time. The pupil is hastily fitted for college; he is then sent to the institution whose diploma may be obtained upon the cheapest terms, and within the shortest period; and the season of professional study is passed over with the same economy of mental exertion.

Dr. Drake remarks, in this admirable little volume, 'In the selection of boys for the study of medicine, many circumstances entirely disconnected with their fitness, too often exert a dominant influence; when their sway should be kept subordinate, or even regarded as entirely inadmissible. A neighboring physician wants a student to reside in his office; or one son of a family is thought too weakly to labor on the farm or in the workshop; he is indolent and averse to bodily exertion; or addicted to study, but too stupid for the bar, or too immoral for the pulpit; the parents wish to have one gentleman in the family, and a *doctor* is a *gentleman:* these and many other extraneous considerations, not unfrequently decide the choice; and swell the numbers while they impair the character of the profession.'

The writer proceeds to show, that boys selected for the study of medicine, should have good constitutions, together with vigorous and inquiring minds. They should be imbued with ambition. 'A mere love of knowledge is not to be relied upon; for the greatest lovers of knowledge are not unfrequently deficient in executive talents, and go on acquiring without learning how to appreciate.' He proceeds to point the necessity of industry and perseverance, without which the student will balk at every difficulty, and require to be goaded on through all the stages of his pupilage.

The following suggestions are full of truth and good sense: 'Parents who are too poor to afford their sons the necessary opportunities, should not aim at making them physicians. If we now and then see one, whose talents, ambition, and enterprise have enabled him to acquire distinction in despite of every obstacle, we meet with many more who all their lives remain unfinished and imperfect, from the want of adequate time and opportunities, while engaged in their professional studies. I am the more disposed to insist of these truths, because so many fathers are ignorant of what is really necessary to make their sons good physicians, and place them to the study of physic before they have accurately counted the cost. Of all causes which impede the progress of medicine in the United States, not one is more operative than this.'

The writer proceeds to point out the impropriety of putting youth of 'slender abilities' to the study of medicine; and points out the evils which arise from this too common practice, with his usual sagacity.

The limits of this article will only allow us to pass along rapidly—we select, therefore, without comment the following passage, which will commend itself to every person of observation.

'Although medicine is ranked with the *learned* professions, not a few of its professors are signally deficient in learning. This is the case not only in the western states, where for obvious reasons it might be expected; but in almost every part of the union, with the exception of some of our large cities. Writing as I do for practical effect, and to promote *reform*, I am constrained to say, that even at this late period, the pro-

fession abounds in students and practitioners, who are radically defective in spelling, grammar, etymology, descriptive geography, arithmetic, and I might add, book-keeping, but that they generally apply themselves to the study of that important branch which supplies the want of early opportunities. Grammar and spelling especially, (to use the language in which I once heard a physician speak of the circulation of the blood) "*appear to be among the secret arcanums of nature which Dr. Hamilton said would never be found out.*" Nothing is more common than to commit gross violations of both, in the directions which we write for our patients; and, what is still more humbling to the pride of the profession, not a few of us never learn to spell the names, either of the medicines which we administer, or the diseases which we cure. Were this confined to unauthorized members of our profession, it would be an affair of little magnitude; but extending to many of the graduates of all our universities, it calls for unreserved exposure and unqualified reprehension.'

The above remarks are just as true of the other professions, as of medicine; and we are glad to see a gentleman of Dr. Drake's known and well-earned professional eminence, having the frankness and courage to expose plainly an evil of which we have long witnessed the deplorable consequences. We know that the ready answer is, that men deficient in early education have become distinguished, in all the professions. But let it be remembered that these have been men of remarkable abilities and uncommon industry, and that *they have supplied* the want of early culture, by intense labor. They have usually been men who have possessed great corporal as well as mental vigor, and who have been capable of greater exertions than others. Those who *remain* ignorant or illiterate, certainly never become distinguished; and a youth, who is illiterate when he commences his professional studies, has ten chances to one against him, that he will continue so during his life.

'It is sorrowful,' our author remarks, 'to see, what every physician must have seen, the exertions of a generous young man consigned to the study of medicine, with a mind untutored and unstored; to witness his ill-directed efforts—strong, but comparatively unavailing; his fitful application; his embarrassments under every difficulty; his disappointments and despondency; above all, his mortification, from a consciousness of superior abilities united with a perpetual conviction of inferior progress. No devotedness of study, no intensity of ambition, no energy of intellect, not the whole combined, can make such an one what he would have been with early culture, nor raise him to the standard erected by his own vivid imagination. He may satisfy his friends, but must himself remain dissatisfied and unhappy.'

Dr. Drake has performed an acceptable service to the community, by the publication of this little volume, which is distinguished by sagacious reflections, and sound rational views. It ought to be extensively read, not only by medical men, but by parents, and all who feel interested in the education of youth. The subjects of which it treats are the 'selection and preparatory education of pupils, private pupilage, medical colleges, studies, duties and interests of young physicians, causes of error in the medical and physical sciences, legislative enactments, and professional quarrels;' and we close by saying, after a very careful perusal, that we have seldom met with a work in which topics of grave importance are treated with more ability, or in so clear and agreeable a manner; nor one in which good sense and practical usefulness, is so little alloyed by mere speculation.

THE RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR, a Christmas, New-year's, and birth-day present, for 1834. Edited by G. T. Bedell, D. D. Philadelphia: Key and Biddle.

This is a neat, plain, and very beautiful volume, and in the execution of which great good taste is displayed in the observance of a happy medium between the plainness of a common book, and the tinsel finery in which the annuals are usually decorated. The articles possess a high degree of merit, both in a religious and literary point of view; and the editor asserts in his preface, that the volume does not contain one word which does not directly or impliedly *honor* or advance religion. It is such a volume as might be expected from the pious and accomplished editor.

AN ESSAY on the spirit and influence of the Reformation, &c. By C. Villers, sometime professor of philosophy in the university of Gottingen. Translated, &c. by Samuel Miller, D. D. Philadelphia: Key and Biddle, 1833.

This is an admirable treatise, in which the author has compressed a vast deal of valuable information and matured thought, in a small space. Besides treating of the general influence of the Reformation, he traces its effects upon each civilized state individually, and gives an interesting view of the progress of liberal principles in different countries.

PAROCHIAL LECTURES on the Law and the Gospel. By Stephen H. Tyng, D. D. rector of St. Paul's church, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Key and Biddle, 1833.

The title of this work sufficiently discloses its character. It is written with much purity and force of style, and is very neatly published.

THE ARISTOCRAT; an American Tale. By the author of Zoe. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle. 1833.

We do not know who the author of Zoe is; but he is certainly a good writer. The Aristocrat is very much above the mass of the novels of the day, and is the most agreeable aristocrat that we have met with lately. The female characters especially are drawn with discrimination and delicacy, which is a rare virtue in a novel, where the ladies generally figure like spangles on a dress—very glittering, but mere tinsel. The Aristocrat is really what it purports to be—an American tale; written with ease and spirit, quite unassuming, true to nature, and occasionally witty.

VILLAGE BELLES; a Novel. New York: J. & J. Harper. 1833.

Village belles are quite as agreeable as any other belles when they happen to be clever; and those described in these volumes are first rate. The scenes are quiet, social and entertaining, without stirring incidents to surprise and terrify; and the heroines are *nice girls*, though the men are all stupid enough. It is an entertaining, and an unexceptionable work; and the author is evidently a female, as may be discerned from her intimate knowledge of ladies' tempers and sleeves.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AS IT WAS. By One who went to it. Boston: Carter, Hendee & Co. 1833.

We read this through without stopping, and when we were done, felt pleased with the author for having entertained us, and with ourselves for liking him. It is one of those happy hits which one does not meet with every day. The description of one of the teachers, Mary Smith, is beautiful and touching. The work is an admirable satire upon the system of teaching children '*as it was*,' and contains many suggestions which might be profitable to those engaged in that employment *as it is*. There are some vulgarisms in language, such as would hardly be expected in such a book: as 'when *I happened late*,'—'the scholars gathered up their implements of learning and *left* likewise.' The latter mode of using the verb *to leave*, is, we believe, common in New England, and is fast spreading like a foul contagion over the land, to the great annoyance of those who love to hear good grammar. 'When do you leave?' 'He left yesterday,' are now often heard; but are certainly listened to with pain by those who would not see the king's English inhumanly murdered. We notice it in this instance, because the offence proceeds from one whom we suppose to be *a teacher*, and in whom bad language, if not a crime, is a high misdemeanor.

PRACTICAL FORMS in Actions Personal and Real, and in Chancery, with Notes, &c. upon the Practice of Law in the Supreme Court and courts of Common Pleas. By P. B. Wilcox, Attorney at Law. Columbus: N. Whiting. 1833.

We take the earliest opportunity to say that an article which appeared in the last number of the magazine, and was inserted during our absence, does not express our opinion of Mr. Wilcox's work on practice. That article was written by a friend in whose judgment we have great confidence; but on examining the case for ourselves, we have come to the opinion that the verdict pronounced is contrary to law and evidence, and have determined to award a new trial.

In the publication of a work on practice, both the compiler and the publisher, have undertaken a very serious responsibility. The preparation of such a book under any circumstances, is a work of great labor; one that requires an extensive and intimate acquaintance with the forms of business, as well as with the science of law, and demands great attention to accuracy of detail and convenience of arrangement. It will be readily seen, that in a new state, the labors of the compiler must be greatly enhanced and embarrassed, by the absence of works similar to his own, and the difficulty of collecting authentic materials; and the uncertainty of success certainly renders the enterprise of the publisher one of much doubt. If well executed the work will be of immense value to the legal profession; it should at least have a fair trial, and not be hastily condemned.

The judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio, have recommended this work in the following language: 'they believe it to be a valuable and well-executed compilation, and regarding it as an important auxiliary to the profession, and likely to contribute much to the uniformity of the practice, they recommend it to the patronage of the clerks of the different courts, and the members of the bar.' Mr. Hammond, who is a good judge of such matters, says of it: 'it supplies forms for almost every description of entries and judgments, decrees and orders, in the courts, by justices of the peace, and master-commissioners in chancery; and a brief account of the different actions

most in use, with forms of declarations and other pleadings. The work has been in use by the Court in Bank, since the commencement of the present session, and is found so great a convenience as to obtain a special approbation from the judges.'

Having no disposition to reverse the opinion of the Supreme Court, and believing it to be judicious and strictly correct, *we concur*, and very cheerfully recommend Mr. Wilcox's book as one deserving the decided approbation and patronage of the Bar.

The Penny Magazine. London: Charles Knight. New York: William Jackson.

We know of no parallel to the cheapness with which periodicals are now published, unless it be in the famous sign over the door of a drinking house in London: 'drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two pence, and clean straw for nothing.' If there be any disposed to drink to intoxication at the deep wells of learning, they may now do so almost without money and without price. These cheap sheets filled with useful information, form a new era in our literature, and constitute a powerful auxiliary to the great work of improvement which is proceeding so rapidly. The Penny Magazine is one of the best of its kind, and may be recommended as a cheap and valuable publication.

The Child's Newspaper. Cincinnati: Corey and Fairbank.

A small sheet, very neatly printed, has just commenced making its semi-monthly appearance in this city, under the above title. It is edited by the reverend Thomas Brainerd, assisted by the reverend B. P. Aydelotte, under the supervision of a committee of the Cincinnati Sunday School Union, composed of four persons of different denominations. All this care seems to be taken to afford a pledge that the paper shall not have any sectarian bias.

There is no doubt on our minds of the great advantage of periodicals for children; which awaken their curiosity, give them the habit of reading, and furnish them with a stated supply of wholesome intellectual nourishment. The Child's Newspaper is calculated to be a valuable auxiliary in the education of our western youth. The plan is a good one, and has so far been well executed, and we very cheerfully and cordially wish it success.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

LIST OF AMERICAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES,

With the date of their formation, and income in 1830.

Connecticut Missionary,	1798	$ 3,013,06
Philadelphia Bible Society,	1808	
American Board Foreign Missions,	1810	106,928,26
American Baptist Board Foreign Missions,	1814	20,000,00
American Tract Society,	1814	11,102,06
American Education Society,	1816	30,710,14
American Asylum, Deaf and Dumb,	1816	
American Bible Society,	1816	170,067,55
Presbyterian Board of Education,	1817	12,632,00
General Assembly's Board of Missions,	1818	12,632,43
Methodist Missionary Society,	1819	13,128,00
American Colonization Society,	1819	20,295,00
Dutch Reformed Missionary Society,	1822	4,604,00
American Sunday School Union,	1824	70,521,70
Baptist General Tract Society,	1824	5,536,39
Prison discipline Society,	1825	3,353,52
Massachusetts Sunday School Union,	1825	1,465,46
American Tract Society,	1825	60,210,00
American Temperance Society,	1826	
American Home Missionary Society,	1826	33,229,00
American Seamen's Friend Society,	1826	4,159,87
Massachusetts Missionary Society,	1827	
Peace Society,	1828	495,85
African Education Society,	1830	
		$584,084,29

LIST OF ENGLISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES,

With the date of their formation, and income in 1830.

British and Foreign Bible Society,	founded 1801	income in 1830,	£86,259
Promoting christian knowledge,	1799		72,486
Wesleyan Missionary,	—		55,565
London Missionary,	1795		48,526
Church Missionary,	1800		53,675
Propagating the Gospel,	1701		29,168
Religious Tract,	1799		24,973
National School,	1810		20,000
London Jews,	1808		12,272
Baptist Missionary,	1792		10,393
Hibernian,	1806		9,228
Sunday School Union,	1803		6,323
Home Missionary,	1819		5,782
Missions United Brethren,	1732		4,021
Naval and Military Bible,	1780		3,396
British Reformation,	1827		3,000
Prayer book and Homily,	1813		2,207
Anti Slavery,	1823		2,134
British and Foreign School,	1805		2,038
Peace,	1816		628
		Whole amount for 1830,	£462,274

Or about two millions of dollars.

TOTAL POPULATION OF THE EARTH,

According to the tables of M. Adrien Balbi, prepared for the 'Balance Politique du Globe.'

	Surface.	Inhabitants.
Europe,	2,793,000 miles,	227,700,000
Asia,	12,118,000	390,000,000
Africa,	8,516,000	60,000,000
America,	11,046,000	39,000,000
Australasia,	3,100,000	20,300,000
	37,573,000	737,000,000

INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH,

Divided according to religious belief, as estimated by the geographers Malte Brun and Hassel.

	Malta Brun.	Hassel.
Catholics,	116,000,000	134,000,000
Greek Church,	70,000,000	62,000,000
Protestants,	42,000,000	55,000,000
Total christians,	228,000,000	251,000,000
Jews,	4,000,000	3,000,000
Mahometans,	100,000,000	120,000,000
Pagans,	310,000,000	550,000,00
Total Inhabitants,	642,000,000	924,000,000

Thus do three of the most eminent geographers differ; there being on the globe, according to

Malte Brun, 642 millions.
Balbi, 737 millions.
Hassel, 924 millions.

THE WESTERN TRADE.

The three great cities, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, are each contending for a monopoly of the western trade, and each are pursuing their several measures to obtain it. New York, by means of the Hudson and Erie canal, Lake Erie and the Ohio canal, has at present the advantage over either Philadelphia or Baltimore. But the time is at hand when the Baltimore and Ohio rail road will draw off a considerable portion of the trade to Baltimore, and the Philadelphians will not rest easy till they secure a large share of it to themselves. A project is now on foot to construct a canal to connect the canals of Pennsylvania with the Ohio canal. It is thus noticed in the Philadelphia Intelligencer:

'We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the western country is supplied at a cheaper rate with goods from New York, than Philadelphia, on account of the cost of transportation. Our merchants have in many cases, agreed to deliver goods at the city of New York, in order to retain their customers. The Ohio trade, which once

was the Philadelphians, is fast passing from us. The Western Reserve, with its large population, has drawn nearly all its supplies from New York. Are we told to fold our arms—must our merchants be content with full shelves and empty drawers, or must they be driven to the city of New York to sustain themselves? The New Yorkers boast that they can deliver goods at Portsmouth, on the Ohio river, as cheap as the Philadelphians can at Pittsburgh; and they further boast that whilst their goods are at Portsmouth ready for rapid transportation to any point in the valley of the Mississippi, those of Philadelphia are waiting for the waters of the Ohio to rise a sufficient height for transportation. What shall be done? Let the Legislature, without delay, take measures to construct a canal to unite with the Ohio canal. Unless this be done, and done quickly, Pennsylvania may regret when too late, her want of enterprise, her neglect of the means which nature has given her to make Philadelphia the *entrepot* of the West.'

Should this project be carried into effect, its consequences to New York can only be counteracted by constructing the proposed Mad-river rail road, connecting the Ohio river at Cincinnati with Lake Erie at Sandusky. If then the Schenectady and Utica Rail road be extended, as it will be, to Buffalo, we can offer facilities to western merchants both in respect to freight and travel, which are not likely to be surpassed.

The result of the whole matter will be, we presume, that while immense facilities of intercourse between the east and the west will be effected by means of the several communications opened or to be opened, no one city will be exclusive gainer. Some one or two of the channels of intercourse, in the language of the Baltimore American, 'may and probably will become chief avenues; and in the prodigious exuberance and astonishing growth of the West, will probably find abundant and lucrative employment.'

While on this subject, we must not omit to mention a project recently started, of a rail road from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, passing through the southwest part of Tennessee, the northern part of Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, and the southern part of South Carolina. A convention of delegates from six counties in Tennessee, held at Bolivar, in that state, October 14th, voted that such a work was both practicable and desirable. We observe that they propose to call on Hercules to assist them. In this case, it will be a matter of some curiosity to see how the members of Congress from the states through which the road is to run, will stand affected on the question of internal improvements being aided by the general government.—*Jour. Com.*

Old Books.—Some years ago, a gentleman in the city of Hartford had a cart load of old books which had long been in his family, piled up like lumber in his garret. He told a clergyman of that city that he had these books, and that he would give them to any one who would take them. The clergyman died not long after this offer was made, and before he could avail himself of it. The gentleman who owned them also died: the books were appraised at three dollars and purchased at the appraised price by a bookseller, who carried them to his shop and exhibited them for sale.

A gentleman of New Haven, who happened to understand their value, saw them and purchased them of the bookseller for twenty dollars. He took them to New Haven, sold a part, kept a part for himself, made a liberal donation from them to the library of Yale College, and then sold the balance for two hundred dollars.

Among those which he sold was an edition of the Fathers, now in the library at Andover, and the most perfect copy in America; that at Cambridge being quite imperfect. The price was five hundred dollars. It is the Basil edition, printed in 1523, and like most of the old books, very superior both in paper and print to the typography of the present day.

The Missouri River.—The St. Louis Republican states, that Mr. Brooks, giving 'the mileage to the principal rivers which pour their treasures into New Orleans, does not state the extent which the Missouri is navigable by steam. This is

deemed of some importance, inasmuch as there is not, in the general, an accurate knowledge on this subject. The American Fur Company have sent their steam boats *twenty-one hundred miles* above the mouth of Missouri, and in high water, steam boats of light draught can ascend *two thousand six hundred miles*. The Mississippi is navigable by steam between *six and seven hundred miles* above St. Louis—the rivers pass through an exceedingly fertile country; and when a just system of internal improvement shall be carried into operation, not only New Orleans and the great valley of the Mississippi will be benefited, but every portion of the United States will feel the invigorating influence of such a course.'

Superiority of Public Libraries in France.—Whatever may be the state of the Press in France, the extent and munificence of her public libraries must command our admiration. This is the more extraordinary, when we consider that the country which produced a Newton and a Locke, names with which those of Malebranche and Descartes can bear no comparison, is very deficient in public libraries. When the King's library shall be added to the Sloanian, Harleian, and Cottonian collections, at the British Museum, the whole will not then amount to one-third of the books which are contained in the Bibliotheque du Roi at Paris. The following list will appear sufficiently extensive:—In Paris the royal library has above seven hundred thousand printed volumes, and seventy thousand manuscripts. The library of Monsieur has one hundred and fifty thousand printed volumes, and five thousand manuscripts. The Genevieve, one hundred thousand printed volumes, and two thousand manuscripts. The Magazine library, ninety-two thousand printed volumes, and three thousand manuscripts. The library of the city of Paris, twenty thousand volumes. *All these are daily open to the public.* In the departments there are twenty-five public libraries, with above one million seven hundred thousand volumes, of which Aix has seventy-two thousand six hundred and seventy; Marseilles, thirty-one thousand five hundred; Toulouse, thirty thousand; Bourdeaux, one hundred and five thousand; Tours, thirty thousand; Lyons, one hundred and six thousand; Versailles, forty thousand; and Ameins, forty thousand. In the royal library at Paris there are several uncollated manuscripts of the scriptures.

Kings of Europe.—There are forty-nine reigning sovereigns in Europe, exclusive of Otho, who was elected to his present rank. Nineteen of these are catholics, seventeen lutherans, five reformed dutch, five evangelical, one episcopalian, one of the Greek Church, and one of the mahometan.

The oldest of them all is Anthony of Saxony, who is seventy-seven. The youngest, Ferdinand of the two Sicilies, who is twenty-four, and Donna Maria, who is fifteen.

Frederick, grand duke of Saxe-Allenburg, has been on the throne longest, fifty-three years. The youngest at accession were those of the German princes, who were two, three and five. There are two republican rulers in Europe, the Landemen of Switzerland, and the President of the Ionian Isles.

TO READERS.

We are happy to find our table better supplied with communications than has been customary, and we hope that our friends are beginning to get over their diffidence, or their *strenuous idleness*, sufficiently to become better correspondents in future.

The article on periodicals in this number will be found to contain much valuable information. It has been prepared with great care. The tables however may not be strictly accurate, as the facts are of so fluctuating a nature as not to be easily collected. Should they prove defective, we hope the publication will be the means of eliciting correct information. We return our thanks to the ingenious friend to whom we are indebted for this interesting article.

The ladies have not forgotten us. We are glad of that; for if we have them on our side 'all the best men are ours;' at least so says Shakspeare. We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers a poetic gem from the pen of Miss Gould, written for our magazine, and one of several most acceptable communications which we have received from that highly gifted lady. We have reason to hope that our readers will often be regaled with the delightful productions of her graceful and artless muse.

Though prophets have not much honor in their own country, we may venture to say that we have a lady in our own city who has few superiors in genius, or delicacy of thought, and to whose pen we are permitted to hope we may be occasionally indebted. We have a few stanzas from her for our next number.

Another lady has written for us a sprightly and very agreeable tale, which appears in this number. We hope that one who writes with so much ease and gracefulness, will frequently exercise her powers of pleasing for the benefit of our readers. With such assistants as those above named, we could venture to promise that the pages of our magazine, like the lips of an eloquent personage in the fairy tale, should never open without throwing out pearls and diamonds.

THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1834.

REVERIE.

We distinguish effects from their causes, by the passiveness of the one, and the activity of the other. But activity itself must be deemed an effect, when it coheres in the same organization with that which is passive; is dependent on it for the exertion of its energies; or requires to be applied to some specific purpose in order to the accomplishment of its design. It is in these respects, that created spirits differ from that uncreated mind, which is the first cause of all things. *That* mind is essentially active; perfectly independent of all passive organization; and alike adapted to the production of every possible species and mode of existence.

It is a constitutional principle in human nature to refer effects to their causes. A little experience improves this natural principle and enables us to infer with much certainty the character of a cause from the known character of its effects; and the character of an effect from the established attributes of its cause. An intelligent cause may be discovered, by the contrivance evident in its effects. This contrivance again, clearly points out the design of the agent, or the final cause of its voluntary efficiency. That, therefore, which does not tend, directly nor indirectly, to the accomplishment of the end in view, cannot correctly be attributed to the efficient cause; though it may cohere with the legitimate effects of that cause. We do not attribute the defects of a painting to the design of the artist;

but to his want of skill, or to the imperfection of his materials. No one would think of attributing the want of an arm, in an otherwise exquisitely proportioned statue, to the skill of the sculptor; nor the roughness of the fracture, which evidenced that want, to his dexterity with the chisel. These effects are obviously referable to some extraneous or accidental cause; and cannot therefore interfere with the judgment which we should form of the statuary, were his work before us an absolute perfection.

By the criteria of passivity, the coherence of activity with passive organization, and the limited faculties and specific application of finite minds, we ascertain the universe—the worlds of matter, mind and relations—to be an effect. But from its stupendous magnitude, its irresistible energies, and its unequivocal evidences of design, we ascribe to its cause the attribute of infinite power controlled and directed by infinite wisdom. This would seem to be the lowest character of the Creator deducible from his works, even in ruins.

Let us now change our mode of reasoning; and from these natural attributes of the Creator—infinite power, and infinite intelligence—vigorously deduce (what must have been) the *primitive* character of his works. Such a Creator must necessarily act in pursuance of some definite plan: for it is the part of folly, not wisdom, much less of infinite wisdom, to exert power without a settled reference to plan. His wisdom too, insures the adoption of a *perfect* plan; and his power is competent to its execution—though it might be unfair to assume, that it must be devised in benevolence. Whatever was necessary to his purpose he created; and created it with just such properties, and in just such quantity, and sustaining just such relations, and under just such conditions of existence, as, in reference to that purpose, admitted of neither redundance nor defect. Every thing, originally was, and did, as the Creator designed that it should be and do; whilst the constitution of each integrant part was consistent in itself and harmonious with the design of the whole.

Each integrant was designed to perform certain functions; or to sustain certain relations; or to promote certain subordinate ends in the general arrangement. Each, in all the elements of its being, was most exquisitely adapted to its specific purpose; yet in such a way, that its whole influence might go to subserve the prolonged, accumulating, and concentrated energies of the whole system, in the production of its grand and final effect. If its use were temporary, its duration would be limited; if its use were perpetual, its existence would be endless;

if its functions were an increment, its powers must be progressive; if its functions were a decrement, its powers must be regressive. The faculty and the function are required to be coetaneous in origin, contemporary in existence, and proportionate in degree. Thus the strength of our emotions will be seen to subside, in proportion as habit gives a facility in the performance of those actions to which they prompt.

Each part therefore, and still more the grand whole, must realize the perfection of its nature in the *performance*, and the plenitude of its existence in the consummation of those functions for which it was designed, and to which it is adapted. Hence death, or even annihilation, had they been embraced in the design of the universe, would not have been dreaded; as neither would have been incompatible with the highest degree of enjoyment of which these subjects were capable. 'They died,' says Hesiod of men in the golden age, 'they died as if subdued by sleep.' It is only disorder, or derangement, that induces suffering; but neither disorder, nor derangement, nor imperfection of any kind, can proceed from an all-wise and an all-powerful Creator: therefore suffering cannot proceed from the Deity as its efficient cause. Had that, which is now the result of derangement, been contemplated in the constitution of things, it would have been accomplished by appropriate means, and such as accorded with the rest of the system: so that derangement and suffering must have been entirely excluded.

In the internal adjustment, and reciprocal action of a perfect system, disorder and defect are plainly impossible; be the ultimate tendency of the organization what it may. A band of robbers may conspire to resist the administration of justice; but they must be just among themselves. A conspiracy may be formed against the existing government of a country; yet the conspirators must be loyal to their own 'social compact.' The object of an army is to destroy human life; but the organization for this purpose, will be complete, only in proportion as provision is made, by the commander-in-chief for the safety of his own troops, and the proper employment of their every weapon.

Let us suppose for a moment, if such a conception be possible, that the ultimate design of the Deity was malevolent—a settled purpose to produce suffering! In such a case, the final impact of the system must be either transitive, or reflective. Suppose it to be reflective, and that part after part, at given intervals, should be destroyed, until the whole were exhausted; or that at some remote period, when nature shall have run her round,

and her powers and uses shall have become obsolete, the entire system, from its utmost frontier, should fall in upon its centre and disappear like a bubble exploded in mid air: still, all this, by the supposition, is in accordance with the design of the Creator; and by consequence, accordant with the nature of the means employed. Nay, it is the accomplishment of that design; or more correctly still, it is the design itself in the very 'act and article' of consummation; and must therefore, both in its progress and completion, exclude the possibility of disorder, and consequently, of suffering. Total annihilation, either by piecemeal, or at wholesale, was by the hypothesis, the end proposed. The means were perfectly adapted to that end. The action was reflective; requiring this adaptation to extend not only to the powers of the universe, as an agent, but also to its susceptibilities, as an object. It was as well qualified therefore, to receive as to exert its own proper action. But that action, which is agreeable to the nature of its object, is not only unsuitable to produce suffering; but must in the nature of things be promotive of enjoyment. Even total annihilation therefore, is incompatible with suffering, upon any plan of perfect adaptation of means to an end. Much more then, must suffering be excluded from the design of the Creator, on the hypothesis of reciprocal or reflected action, where the agent and the object must be considered as identical. The Deity could not therefore, accomplish a malevolent end by the reflective action of the system, without abdicating his essential attributes of power and intelligence.

But suppose again, the final action of all the powers of nature to be transitive, as extrinsically directed. Suppose too, that as time rolls on, portions of this stupendous machinery should, in rapid succession be dissolved, having transferred each its efficiency to that which remained, until there should be accumulated, in a single principle, a puissance little less than omnipotent. Suppose moreover, that this should be concentrated, and act, with the velocity of lightning, upon a single point, and that point the nervous centre of a sentient world! All this immensity of suffering must be entirely extrinsic to the system, by which it was produced. And this shows, at once, the absurdity of the hypothesis: for what can be extrinsic to the universe? Systems of worlds are but the integrants of which it is composed; and bear to each other the same relations, that the integrant parts of a single system, or the atoms of a single substance sustain among themselves. There can be nothing extrinsic, to which the powers of nature may be directed, as their object, except the Creator himself. But the Creator is, to every mode

of conception, incapable of suffering. Therefore, though evil, both natural and moral, may find a place *within* a system devised and executed by infinite wisdom; and though it may effect his 'declarative glory,' without interfering with his essential happiness; yet it is impossible, that it should proceed from the Creator as its efficient cause, or affect him as its object. We have hitherto considered the universe—*mind* as well as matter—in a purely physical light; and have therefore, used the terms disorder, irregularity, evil and suffering, as perfectly synonymous.

But, if the paradox of the co-existence, and interference of evil, with a system to which it is extraneous, be difficult to explain; let it be remembered, that no explanation has been attempted. The question, 'whence did evil originate?' has never been satisfactorily answered; and we are deliberately of opinion, that it never will. It is one thing to show whence it did *not* originate; and another to inquire whence it did. The former we have attempted; the latter we shall leave to those who have thought less upon the subject. The existence of evil, is a matter of fact; that it did not proceed from an allwise, and an omnipotent Creator, is, we think, susceptible of the clearest proof; its probable origin we must deem a subject of sheer speculation, legitimate perhaps, but most likely to be pursued by such minds as are incapable of distinguishing a paradox from a contradiction.

Nor will it be a sufficient reply to the foregoing arguments, to urge as an objection, that the system should be liable to derangement, from extraneous, or accidental causes. Every system, that is not absolutely infinite, must, in some respects, be similar to that which is most limited. But no created system can be absolutely infinite. This is one of the incommunicable attributes of Deity. The more exquisitely elaborate, therefore, the organization of any system is, the more liable will it be to accidents; and the more extensive and ruinous will be the derangement which those accidents shall produce. The more necessary an exact adjustment of parts is to the action of the whole machine; the greater, in proportion to the disturbing cause, will be the irregularity of that action when disturbed. A particle of dust, or the least dilation or contraction of its pendulum, will derange the action and mar the uses of a chronometer. But a thousand such accidents, and alterations, will have no sensible effect on the functions of the coarser kinds of machinery.

Though we cannot tell whence evil originated; yet we may easily perceive the point at which it entered, viz: the voluntary agency of the moral subject. This corroborates the preceding

remarks: for nothing can be more exquisitely delicate than the moral and intellectual constitution of a voluntary agent. Such agents are 'the noblest work of God.' And the noblest attribute, of this most noble of the Creator's works, is surely that, by the abuse of which he fell from his high prerogative. The objection therefore, implies a censure which the objector would perhaps, did he see its bearing, be but little disposed to urge. It impugns that as an imperfection, which, when examined in the light of truth, is found to be demonstrative of the highest degree of power, and wisdom, and even benevolence, that is discoverable in the works of the Creator. In a word—it urges as an imperfection, that which may be shown to be the greatest perfection possible in the character of created intelligences.

The character of the universe then, indicates a Creator possessing the attributes of infinite power and unbounded intelligence. These attributes again, require the most perfect adaptation of means to their end; which adaptation secures perfection to the nature, and adjustments, of whatever such an agent can be supposed to have devised. But this is putting the statement unnecessarily low. Benevolence is as conspicuous an attribute of Deity, as any that can be inferred from his works. This then, in addition to the physical necessity, by which disorder is excluded from the number of *created* existences, secures a final cause, which is wholly incompatible with the idea, that the Creator is the author of suffering. The efficient cause of the universe is incapable of employing means that would produce it; the final cause, viz: the happiness of sentient beings, would repudiate their application, were it possible, under other circumstances, to employ them. Consequently, neither imperfection, nor derangement, nor disorder, nor suffering, nor evil of any other name, whether natural or moral, can correctly be enumerated among the creatures of God.

Thus we have attempted, as was proposed, to deduce the original character of the effect, from the known and necessary attributes of the cause; and have found that the primitive condition of the Creator's works must have been that of perfection. Every part stood related to every other part, and each alike to the whole. Each reciprocally accorded to its relations, whether acting by impact, or influence. Each secured to its own perfection, by fulfilling its appointed destiny; and all combined, exhibited such an aggregate of harmony and happiness, as was worthy of the omnipotence that gave it birth. It was then that 'the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' Matter accurately obeyed the laws which were impressed upon it; and mind, by a species of moral gravitation,

was voluntarily retained in its proper relations to the great centre of the moral system. Alas! that it did not so continue.

We become the most sensible of our ruin when we consider the harmony of those parts of the universe where moral causes have not been able to effect derangement. This harmony is most conspicuous in the laws of Astronomy; it is also clearly discernible in the instincts of animals; and becomes barely discoverable in the still splendid ruins of our moral nature. When we consider the reflective, or reciprocal action of the universe, the final cause appears to be the happiness of sentient beings; together with the cultivation and development of those that are intellectual. But if we consider its transitive action in reference to the Deity, its final cause would seem to be an exhibition of the divine glory. Combine these, and you have the whole reason 'why God created the world,'—*to promote the glory of the Creator by such means, and such alone, as should be indispensable to the happiness of the creature.* All that tends directly to this end, as that for which it was designed, may safely be considered as the creation of God. All else must be pronounced to be the work of a destroyer. H.

CONTENT AND DISCONTENT.

Soured and disappointed, I went home from the school—I had been outdone by another; the honor, the distinction was his; and I was pointed at as the unsuccessful candidate for the first part. The evening before, I had been crossed in my plans for distinction at the class supper; and now, when I remembered that I was poor, unloved, and worst of all, unknown, my heart became bitter as wormwood. I had no earthly good, and what was worse, could obtain none: I had neither friends, nor fortune, nor talents, and without these things, happiness was—what sight is to the blind—a thing impossible. It was a fair morning; cool for August; and the leaves murmured sweetly in the west wind. But to me all was black, and cold, and dismal: and with the careless cruelty of one that despises himself, I struck down every flower that I past, and destroyed every ant-hill. When I reached home, I found a little girl sitting upon the grass-plat before the door, busily employed with a straw, in freeing a poor fly from the web of his adversary. Her chip hat had fallen back; her cotton scarf lay upon the basket, upon the handle of which leaned her left arm, and though I saw

only her profile—the jet-black hair about her shoulders, the dark skin, and the style of her dress made me at once suspect that she was one of the Spanish family which I knew had come to live near us. While I yet thought, my aunt appeared at the door, but the girl did not observe her; 'what did you want, my little maid?' said the good lady, but the little maid was too busy with her fly to hear her. She spoke again; the girl sprang to her feet, crushing as she rose, the insect she had been so anxious to liberate, and throwing back the hair from about her eyes, courtsied, and said she had eggs to sell. 'And who are you, my child?' said my aunt, presuming upon her yankee privilege; 'I am from a far, far away,' said the little market-woman in broken English, 'from across the great water.' 'You may give me a dozen of your eggs,' said my aunt, 'and tell me, from what country did you come?' 'Oh! there is many fruit there,' said the maiden,' as she unpacked her basket, 'and flowers all the year round; but here, they say, the leaves and the little flowers will die, and we shall be cold; would you tell me what cold is?' and she looked up at my aunt; 'yes, presently,' said the old lady—'you may give me *two* dozen, my girl; but say, are you poor? have you many friends?' 'We are poor,' said the girl, 'very poor; my mother is old and sick, and I am but young and weak, she says—but then we have many friends; I do not see them; they are in the blue sky, away above the stars: sometimes I think I hear them, but it is only thought; and there is one that is very kind; he makes the cherries and the apples grow in the orchard—we call him God when we talk to him every morning and night.' 'Stop,' said my aunt, 'you may bring in your basket, I will take them all.' The little girl looked up; a tear stood in her eye, and her lips moved, but she did not thank my aunt; nay, I err—she *did* thank her—that tear was worth a wilderness of words.

That evening I walked down with my aunt to visit our new neighbors. The place was small, and the house a mere cabin. The garden was a little cultivated, and by the porch were half a dozen rough boxes with flowers in them; in one was an orange. Our little friend of the morning was sitting upon the door-step, pouring over some treasured volume. But when she heard us, she sprang forward, and taking my aunt's hand led us to the house. As I past the threshold, I looked into the open book, but it was Spanish, and defied my scrutiny. The mother sat in her arm-chair by the window, pale and emaciated. Every thing in the room proved the poverty of the inhabitants. Their table was unpainted pine; and the pile of china upon it was of the most ordinary description. In the face of the woman her-

self one might read suffering beyond woman's ordinary lot, but it was noble, and once must have been beautiful. Her dress was ordinary, but in her hair, which was black as that of her child, I saw a half hidden jewel of great beauty. Here, thought I, must be misery indeed; poverty, obscurity, disease, and loneliness—have here all conspired to bring in despair. But in the tones of her voice, in the glances of her eye, there was no complaint, no discontent. She thanked us; she spoke of herself with hope, of her child with commendation, and of her Maker with thankfulness. I can give but the merest sketch of her conversation, for we remained through the evening. She had been the wife of a Spanish officer, at one time the mistress of wealth and rank; and mother to two children beside the one that sat with clasped hands, gazing up into our faces. But her mother, who had been an English woman, had taught her to look to the state of her *inward*, not her *outward* circumstances for enjoyment; and wealth and rank could not dazzle her. At length came the revolution of 1823; her husband was a patriot and soldier, and he died upon the field of battle. Their house was taken, and her two children put to death before her eyes, because their watch-cry was their father's, and their innocent lips loved better to pronounce 'viva la libertad,' than 'viva el rey.' Her husband's estates were of course confiscated; upon the few means she saved from the wreck, she had lived for some time not far from Barcelona, but at last determined, for her child's sake, to leave a land of tyranny for a land of freedom. 'And can you be contented?' said I, almost involuntarily. The poor woman smiled and said, 'will you not think me proud, sir, if I say I am not *contented* merely, but *happy?* I do not despise wealth and rank; I do not say I would rather be what I *am*, than what I *was;* but though I might be *happier*, I am still happy. The wealth of the world is given us to enable us to gain a wealth that is out of the world. I, in my day, had my share, and I was enabled to lay up store that no thief can steal, nor moth nor rust corrupt. Happiness is neither of the body nor the intellect, but of the heart; I am racked with pain, and my child is ignorant, yet we are both happy. We might both be happier, and we shall be. Death will soon bear *me* to a world where greater means of improvement, and of doing good, and consequently of happiness, will be given me: and for my child—futurity is as dark to me as to any, but I know that in the future as in the past, God will temper the wind to the shorn lamb.'

I went home, if not more learned, far wiser than I was in the morning. A new view was opened to me. I looked upon

wealth and distinction, no longer as the *only* steps between me and happiness, but as the lowest of a long flight. I studied human nature not to influence others, but myself. I attended less to my head and more to my heart, and became necessarily

A CONTENTED MAN.

For the Western Monthly Magazine.

THE BED UPON THE BEACH.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

By what rude waves hast thou been tossed,
To gain this quiet beach?
And, what wide waters hast thou cross'd,
This peaceful shore to reach?

An awful secret dost thou tell
About the yawning deep,
That, while her billows war and swell,
They most profoundly keep.

Thou speak'st of one whose weary frame
Has sought repose on thee;
But, not of kindred, home, or name,
Sad outcast of the sea!

Thou giv'st no record of his birth,
No token of the clime,
Where he was last a child of earth,
Or, when he passed from time.

And, who must now, on some far shore,
Await the coming sail
Of him they will behold no more,
Till mortal sight shall fail?

For, fearful things dost thou present
Before the spirit's view;
The parting bark! the canvass rent!
The helpless, dying crew!

Of one dread scene, the fatal whole,
The thought, I hear and see,
It chills the blood——it makes the soul
Grow sick, to look at thee.

'The seas must render up their dead!'—
Was all it could reply,
When, o'er that cold and restless bed,
The tide rolled proud and high.

The guilty deep had taken back
The witness of her wrath,
And buried it, with every track
Upon its troubled path!

Newburyport, Mass.

AN ESSAY ON DREAMING.

To the utilitarian of the present day, an essay on dreaming may seem insignificant, if not absurd. He, however, who would extend his views beyond the mere consideration of food, raiment and shelter, and embrace in his speculations the universe of phenomena, not even excluding

'The stuff that dreams are made of,'

may find in our thoughts something to amuse, if not profit. In hope of at once engaging his attention, it may here be stated, that many of the opinions advocated in the following essay, are peculiar to its author, and will, he presumes, afford matter at least for criticism.

According to ancient mythology, Phobetor, Phantasas and Morpheus were the children of Somnus, the god of sleep, and presided over all dreams. The business of the first was to alarm the sleeper with visions of terror, filling his fancy with

——'Birds, and beasts and dragons, apes,
And dreadful images, and monster shapes.'

Dreams of human beings and their actions were produced by Morpheus, while Phantasas imitated inanimate creatures.

'Earth, fruits and flowers he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmov'd—and running streams.'

That dreams descend from Jove is a sentiment as old as Homer; and indeed the notion of their supernatural character would seem to have prevailed more or less in all ages. The ancients were in the habit of resorting on many occasions to their temples, where, after offering their sacrifices, they would lie down to sleep, awaiting in dreams the answers of their gods. Balaam, we are told, when sent after by the messenger of Balak, first sacrificed and then went away to sleep, to know what the Lord God might say unto him.

The custom was not confined to heathen nations, as will appear by a reference to the histories of Solomon and Samuel, [1 Kings, ch. iii. 1 Samuel ch. iii.] In later times, the Arabs are said to have considered the interpretation of dreams, as the most important of their sciences;* and in our own days, every one knows how common are superstitious notions with regard to dreams. The existence of such notions in the earlier ages of the world is not wonderful. It may be sufficiently explained by the strong desire man has to guess at the future, conjoined

* Anc. Univ. Short., b. iv. c. 21, p. 406—412.

with ignorance of the limits of human knowledge and of the manner in which supernatural agency is exerted, and with that proneness to superstition which is so greatly favored by imperfect science. Add to this the fact, that the Deity did occasionally choose dreams in those days as a vehicle for conveying his will, whence resulted a more frequent coincidence of dreams and events, than is now witnessed. This assertion is fully sustained by the Old Testament throughout; and as a corroborative evidence, we may mention, the almost universal belief of antiquity in the prenotive nature of dreams. The reader must not imagine from this, that we are in the least disposed to give credence to the absurd tales of necromancy. On the contrary, we believe dreaming to be a perfectly natural phenomenon—one, however, which like other natural phenomena, may be modified or influenced by supernal agency. What then are we to think of the notions of Baxter and Bishop Newton, who imagined that all dreams are supernatural, being caused, some by good, others by evil spirits? They certainly forgot that the period of miracles is passed, and the object to be accomplished by them, is obtained. But without noticing these fancies any further, we leave them, with the remark of Dr. Parr, that though we cannot deny the employment of such spiritual agents, we can scarcely conceive in the whole circle of creation, beings so utterly useless.

We may remark, that striking coincidences between dreams and events occasionally occur in our own times; but such coincidences are so rare, we are justified in considering them as the results of mere chance. Some of them, it is possible, though inexplicable in our present state of knowledge, may receive a ready explanation from a further investigation of the human mind, and the discovery of mental relations now unknown. A remarkable dream of this kind is related by Dr. Abercrombie, who states that 'its accuracy may be relied on in all of its particulars.'*

'Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat, severe and protracted, but not considered dangerous. At the same time one of them had borrowed a watch from a female friend, in consequence of her own being under repair; this watch was one to which particular value was attached on account of some family associations, and some anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together, in a room communicating with that of their brother,

* Inquiries into the Intellectual Powers, p. 231.

when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation, and having roused the other, told her that she had had a frightful dream. "I dreamed," she said, "that Mary's watch stopped; and that, when I told you of the circumstance, you replied, much worse than that has happened, for ———'s breath has stopped also," naming their brother who was ill. To quiet her agitation, her younger sister immediately got up and found the brother sleeping quietly, and the watch, which had been carefully put by in a drawer, going correctly. The following night, the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner, the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family had breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in the adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, she was proceeding to take out for this purpose, the watch alluded to, which had been put by her into her writing desk; she was astonished to find it had stopped. At the same instant, she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the other room—their brother, who had still been considered as going on favorably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation and had just breathed his last.'

A very striking circumstance and one that may account in part for the superstition prevalent, even at this day, concerning dreams, is their apparently *uncaused* existence. He, who can trace to any adequate cause a certain phenomenon, no longer regards it as a mystery or miracle; if no cause be apparent, the philosopher wonders, and the ignorant man fancies that something supernatural must be present. People know that their waking thoughts are preceded by certain circumstances capable of giving rise to them, and are regulated by some general principles of association—one thought suggesting another; they therefore look upon thinking in no other light than that of a natural operation. Dreams appear to them different from their waking thoughts. Their sudden development in the mind without any known preceding train of thought or bodily irritation, and their frequent want of any evident connection, afford quite sufficient grounds to the vulgar, for attaching a miraculous something to the phenomenon of dreaming.

It cannot, indeed be denied that the origin of our dreams, or the manner in which they arise, presents a point of difficult investigation. A few attempts have been made to explain it, but it is still unexplained, and by many thought to admit of no explanation. Our own notions upon the subject shall be laid

before the reader, not however till we shall have given him a brief view of the notions of others.

As matters of curiosity, we may mention two very ancient hypotheses on dreaming. The first was that of Epicurus, who taught that exquisitely subtile images were continually emanating from all external bodies. These images, impinging against the senses, were supposed to give rise to those various modes of sensation, termed seeing, feeling and the like. They were sent off not only by living but dead bodies, and so refined were they in their essence, that the most solid substances presented no obstacle to their passage. Hence was explained the occasional apparition of persons recently interred—the emanations from their inhumed bodies easily finding their way through the earth to the senses of beholders; the same sort of images also, passing through the body, in the hours of sleep, to the soul in its interior dwelling, constituted that visionary world, the mind contemplates in dreaming. However ingenious such fancies might seem to the followers of Epicurus, to attempt a refutation of them at this day, would be indeed as beating the air. We shall therefore pass to the notice of the second hypothesis, which for a longer time maintained its footing in human belief. We allude to the notions of Aristotle. The opinion of this philosopher in relation to sensation, intellectual forms and their offspring, phantasmi, is too well known to need here any explanation. Dreams, according to him, were made up of phantasms, arising from some previous sensation in the brain and continued in obedience to the law of imagination.

The notion that dreams take their rise from certain changes of the body, is identical with that advocated in modern times by Mr. Wolf. Every dream, in his theory, is supposed to have its foundation in some sensation, and to be propagated in the mind by a succession of phantasms, according to the law of imagination. In advocating this doctrine, Mr. Formey added, that all dreaming not characterized by this kind of origin and continuation, was essentially supernatural. Among later physiologists, many believers in this doctrine are to be found; and it must be confessed that not in a few cases, dreaming may be traced very clearly to bodily irritation. Hunger, thirst, pain or the impression made on one or more of the senses, when partially awake, may all undoubtedly give rise to trains of thought in our sleeping moments; but any one who will take the pains to attend to his dreams, will soon learn that they are for the most part, unconnected with the sources just named. Wolf in himself acknowledges that at times it is difficult, nay impossible to point out the sensation from which a dream arises. Besides,

individuals with the most excellent health, will occasionally pass the whole night in dreams, though so far as we can know, their sleep is profound and undisturbed by any corporal irritations; while on the other hand, the wretched invalid, with shattered nerves and a thousand sources of bodily uneasiness, may scarcely ever be conscious of having dreamed. We are hence justified in concluding, that though bodily sensation may sometimes occasion or modify our dreams, it should by no means be regarded as their immediate and exclusive source. As to the continuation of dreams by the law of imagination, all we have to remark is, that such a law unless synonymous with the associative principle, is a mere fiction, and therefore unworthy of notice. If the term be used to signify the principle or principles of association, the correctness of its application in this hypothesis may not be disputed.

We may notice in this place the theory of Dr. Gall, which of course is founded on his peculiar system of psychology. When we dream, he supposes particular organs of the brain to awake and originate the perceptions or ideas appropriate to them, while the rest sleep. Dreaming, therefore, is a partial waking of animal life, or an involuntary activity of certain organs, the others being torpid. Allowing the hypothesis to be true, (which we do not believe,) it still is altogether unsatisfactory, since it does not explain why one organ should be active and another inactive.

The foregoing, we believe, are the only opinions entertained in relation to the manner in which dreaming arises. Let us see whether inquirers have been more successful in their endeavors to ascertain the materials of our dreams, and the state of the mind during their continuance. Recent ideas and impressions, associated notions and bodily feelings, were supposed by Shortley to be the only sources of the dreamer's fancies. Darwin, thinking impressions and ideas to consist essentially in nervous vibrations or contractions, believed that dreams were merely the repetitions of such vibrations. The chapter of Dr. Good on the subject, though a professed explanation of all its phenomena, is in our opinion a simple statement chiefly of certain facts in relation to sleep. This condition is divided by him into three stages; first, slumber, wherein there is torpitude of the external senses and a mere drowsiness of the will—memory, imagination and consciousness remaining awake: second, dreaming in which the will and external senses being asleep, the other faculties are active and governed in their operations by the principles of association: third, lethargy, which is characterized by a perfect inaction of the external senses, will and all the other

mental faculties. This torpitude or inertness, he believes, is the consequence of exhaustion. In the first stage it is only partial, in the second more extended, and in the last, complete. Dugald Stuart chiefly examines the state of the mind in dreaming, and sets forth what is commonly believed, that the power of the will over the operation of the mind is suspended—they being loosely regulated by the general laws of association.

On reviewing these various theories, it is at once seen that one of the most curious parts of the inquiry into the philosophy of dreaming has been insufficiently prosecuted. We allude to the manner in which dreams should at once and after an apparent blank of thought start up in the mind—in other words, the cause of their origin. If this point were elucidated, dreaming would lose much of its mysterious character. Another circumstance deserving consideration, we find unexplained. A proposition commonly admitted by metaphysicians and physiologists is, that our dreaming ideas are concatenated, though sometimes loosely, according to the general laws of association. But every observer in these matters knows that in dreams, thoughts will at times follow each other in a seemingly uninterrupted succession, between which can be discovered no associative principle, which seem indeed to have no relation to each other, either by resemblance, contrast, causation, or previous contiguity in time or place. What is the explanation of this? Are we to suppose that the laws of association are so liable to suspension, as would appear from the eccentricities of our dreams; or is it not possible so to explain these eccentricities as to add further confirmation to those great laws? This point, as well as the origin of dreams, may, we presume, be elucidated very clearly from the following hypothesis. We say hypothesis, for though the arguments in its favor are by no means insignificant, they are inadequate to confer on it any other character than that of strong probability.

First—Believing it better gradually to develope our views, than to make an ostentatious display of them at once, we begin by noticing a difference between mind and body with regard to repose. The sense of fatigue is a call for rest. By an effort of the will, the answer to this call may for some time be postponed; but at length the muscle becomes insensible to the stimulus of volition, and is inert. For a period, too, the nerves of sense are susceptible to the action of appropriate excitants, which period may also be prolonged by volition, but they finally become torpid and insensible. The mind in like manner needs rest, but only to a certain extent, so far only as the will and the mental operations, dependent on this faculty, are concerned.

It does not however appear, that trains of thought, following each other according to associative principles, and uninfluenced in any degree by volition, do ever exhaust or even fatigue the mind, no matter how long they may be protracted. This we believe to be a matter of every day's experience. Dreams never fail to wait upon the slumbers of certain individuals, who nevertheless suffer no diminution of their mental forces. Some philosophers, after hours of hard study, have even reasoned, calculated and composed in their sleep, but have felt themselves no less refreshed than if their slumbers had been undisturbed by dreams. If it be true, then, that the mind is unexhausted by this sort of involuntary thought, we see no end to be accomplished by its cessation. In other words, repose from this kind of mental action is unrequired. The presumption, therefore—is not indeed that the mind thinks always, for this implies the exercise of volition, but that the trains of our thought are *perpetual*, both 'when we sleep and when we awake.'

Second—It would seem almost necessary to adopt this notion, in order to account for the existence of dreams. These, we cannot believe to originate spontaneously, independent of all cause. Now that supernatural causes are commonly engaged in their production, is, we presume, unworthy of any rational man's belief; and enough has been said to show, that corporal sensations, though giving rise not unfrequently to these phenomena, cannot in a majority of instances be reasonably supposed. Beside these, we know of no other circumstances, which may be assigned as causes of dreaming, save the notion we have just introduced. Additional probability is consequently acquired by the hypothesis, that the trains of our thought being perpetual, dreams are nothing more than those parts of them we remember when awake.

Third—For it was very truly said to Locke, when he concluded thought might cease, from the fact of some persons never dreaming, that they might think in their sleep and yet not remember it. That there is no absurdity or improbability in this can be easily shown. The somnambulist, who rises from his bed, puts on his clothes, finds his watch in the dark, unlocks the door, goes to the stable, saddles his horse and rides out, must undoubtedly have many ideas; yet when awakened in the morning, you cannot convince him of what he did a few hours before. He believes he slept profoundly and without a dream. He, who talks in his sleep and may even reply to the questions of a friend, whispering in his ear, must doubtless have ideas; but in the morning he may not have the slightest consciousness of having dreamed. This phenomenon is not confined to our

sleeping thoughts. While we are awake, many ideas *now* occupy the mind, which the next minute are forgotten, so completely forgotten, that the mind retains not even the vaguest impression of their previous existence. Indeed, most men would be greatly puzzled to tell in the evening what were their morning thoughts; and were it not for what they have seen and acted, they would probably appear as barren of thought, as a night without dreams. The blank of thought in the one case might seem as striking as in the other. All these facts take away whatever improbability may be attached to the notion, that the trains of associated thought continue in sleep, whether remembered or not by the mind.

The question now arises, why, supposing this to be true, are certain parts of these trains of thought remembered, thence constituting dreams, while the rest are totally forgotten, so as to make it appear as if thought had slept? As the same phenomenon takes place in our waking moments, it might be sufficient to refer the inquirer to works, in which the principles of association, in special relation to the memory, are discussed upon at large. Nevertheless we will notice briefly a few of the circumstances, on which may depend the memory of certain portions of our sleeping thoughts, in preference to others.

First—Desire or pleasure, associated with any idea, may attract to it the attention, and thereby give it a place in the memory. The dreamer recovers in his sleep a long-lost bosom friend, or looks upon the fair countenance of his mistress. He awakes, but his memory is too faithful—to permit the delightful images of his midnight slumbers to escape.

Second—Fear or pain may cause an idea to be retained. The man sleeps and fancies himself dragged by demons to the bank of a flaming pit, or that he is involved in the huge coils of a fiery serpent. He awakes in terror, and many days elapse ere he forgets the fire of the pit or fang of the serpent.

Third—Ideas may be remembered, because associated with certain affections. The dreamer performs some noble action. The shouts of multitudes attest their sense of his greatness, and his soul is intoxicated with the delights of gratified ambition. At his first waking, all traces of the dream may have fled; but perhaps in the course of the day, his ambition is excited and gratified, when at once the dream of the last night is recalled to his memory by its association with the feelings of the present moment.

Fourth—Remarkable incongruity, great magnitude, or any thing extraordinary awakes the attention, and the individual may remember vividly the strange shapes, incongruous actions, or magnificent images of his dreams.

Fifth—Association of an idea with many others very familiar to the mind, or with habitual and peculiar trains of thought, may occasion its ready remembrance. Thus the individual, who is immersed in business, whose every thought is a calculation of profit or loss, to whom money is of more worth than the bread of life, will be very apt to remember dreams, wherein any sort of traffic has been carried on; nor will the philosopher be likely to forget the solution of a problem, wrought out by the mind in a dream.

The above are a few of the circumstances, on which the memory of our sleeping thoughts depends. We leave it to the reader to prosecute this part of the inquiry further, if he please.

According to our view of the subject, therefore, dreams are no more mysterious than waking thoughts; the trains of thought continuing while we sleep precisely as they do when we are awake, except that the influence of the will and external senses is withdrawn. Hence it can be no subject of wonder, that ideas of long-forgotten things and of more recent events should be revived in sleep, either separately or strangely blended; or that prevailing habits of association or strong propensities of character should modify our thoughts in dreaming; else have we matter for wonder in our waking condition.

Our theory explains another curious fact. We have already remarked, that groups of ideas will sometimes succeed each other in our dreams, amongst which can be discovered not a single connecting circumstance. Metaphysicians and physiologists have contented themselves with asserting the influence of the associative laws over our dreams, without noticing the many apparent exceptions to their assertion. Now we presume that these apparent exceptions may be so explained, as to confirm the general statement. Let us refer to certain phenomena in our waking state. Every reflecting man knows that at times ideas start up in his mind, without having in appearance any connexion with the ideas immediately pre-existent there. In most cases he can, by careful reflection, minute analysis and diligently tracing the chain of thought, bring clearly to the light the links uniting the seemingly disjoined ideas. This he cannot do at all times, but still he believes correctly that connecting links exist, which are only hidden, because unremembered. The same circumstance precisely will explain apparently unconnected dreams.

The notion, we have advanced, may also explain why those who are in the habit of relating their dreams, become the greatest dreamers. This, I have verified by my own experience.

Not being much addicted to dreaming, I determined to try the effect of frequently relating my dreams. Every morning, so soon as I awoke, I endeavored to recollect whether I had dreamed the night before, and if I succeeded, to trace my dreams in all their ramifications. My progress in this sort of recollecting was surprising, and after the lapse of a few days, I found myself an astonishing dreamer. I now ceased endeavoring to remember my dreams, and on awaking diverted my mind to other thoughts; and it was not long before my slumbers became apparently dreamless. The latter course I recommended to a friend, who was very much in the habit of relating his dreams, and the effect was the same as in my own case. We may remark, it is not the mere relation of dreams, but the recollection of them to which such a relation induces, that makes the dreamer. The whole circumstance may readily be explained. The practice, to which we have alluded, does not in reality make us *dream* more, but enables us to *remember* more.

Having said thus much concerning the origin of dreams, we may proceed to inquire into the phenomena exhibited by the mind and its organs in dreaming.

With regard to the external senses and their relation to the mind, it is evident they are no longer stimulated by the will. Generally they all sleep. One or two, however, will at times remain awake, whilst the rest are torpid, giving rise to very curious phenomena. In such cases, the impression conveyed to the mind by the waking sense may be true or false. It was false in the case of Descartes, who fancied a flea-bite to be the puncture of a sword. A circumstance of a similar kind we may relate of a young lady, who dreamed she was supporting, with uplifted arms, the ceiling of her room, which she fancied was about tumbling upon her: she awoke and found her hands interlocked over her head in such a manner as to strain both them and her arms. Dr. Reid once dreamed that a band of savages, into whose hands he had fallen, were scalping him; which arose from some derangement at the time in the dressings of a blister on his head. As examples of true impressions being conveyed, we may refer to those cases, in which the sense of hearing being awake, ideas can at times be produced in the mind by a person whispering in the ear of the sleeper. Milton must have been aware of this fact when he said Satan was found

> 'Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
> Assaying by his devilish art to reach
> The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
> Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams.'

Occasionally it happens, that individuals not only hear what is spoken to them, but answer correctly, so that a conversation can be carried on with them in their sleep. Dr. Abercrombie, in his chapter on dreaming, introduces an amusing instance of this kind. The facts were extracted from a paper of Dr. Gregory, to whom they were related by a gentleman who witnessed them. An officer, in the expedition to Louisburg, in 1758, exhibited the peculiarity just mentioned to such a degree, that his companions were wont to amuse themselves at his expense. Any kind of a dream might be produced by merely whispering in his ear, especially if a familiar voice was employed. Once they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, ending in a duel. When the parties met, a pistol being put into his hand, he fired it and was awakened by the report. Another time, while sleeping on the top of a locker in the cabin, they made him believe that he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. He immediately commenced all the motions of swimming. They told him he was pursued by a shark; and entreated him to dive for his life. This he instantly did, and with so much violence as to throw himself entirely from the locker to the cabin floor, by which he was a little bruised and completely awakened. It may be well to remark that he never had any distinct recollection of his dreams, but he complained of a confused feeling of oppression and fatigue.

There is another class of bodily sensations, which sometimes arise during sleep, and occasion peculiar trains of thought or phantasms. They may be called internal sensations in opposition to those just noticed, and include hunger, thirst, the sexual feelings, and various other sensations, dependent on irritation of the internal organs. The poor half-starved wretch in his dreams feasts upon the most delicious dishes, and yet with a hunger ever unsatisfied; or, beholding before him dainties of the most delicate sort, awakes in the very act of partaking. Thirst will cause the famished traveller to dream of bubbling springs, or shady fountains, or rivers of water, whereof he drinks and drinks again, and 'yet is ever dry.' This phenomena is readily explained. The sensation of thirst was *real*, the gratification of it but *ideal*. If Hume had ever been troubled with such a dream, he would have felt somewhat painfully the radical difference between an idea and a sensation.

The examples we have given will sufficiently illustrate the relation subsisting between the mind and corporal feelings during sleep. Not a few extravagant notions have been entertained on this subject. Certain of the older writers on medicine, seeing how in many cases bodily sensations cause or mod-

ify our sleeping thoughts, concluded that dreams could furnish clear indications, according to their character, of different sorts of morbid irritation in the animal system. Thus, according to Hippocrates, to dream of unsavory odors indicated the presence of putrid matters in the body: if the sleeper should fancy himself involved in fogs or smoke, he had a redundance of black bile. Should he dream of red things, he was too sanguineous; or of a turbid sea, his bowels were disordered.

But what is the state of the different mental powers in dreaming? The will, it is said, has suspended its agency; the various mental operations dependent upon it, such as recollection, reasoning, etc. cease; while imagination and memory only continue active; regulated to some extent by the laws of association. That the will generally has no influence in dreaming, and that by consequence all operations essentially dependent on it are discontinued, cannot be denied. Let us remember, however, that reason as well as memory may act without the agency of the will. In view of this fact, therefore, and contemplating the various conditions of the mind in dreaming, we may divide dreams into different classes, relating to the different faculties of the mind.

First—Ideas may be brought together by most unexpected resemblances or contrasts, or may appear in novel and highly incongruous combinations; constituting dreams of imagination.

Second—There may be conceptions of ideas, objects or events previously felt, perceived or experienced, together with a judgmental reference to past time—constituting dreams of memory. The following is a remarkable example of this class. 'A gentleman, who was appointed to an office in one of the principal banks of Edinburgh, found on balancing his first day's transactions, that the money under his charge was deficient by ten pounds. After many fruitless attempts to discover the cause of the error, he went home not a little annoyed by the result of his first experiment in banking. In the night, he dreamed that he was at his place in the bank, and that a gentleman who was personally known to him presented a draught for ten pounds. On awaking, he recollected the dream and also recollected that the gentleman who had appeared in it, had actually received ten pounds. On going to the bank he found that he had neglected to enter the payment, and that the gentleman's order had by accident fallen among some pieces of paper, which had been thrown on the floor to be swept away.*

Third—Ideas may be associated together by certain relations of cause and effect, or by other important relations, such as

* Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, etc.

those of quantity, analogy, etc.; constituting dreams of judgment or reason. So clear-sighted indeed is the judgment occasionally in sleep, as to acquire almost a prescient attribute. This is not very wonderful, considering how abstracted the mind at such times is from the prejudices of sense, and how unbiassed by selfish feelings. We may therefore believe Dr. Franklin when he says, that the bearings of many political events occurring in Europe in his time, were revealed to him in his sleep. Of the occasional vigorous exercise of the judgment in dreams, we have also the personal experience of Dr. Gregory and Condorcet. A striking example of this fact not long ago came under our own observation. A gentleman becoming deeply interested in political economy, was greatly puzzled in a debate by some objections advanced by his opponent against a certain proposition in that science. Leaving the discussion unfinished, he soon after retired to sleep. In his dreams, the proposition with the objections to it recurred to his mind; but he at the same time was enabled by a peculiar train of argument to obviate all the objections, and establish the truth of the proposition clearly. He awoke with the dream yet in his recollection, nor was it long before his opponent was compelled to admit the sufficiency of his reasoning.

But in all these classes of dreams, it should be recollected, that it is not to the agency of the will, but to the influence of the laws of association, we are to ascribe the various phenomena. As however, the combinations of ideas according to philosophical relations is most commonly an act indirectly of the will, it is no wonder that dreams of the last class are of so rare occurrence.

There are many other points we might touch upon, such as the belief in the reality of our sleeping visions; the incongruity of dreams and the absence of surprise; the inaccurate notions we form of time in dreaming, and many more very curious phenomena—but the limits of this paper will not permit. Nevertheless, if our essay should happily engage the preference of the committee of examination, it is our purpose hereafter to endeavor the illustration of at least some of the above topics.

THE DESTINY OF WOMAN.

BY A LADY.

The days of woman's proscriptive and avowed exclusion from the fountains of knowledge have gone by. Female edu-

cation is now the frequent theme of the essayist and the orator; it has become matter of operative attention, and is an object, embraced by most of the scientific institutions, springing up around us. From all this, one might be led to suppose that woman had indeed become a sharer in the vaunted *march of intellect;* that the tone of female society must be changed, and that intelligence and mental graces, however characterized by the peculiar attributes of female character, had taken the place of that systematic frivolity, which has been its distinctive trait. Yet we go forth to participate in the deepened lights and rational elegance, with which education has invested the female circle, and find it still the same; a focus of folly—a school of pasteboard pageantry—a court where fashion and personal vanity are the presiding deities, and the high and delightful privilege of social converse becomes but the medium of discussing petty scandals, prevailing forms, and the ephemeral pursuits of pleasure. Shall we then suppose that the mind of woman is a soil from which no perennial flowers can spring? that she has no intellectual capabilities? no gifts of thought beyond the sphere in which she thus treads? No! it is not thus; but there is a ban upon her—a law, not indeed written upon our statute books, nor yet inwrought with those of her nature, but which confines her within the pale of ignorance as within a charmed circle. It is the law of prejudice—a canon whose penalty no one may hope to evade—that prejudice, existing among all ranks and all classes, that associates female intelligence with an absolute exemption from all the gentler sympathies, the milder virtues and softer graces of her sex—that infers from the wreath of science, when bound around the brow of woman, the necessary and utter blight of all the holier flowers of the heart that should blossom around her path; and thus rendering her a *thing* shut out from the deep pure fountains, gushing up in the hidden walks and domestic sanctuaries of life, whose waters are all of earthly source that can yield perfect sweetness and refreshing to woman's spirit. True, this prejudice has been combated till it no longer arrays itself in tangible opposition to female improvement—it is no longer an opinion, but a *feeling*, floating among us without form, and therefore not to be combated: like the miasmatic vapor, unseen only in the pestilence it produces. Shall we ask then, why the intellectual character of the female world is so litle improved? Is the hill of science so smooth and easy of ascent, that one should toil up its interminable steeps for such a meed? the sneer of ridicule, the avoidance of instinctive aversion? The mantling cup of fame—the deathless wreaths held out to man from its summit—the light, the glory,

the flood-tide splendors flashing down upon him; the smile, the cheer, the impulsive tones of popular applause, the dearer approval of fond hearts, and the deep homage of the gifted; all, all urging him on in the proud ascent, are still at times insufficient to draw him from the diverging paths of indolence and pleasure. How shall *woman*, all unsupported, all unguerdoned, keep a place at his side? True, there is here and there one who requires no extraneous excitement—whose soul is athirst for knowledge, and who toils on, self-sustained and regardless of more flowery paths to reach its invigorating streams. What then? She goes forth among the world little better than a mock—a mark of humiliating note—a being, whose every word and look, whose very silence is perverted. The bright flow of intellect, the spontaneous burst of elevated feeling that gives so rich a tone to man's social intercourse, but draw upon *her* general animadversion; and with a mind, perhaps too delicately toned to bear even a flattering *observance* without pain, she is regarded as a creature of display—a shower-off of intellectual wares. Conscious of this, and shrinking from the mortifying conviction, the restraint it imposes gradually robs her of that natural character, without which no woman can be amiable. She becomes indeed a thing of study. With a heart, formed for the cheerful enjoyments of familiar converse, and ready to pour its wealth of feeling on all around her, she remains amid the social circle, silent and reserved, or perhaps turns, as she suppresses the glowing thought that had lit up her whole countenance, to admire a lace, or to ask the price of a ribbon, or the number of yards required for the latest pattern of a bishop sleeve.

Whence all this has originated it would be difficult to conjecture. Of all prejudices, that have swayed an enlightened people, there is none perhaps equally irrational. That the cultivation of the mind should have a tendency to render the character, in reality, less gentle, less amiable, less interesting; that the refinements of science should give a coarser tone to the chords of feeling—how ineffably preposterous! how supremely absurd. Is it that man has feared in intellectual woman an assumption of his own especial prerogatives—a rivalry of power? And did he suppose it required a proscription of literary privilege to bind her down to a narrower sphere than his own? As if the peculiar characteristics of her sex, her gentleness, her meek affections, her domestic habitudes, were but the effect of that mental imbecility he would cherish. How strange an estimate of female character! what a deduction from the wisdom and beauty of *His* glorious creation, who has fashioned the frailest plant, that blooms but for a day, for its own distinctive

place and season! The law of woman's destiny, of the *sphere* she is to fill, is not to be framed by man—it is written upon her heart, in characters formed of its own fibres; and it were as idle to set barriers, to prevent her from ascending the high paths of life, as to forbid the rivulet from clambering up the mountain. The domestic walks of life are those to which her soul instinctively turns for all of real happiness. She has no ambition but of the heart; the voice of fame, save when it breaths the name of *him* she loves, is to her a hollow sound, and the highest guerdon that earth can offer her is affection. The ascendancy that man holds over her is not derived from *her weakness;* there is a depth and power in woman's soul—a moral strength, which elevates her above the servile dependence of the vassal. No it is the fond reliance of her nature that teaches her to own him as her lord—the principle which bids the vine stretch forth its embracing tendrils for support, while its neighboring plants rear as frail a stem in self-reliance. So too, as the vine, while increasing in strength and beauty from the hand of culture, but puts forth its clinging tendrils yet more abundantly, so does the soul of woman, strengthened and enriched by cultivation, yield yet richer affections, and cling yet more tenaciously to the natural objects of her trust.

If then her meek confidence, her fond devotedness, are not to be impaired by the elevation of her mind—if her place in life is not altogether that of a menial, might we not presume that her allotted duties would be more easily fulfilled—that her value in the sphere, to which she is destined, might be somewhat enhanced, by the improvement of her native gifts and the extension of her knowledge? Are there not social and moral claims upon her, whatever her class in life, that would at times call into requisition the faculties of a highly cultivated mind? She is the friend, to whom a youthful household refer all the thousand little questions of delicacy, which embarrass the steps of the young and inexperienced. Would she be a less competent counsellor that her mind was fraught with intelligence? She is the presiding influence that is to give tone to the converse of the fireside circle, and the amusements, as well as labors of her family. Would these be less respectable if directed by one to whom the charms of literature and knowledge were familiar?

She is the companion, whom the husband is to meet daily and hourly—at his board, at his hearth, by the cradle of his child, at the altar of his devotions. Would her offices of affection, the thousand nameless attentions, which love must still dictate as she welcomes him from the fatigues of business or labor, would these be less flattering to his vanity or less soothing to his

heart that they are the chosen employment of one to whom other occupations of interest are accessible? Would her place at his side as he reads the works of philosophy and reason, the records of history, or the beauties of the poet, afford him less pleasure, that her eye was lighted up in listening to his favorite passages? Would her look of delighted apprehension, as he discussed the various topics of intelligence and interest from the stores of his own mind yield him less flattery than the smile of wondering admiration? Reason indeed would give a ready negative to all this; yet for once, Reason would be out of her reckoning. Prejudice—and prejudice can at any time laugh honest reason out of all countenance—has established a different order of things, and all natural conclusions upon the subject, would be entirely at fault. The capabilities of an intellectual woman are perverted from their natural effect by that antipathy against her which has been cherished till it has become an instinct. By the attainment of those very powers, that should so extend the sphere of her own proper usefulness, she has forfeited even in her immediate family that respectful tenderness, which could alone give her influence. The avenues of the heart are barred against her by preconceived opinion, and the gentleness of her nature is too frequently destroyed by the bitter corrosion of feelings, that meet no answering tone. If a life of meek and patient virtues should at last give her a place in the affections of those, who best know her, they may not forget that she stands not thus redeemed in the eye of the world. The husband still feels the *complimented cleverness* of his wife as a reproach, and we have seen a son blush for a mother, whom he loved with intense fondness, that she had ventured to take part in a discussion of science. Let me again ask then, shall woman become a laborer in the mines of knowledge for such a meed. What though, when the light and the freshness of youth have faded from her brow, when the spring of elastic feeling is broken and the voice of flattery has become silent; when the season of passion has gone by and she has learned that the love, which 'is *her* whole existence, is of man's life a thing apart'; when she is left perhaps—for the love of earth may melt away even from the young and the lovely—to mourn over wasted affections and unrequited trust: what though she might then find in the garnered treasures of the mind, an antidote for unavailing regrets—in the high privilege of tracing all the gradual attainments of her children, of measuring the mental growth of those, to whom her every hope and wish in life was transferred, a pleasure deeper and holier than even her own season of youthful gladness had ever yielded—though her

soul might have been strengthened in that passive courage which *endureth all things* by the still calm pursuits of knowledge, and the hours given to reason and reflection—still let her remember the cost of these privileges and beware how she ventures upon their purchase. z.

KING PHILIP, OR THE TRADITION OF MANARDAN'S ROCK.

It is not my intention to inflict upon the reader a fictitious tale of Indian cruelties. I am aware that for a few years past the press has been prolific, in publications illustrative of Indian life and character; that the public taste has become in a degree satiated with this kind of reading; and that nothing of the kind can be expected at the present time, to meet with particular favor. Most, however, that I have to relate, may be received as faithful history; and the facts which are in part not generally known, cannot fail I should think of affording interest, especially to the sons and daughters of New England, the story being connected with the history and traditions of their '*father land.*'

It is well known that King Philip was a mighty chief, whose dominions embraced most, if not all, the southern part of New England. It seems, that his empire extended from the ocean on the east and south, to the Hudson river on the west, and the territories on the Kennebec on the north, and that the different tribes occupying this extent of territory acknowledged allegiance to Philip and the illustrious line of kings from which he descended. The seat of their empire had been from time immemorial at Mount Hope, near Bristol, in Rhode Island; and the first settlers of the Plymouth colony, sent a deputation to Massassoit, grandfather of Philip, at that place. There now stands on Mount Hope, a large rock, in which is carved a beautiful seat, by the hand of nature, and will remain through all coming time, a monument of the purposes to which it was devoted by that mighty race. This seat was occupied as the throne of those kings, when they presided over grave councils which determined the fate of nations; when they witnessed the public games and sports of their subjects on gala days; and when they sat in state, attended by their warriors, to receive the homage of their tributary kings.

Massassoit was in possession of this empire when the pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock; and he lived with them in peace

and harmony for many years. In this he gave a remarkable instance of *kingly* forbearance; for, though he was brave and so powerful that he might have crushed them at a blow, he still cultivated their goodwill by kindness and favors—and controlled the fiery spirit of his warriors when they thirsted to revenge real or supposed provocations from the colony. He died in peace with the pilgrims. But with his son and successor, who was known to the English by the name of Alexander, it was otherwise. Him they decoyed into their power, under some false pretext, and treacherously slew. Soon after Philip succeeded to the empire of his fathers, the colonists having increased in numbers and in strength, and fired no doubt with a zeal for the advancement of the true faith, conceived the holy purpose of destroying him, and of exterminating his nation.

Philip was brave, artful and ambitious; his savage nature by the treachery and encroachments of the whites, had been wrought up to the highest pitch of relentless ferocity; and he engaged in this christian war of extermination, with the unalterable purpose of driving the intruders from his dominions, or of dying in the effort. And though he proved unsuccessful, yet the talents, the prowess and the address displayed by him in this bloody war, entitle him to a place among the first captains of past time.

The colonists were commanded by the celebrated Indian fighter, colonel Church. The war was prosecuted with varying success for some years. It was evident, however, that the power of the Indians was continually wasting away, and finally in a great and decisive battle they were defeated with overwhelming loss. They were in effect subdued. Philip, however escaped, and his enemies offered a large reward for his head. Neither he, nor his family could be found. Church and his partizans traversed the wilderness, in every direction in search of them, but in vain.

There is a district of country, of considerable extent, about twenty miles in a northeasterly direction from Mount Hope, familiarly known in those parts by the name of the 'rocky woods,' and a more appropriate appellation could hardly have been devised; for excepting an occasional spot, where a few trees make their way to the upper air, the surface is completely covered with masses of rock, from the commencement of the district to its termination. As a last effort, Church determined to give this region, a thorough search, before he abandoned the hope of realizing the promised reward. He commenced this enterprise in company with a few companions, and in clambering over one of the immense rocks, with which the country is

strewed, he discovered a slight smoke issuing from its fissures. He was too good a hunter not to know that the game was near; though he traversed the rock in every direction without discovering any further indications of the residence of man. He, however, had no idea of abandoning his object. His difficulty was, to imagine in what way, the Indians could enter that solid mass of granite, and kindle a fire in its centre.

They determined to retire till night, in the hope that then they might approach the place of concealment, with better success. At midnight, Church commenced creeping over the rock, with his ear brought near its surface. At length he heard, as he thought, a noise proceeding from a distance, and going to the place indicated, he discovered faint gleams of light proceeding through the crevices of the rock. He had now a clue, by which he was ultimately led to the discovery of the entrance which was so artfully concealed, as to elude their search in the daytime. The entrance was in the upper part of the rock, and the discovery had been made, without alarming the inmates below, who appeared to be engaged in various kinds of labor.

Who shall set bounds to man's ambition; or say to his cupidity, to his love of revenge or of glory, thus far shalt thou go and no farther? Putnam descended into a wolf's den, killed her, and pulled her out by the ears, and his story has been on every tongue. It has been published in school-books, circulated every where, and bids fair to render his name immortal. But Church, in the darkness of midnight, plunges into a den of wild Indians. Armed, with a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, he commanded his two companions to follow him, and leaped into the cavern,—crying out, in a voice of thunder, as he entered—'I AM CHURCH!' The Indians were unarmed, and unsuspecting that their mortal enemy was so near them. The men were mostly asleep, or reclining at their ease, in the warmth of the blazing fires that were burning along the cavern. The females were engaged in various domestic avocations. But the voice of Church, reverberating through the cavern, was to their ears, the howling of the dark spirit, calling them to battle. In an instant, they were on their feet and in an attitude for the bloody conflict. The apartment was about thirty feet in width, fifteen or twenty in height and about five rods long. The fires cast a lurid and imperfect light upon the sides of the dark rock, adding intensity to the gloom of this subterranean abode. It was sufficient however, to place a dozen painted warriors in bold relief, against the murky back ground. To add a terrific sublimity to the scene the Indians were leaping and running in every direction; and the cavern reverberated with their

savage yells. One would suppose, that a being of mortal mould would have recoiled before a spectacle like this. But Church rushed forward with intrepidity. The suddenness of the onset and the dread with which his name had inspired them, seem at first to have caused a panic. The Indians, however, soon rallied. Church was closely followed by his men, who took possession of the arms of the Indians, before they could obtain them, as they were lying together, in a pile near the place of entrance. There now ensued a conflict characterized by all the ferocity of savage warfare. The principal object of the struggle on the part of the Indians was to regain possession of their arms, and on that of Church, to retain them. They being once repossessed of their implements of defence, the issue of the contest could be no longer doubtful. The savages seized burning fire-brands and whatever fell in their way, and hurled them with terrific violence upon the intruders. At the same time, they rushed forward, in a body and fell upon them on every side. The cavern still reverberated with their terrific yells. Church and his party, though singed and bruised, by this shower of missiles, received the shock with undaunted firmness. They discharged their pistols, and then met their assailants with the sword. The conflict was severe and bloody. The Indians, however, were forced back, and Church finally brought them to a parley.

He assured them that his whole army was without, impatiently awaiting his orders to rush in and destroy them; but 'that he would preserve their lives on condition that they would surrender themselves his prisoners.' Adversity had subdued the haughty spirit of those brave warriors. They submitted to be bound and led away to Church's pretended army. Among the captives was the queen—but Philip, the great object of interest, was not there.

Having removed his prisoners to a place of safety, Church returned to the rock, for the purpose of awaiting in ambush, the return of Philip. He was now joined by a party of his men, for whom he had sent an express the preceding evening, and early in the morning the object of his search was seen approaching his retreat. He, however, as by instinct discovered his enemies, and bounded away over the rocks with the agility of a deer. Church and his party started in pursuit, like so many blood-hounds let loose upon their prey. The chase was long and eager; but he eluded all their efforts to circumvent him, and disappeared from their view. The pursuit was finally abandoned. Tradition however, says, that Church in making his way alone through the woods, came unexpectedly upon his victim,

sitting on a stone by the side of a cool fountain, allaying his thirst, and meditating on his fallen fortunes, and his own probable fate. He fired and shot him dead, and had the satisfaction of seeing his noble blood mingle with the pure waters that gushed at his feet. He returned to the colony with the head and armor of his enemy, to claim the reward. Thus ends the story of king Philip's wars.

Mount Hope stands about two miles northeast of Bristol. It rises in a conical form by a regular and beautiful ascent, about three hundred feet above the level of the surrounding country. It terminates in an apex. Standing here, the eye of the beholder rests on one of the most lovely and enchanting spots in nature. At his feet, are the flourishing towns of Bristol and Warren. On his right lies the Narragansett bay, dotted with its many beautiful and cultivated islands. Before him to the south, stretches the island of Rhode Island, which for the amenity of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the high state of its cultivation, may with propriety be termed the 'Eden of America.' A little to the east, he observes Taunton river, rolling down, and mingling its waters with those of the Narragansett and the ocean. And still further to the south and east his eye rests on the ocean, ever heaving, and ever rolling its white crested surges on the shore.

Mount Hope will ever remain noted in the annals of New England as the residence of King Philip. Here stands his throne carved in the solid rock, which has been seen by all who have made a pilgrimage to these classic grounds. R. H.

THE MINSTREL, THE ZEPHYR, AND THE MOONBEAM.

Oh! welcome soft breath of the languishing earth!
Thy wings with the night-dew are glittering and wet,
As the faint pilgrim pants for the lone fountain's birth,
I gladden to greet thee—Nay—leave me not yet.

Not here—not here—may my pinions be stay'd—
There's a glow on thy cheek—and a light in thine eye—
Where the flowers of life are drooping—and fade—
Where the *bloom* of the *heart* is palid—I fly.

Then hie thee, pitying zephyr—away—
Where the mother her moaning infant rocks—
With healing kiss, o'er its wan cheek stray,
And gently steal mid its golden locks.

And haste thee too, to that feverish couch,
To cool the brow, with the solemn grey—
Pain's throbbing head woos thy balmy touch—
And burning lips, for thy freshness pray.

Then Oh! when thy errand of mercy is sped,
Haste, viewless sylph of the dewy night—
O'er the spirits I love, thy fragrance shed
And sigh forth my name in thy airy flight.

I welcome *thee* too, fair silvery gleam
That trembling shines through the shadowy bower—
My soul grows bright 'neath thy kindling beam—
I bless thee, for gilding the lonely hour.

Shine on, shine on—till the eyes I love,
Are turn'd like mine on thy spotless ray—
And pure as thyself be the dreams that rove
O'er the slumbering spirit—kind moonbeam, stay.

Not here—not here—I may not rest—
There's hope in thy bosom, and light in thy home—
I go, where the dove finds a widow'd nest—
Where the shadows of sorrow are gathering—I roam.

Then speed thee, pitying moonbeam, speed—
Where the orphan weeps o'er that clay-cold form—
Let thy smile shine soft on the bruised reed—
And the tears of the mourner to gems transform.

And turn thee, hallowed wanderer, where
The green turf heaves with a mournful swell—
Let thy placid radiance lingering there,
The peopled gloom of the grave dispel—

Farewell, sweet breath of the stilly eve,
Farewell, fair, trembling beam of the night—
Ye come—and we see not the path ye leave—
Ye go—and we trace not your mystic flight.

ERATO.

THE BUCKEYE DINNER.

Celebration of the Forty-fifth Anniversary of the first settlement of Cincinnati, and the Miami country, on the 26th day of December, 1833, by Natives of Ohio.

THE *Buckeye dinner*, as it has been familiarly called, made a great stir in our city, and was one of the most impressive and agreeable festivals that we have ever had the pleasure of witnessing. The idea originated with several young gentlemen, *natives of Ohio*, who proposed to dine together on Christmas-day; but on further reflection the plan of a social dinner-party of native youth was expanded into a celebration of the settle-

ment of the city, and a commemoration of the privations and perils which their fathers and mothers encountered in that enterprise. It was a happy thought, and was improved with great propriety and good taste. The company consisted of native gentlemen, together with a number of invited guests. No liquor was placed on the table but *native wine*, of which two kinds, a white and a red wine, both of excellent quality, made at the vineyard of Nicholas Longworth, Esq. near this city, were presented to the committee of arrangement by that gentleman.

The company, amounting to about one hundred and sixty persons, sat down in the large room of the Exchange to a dinner, the arrangement of which would have been creditable to the table of any hotel in the union. As it is not within our vocation to criticise the delicacies that were eaten, we shall proceed to the good things that were said and sung.

An oration, by Mr. Joseph Longworth, was received with merited applause; it is written in a pure and easy style, and was impressively delivered.

Odes were delivered by Peyton S. Symmes, esq. and Charles D. Drake, esq. from which we should be happy to make extracts, if we had room.

A toast having been drank in honor of '*the emigrants*—whether from sister states or foreign climes,' Edward King, esq. one of the invited guests, rose, and announced to the company that he had been requested by the authoress to convey to the meeting, an ode, in behalf of the emigrants to this city. He then read the following lines, from the pen of Mrs. Hentz.

Children of the bold and daring,
Offspring of undaunted sires,
While the banquet ye are sharing,
Hear the strain this day inspires.
Pilgrims from the land of strangers,
We have sought the blooming West,
Purchas'd by your fathers' dangers,
Hallow'd by your fathers' rest!
Though our natal stars are shining,
Far from where this blue wave rolls,
Still, with yours, our hearts entwining,
Own the brotherhood of souls.

Oh! high and lofty be the lay
That greets you on this joyous day;
Hark! to the gratulating strain,
That sweeps across the distant main,
And echoing o'er the ancient hills,
From the chill north triumphant breaks,
Floats o'er the sunny-bosomed lakes,
And this wide vale with music fills!

Not fifty times the forest flower
Has bloom'd and wither'd since the hour
When those, who now amid you stand,
The honor'd elders of the land,
On whose firm brows gleams living frost,
Like snow upon the green hill's side,
Ohio's shaded water's cross'd,
In the high flush of youthful pride.
The unshorn forest o'er them wav'd,
Dark, dense as at creation's birth,—
The free winds round them wildly rav'd—
Their tent the boughs—their couch, the earth.
Where now this queenly city towers,
They pillow'd their unsheltered heads—
And watch'd the red man's dipping oars,
Where commerce now her banner spreads.
But deeper horrors gather'd o'er
The heroes of your sister shore:
Oh! listen to the mournful sound,
That echoes from yon 'bloody ground!'
Like gales through autumn woods, that sigh,
The voice of other years, rolls nigh;
It tells of manhood's pride laid low,
Beneath the ambush'd Indian's bow;
Of butcher'd innocence—the bud
Of infant beauty, crush'd in blood!
Kind memory bid thy veiling mantle fall,
Let not thy wizard wand such scenes recall!
Shades of the dead! in deathless honor sleep—
Ye sow'd in tears—your sons in glory reap.
Rejoice, ye veteran pioneers! who bore
The toil and burden of the days of yore;
Rich is the heritage your children claim—
A high example and a spotless name:—
They cluster round you in life's glowing prime,
Their hearts unfrosted by the snows of time;
As the young saplings of the forest bend,
Where the broad oaks their elder boughs extend,
And when the sear leaves flutter in the blast,
Round the gay trunk, luxurious honors cast.
Brothers, of our adopted West,
On you exalted honors rest!
In the deep wilderness, your sires
First rais'd this city's heavenward spires,
And based upon the unbless'd sod,
The temples of the living God.
The germs of science, genius, taste,
They laid in the uncultur'd waste,
And hallow'd with the christian's prayer,
The wild beast's then untrodden lair.
Be yours, or rather *ours* the task,
(This sacred fellowship we ask)
A nobler monument to build,
Whose walls, immortal rays shall gild:
And when life's sunset hues shall fall
Calm o'er the landscape of your youth,
And ye, this glowing hour recal—
The great, the elevating truth,
That ye, to nations yet unborn,
A priceless heritage shall leave,

That Genius, weeping o'er your urn,
The wreath of gratitude will weave—
Shall light the darkest shades of even,
And antedate the dawn of heaven!

Sires revered—and veterans hoary,
Yours the honors of this day;
Sons of freedom—heirs of glory,
Swell with us, the choral lay.

Among the guests was the veteran General Harrison. It was a deeply interesting sight to see this distinguished soldier, who forty years ago followed the victorious banner of Wayne through the wilderness, sitting among the sons of his former companions—an honored guest upon the spot where he had slept on the ground on a soldier's pallet. He has since been a delegate in Congress, secretary of the Northwestern Territory, governor of Indiana, a major-general in the army and its leader in two conspicuous battles, a senator in congress, a foreign minister—and he sat now among us divested of all official rank, in the garb of a farmer. One of the most conspicuous of the pioneers, the record of his public life extends back to the presidency of Washington, while his father was among the most distinguished of the revolutionary patriots. In reply to a toast drank in his honor, the General addressed the meeting in a speech which we regret we cannot copy entire. The following selections from it, will be found interesting:

'As an allusion was made in the very handsome and appropriate address of the young gentleman who was selected to be the orator of the day, to what has been termed "Harmer's defeat," I think it incumbent upon me, in justice to the memory of a brave and patriotic officer, to notice some errors which prevail in relation to the campaign conducted by him in the year 1790. The object of the expedition was to capture and destroy the Indian towns, at and near the confluence of the St. Marys and St. Josephs rivers, forming at that place the Miami of the Lake. This was completely accomplished, and the army commenced its retreat. From his encampment at some miles from the towns, Harmer despatched in the night a detachment, under the expectation that the Indians would have returned to them, and that they might be surprised. This, however, was not the case. The Indians discovering their approach, were prepared to receive them, and the American troops were defeated. A second detachment sent to sustain them, also suffered considerable loss. But, that the Indians had not much to boast of is evident, from their having made no effort to attack or even harass the army in its return to this place. The error committed by Harmer was, in making his detachments too light, or rather in making them at all. But errors of this kind have been made by the greatest generals. A similar one was the cause of the fall of Napoleon. That event is justly attributable to his having despatched general Vandamme with an inadequate force in pursuit of the flying Russians, after the battle of Bautzen. All his other misfortunes were but the effects of that error. Harmer was a brave and an accomplished officer. A single defect was compensated for by the possession of many amiable and indeed brilliant qualities. In the investigation of his conduct before a court of inquiry, ample evidence was given that the defect to which I have alluded, had no influence in producing the loss sustained in the campaign. In the revolutionary war, he had acquired not only the confidence of Washington in a very high degree, but of Wayne and Mifflin. An exaggerated account of the defeat I have mentioned, was the cause of his having been superseded in the command.

The tribute you have paid to the memory of St. Clair, was justly due to that devoted patriot. The great disaster with which his name is associated, is properly attributable to the false economy by which our councils have been governed—often to the great injury of our country. The force which was subjected to his command, was altogether inadequate to the object which he was charged to accomplish as to numbers, and its composition was still worse. At *least* a *moiety* of his army was composed of two regiments, of infantry enlisted for six months, and mostly recruits in the Atlantic states. The pay assigned to the private was three dollars per month; but from that pittance one dollar was deducted for hospital stores. It cannot be supposed that for such compensation, men calculated for the service that they were to perform could be procured; or that in the short time which was allowed to recruit them, march them to the scene of action, and accomplish the objects of the campaign, there would be any opportunity to instruct them in the duties which they were required to perform. The consequence was, that in the disastrous action which closed the campaign, when once broken, it was found almost impossible to re-form them; and hence the great destruction which took place in the ranks, and the unparalleled loss of officers, who, from first to last of this awful scene, exerted themselves with the greatest gallantry, and by that exertion became the selected victims of the unerring rifles of the enemy. The first United States regiment was unfortunately not in the action, having been detached some days before on a necessary service. The presence of this veteran and highly disciplined corps, might have changed the fortune of the day. It is unnecessary for me to refer to the actions of the hero who succeeded St. Clair in the command of the northwestern frontier. As long as the banks of the Hudson shall be inhabited by a republican population, his name will be associated with the successful performance of an enterprise, as daring in its character as it was important in its consequences. And no western republican will fail to remind his children of their obligations to the heroic Wayne, and his gallant and highly disciplined army.

Your young orator has mentioned the performances of our own Buckeye population in the late war, in terms as eloquent as they were just. I could not think of trespassing upon the patience of the company, by recounting the merits of all who distinguished themselves: but I cannot resist the gratification of informing the citizens of Cincinnati, that they have amongst their number, some who were as conspicuous for their gallantry, as any from Ohio or elsewhere.

As those who are truly brave are always backward and retiring, I think it probable that the anecdotes I shall relate, are unknown to the greater portion of the inhabitants of this city. To do full justice to my gallant friend whom I perceive at some distance on my right, I must necessarily recount the circumstances which afforded the opportunity for distinguishing himself to which I have referred. The siege of Fort Meigs had continued some days, when the enemy, despairing of making an impression upon our works from their position in front, took possession of one on our right flank, on which in the night, they erected two batteries, with the view of enfilading our lines. It became necessary to dislodge them, and a sortie for that purpose was ordered. I had no means of ascertaining the force by which these batteries were defended. But it was impossible to suppose it very small, and allow their commander the possession of any military knowledge, as a large river separated them from his main body. It became necessary, therefore, to make the detachment ordered on this duty, as strong as circumstances would permit. It was composed of the companies of the seventeenth and nineteenth regiments of the line, then in the fort: The former raised and officered in Kentucky, the latter in Ohio. The whole rank and file of both regiments was about three hundred and fifty. To these were added the battalion of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Petersburgh, Va., volunteers of about one hundred; and a small company of Boon county, Ky. militia, for flankers. The aggregate of the detachment being about five hundred rank and file, were put under the command of colonel John Miller, of Ohio, the commandant of the nineteenth regiment. These troops were drawn up in a deep ravine which flanked the fort, to prevent, if possible, the enemy from knowing the object they were intended to accomplish. Before the advance was ordered, the troops were addressed, and the necessity of their succeeding and the motives for every one to perform his duty, pointed out. They were ordered to advance with trailed arms, to prevent their fire from being expended before they reached the enemy, and the most

positive directions given, to put to death any man who should fire before orders were given to do so.

The advance was made in line; the regular troops on the left, their centre directly opposite the batteries of the enemy. On their right the Pittsburgh and Petersburgh volunteers, and the Kentucky company of militia still further on that flank. From the shape of the ravine from which the advance was made, the regular troops had reached the summit before the volunteers, and the latter were in some measure masked by the hill, when the whole of the enemy's fire was poured upon the regulars. The meditated attack was discovered by the enemy, who looked into the ravine by climbing trees, and were of course prepared to receive it. The effect of the fire was dreadful, as may well be supposed, from a thousand northwestern Indians, and upwards of two hundred British troops, *in position*, delivered from the cover of a wood upon troops in line marching through an open plain. I have always been of opinion, that the loss was greater for the numbers engaged, and for the period that the firing lasted, than has ever occurred before or since in America. A moment's halt was necessary to close the ranks and to disencumber them of the killed and wounded. This was done with the precision and coolness of a parade exercise. In another moment the 'March! march!' was given by the gallant commander, and the whole line, regulars and volunteers, rushed upon the enemy. They did not remain to receive the shock, although still possessing the advantage of position, and *then* outnumbering the assailants by three to one. With the exception of the extreme left flank of Indians, their whole line, British and Indians, and Tecumseh the commander of the latter, fled; the British to their boats, and the Indians to the swamps. The company to which your fellow citizen, Major Gwyne, then a lieutenant of the nineteenth infantry, was attached, was on the right of the line of regulars. The battle being over in front, he discovered that on the right the Keutuckians were still engaged with the Indians, who had composed the enemy's extreme left, and that they had cut them off from our line. Seeing that the danger was pressing, without waiting for orders, he changed the front of his company, charged the Indians on the rear, relieved the brave Kentuckians, and with their assistance completely routed them. That major Gwyne by this bold and prompt movement saved many valuable lives, there can be no doubt. The highest reward bestowed upon a Roman soldier, was given to him who saved the life of a Roman in battle.

But I perceive that there is another Buckeye at the table, who merited well of his country under my command in the late war. I am persuaded that a relation of the circumstance will not be unacceptable to the company. When the enemy were first discovered advancing on Fort Meigs, and their Indians had already encircled the fort, it became necessary to send orders to brigadier-general Green Clay, who was, as I knew, advancing with a brigade of Kentucky militia to join me. As it would have been improper to have sent a written order, when there were so many chances of its falling into the hands of the enemy, a person was wanted who, to the qualities of sagacity, bravery, fortitude, and perseverance, united unquestionable patriotism. For a service of that character it is not usual to command its performance by an officer. Your fellow-citizen, major Oliver, at that time an officer of the commissariat, proffered his services. They were accepted, and he performed the duty to my entire satisfaction. The hazard of the undertaking was very great, and it was of that kind, that even the bravest men would dislike to encounter. The fame which is acquired by such a death, is one of the strongest motives to distinguished actions in the field. If major Oliver had perished on this occasion, and the chances were greatly against him, he certainly would have been 'wept' by his numerous friends, but to re-quote what has been already given, he would have been 'unhonored and unsung.' What have been the rewards of major Gwyne and major Oliver from their country for the services they rendered, I cannot say. Indeed it appears that the Buckeyes have been rather unfortunate in that respect. Although always counted in the hour of danger and on the day of battle, they appear to have been frequently overlooked in the division of the spoil.

A glance at the president of the day, reminds me of the important services rendered by his father; and as he is the proper representative of that father, it is within the rule that I should mention them. When I first saw the late major-general John S. Gano, it was in the hard winter of 1791–2; at the head of some forty or fifty volunteers, united with a body of regular troops, on an excursion to the scene of the disastrous battle-ground of the preceding fourth of November. An uncommon fall of

snow made it necessary for general (then colonel) Wilkinson, who commanded the detachment, to leave the infantry and proceed with the mounted volunteers. The great depth of snow prevented the accomplishment of the pious purpose of burying the dead, for which the enterprise was undertaken. In a few weeks from this time, captain Gano again joined us on the hazardous expedition to erect the fort which was named St. Clair. With similar small bodies, he was ever on the alert—ever ready to afford any assistance in his power towards the protection of the frontiers, until the general peace with the Indians in 1795. In the last war, he served under my command as major-general at the head of the Ohio quota of militia, and during my absence on the northern frontier, he commanded the ninth military district, as general-in-chief. I can state with confidence, that in all these situations, whether at the head of forty men or of some thousands, he discharged his duty with the strictest fidelity, usefulness, and honor. It is unnecessary for me to speak of the military services of my long-tried, and valued friend immediately on my right.* It is well known that at the head of a gallant regiment of volunteers, disciplined by himself, he served on the first northwestern campaign of the late war. It is equally well known, that if his advice and that of his gallant compeers (the other colonels of the army) had been adopted, the campaign would have had a different result, and the honor of our arms would not have been tarnished by an inglorious surrender.'

Although our extracts are already somewhat long, we cannot omit the witty and amusing remarks of Dr. Drake. The 'author of the Picture of Cincinnati,' being toasted, that gentleman made a reply, in which he pointed out in a humorous way the qualities of the *Buckeye tree*, and the propriety of adopting it as our emblem. We give it entire.

Mr. President and Young Gentlemen:

Being born in the East, I am not *quite* a native of the valley of the Ohio, and, therefore, am not a Buckeye by birth. Still I might claim to be a greater Buckeye than most of you, who were born in the city, for my Buckeyism belongs to the *country*, a better soil for rearing Buckeys than the town.

My first remembrances are of a Buckeye cabin, in the depths of a cane brake, on one of the tributary brooks of Licking river; for whose waters, as they flow into the Ohio, opposite our city, I feel some degree of affection. At the date of these recollections, the spot where we are now assembled, was a Beech and Buckeye grove; no doubt altogether unconscious of its approaching fate. Thus, I am a Buckeye by engrafting, or rather by inoculation, being only in the bud, when I began to draw my nourishment from the depths of a Buckeye bowl.

The tree which you have toasted, Mr. President, has the distinction of being one of a family of plants, but a few species of which exist on the earth. They constitute the genus *Æsculus* of the botanists, which belongs to the class *Heptandria*. Now the latter, a Greek phrase, signifies *seven men;* and there happen to be exactly seven species of the genus—thus they constitute the seven wise men of the woods; in proof of which, I may mention, that there is not another family of plants on the whole earth, that possess these talismanic attributes of wisdom. But this is not all. Of the seven species, our emblem-tree was discovered *last*—it is the youngest of the family—*the seventh son!* and who does not know the manifold virtues of a seventh son!

Neither Europe nor Africa has a single *native* species of *Æsculus*, and Asia but one. This is the *Æsculus Hippocastinum* or Horsechesnut. Nearly three hundred years since, a minister from one of the courts of Western Europe to that of Russia, found this tree growing in Moscow, whither it had been brought from Siberia. He was struck with its beauty, and naturalized it in his own country. It spread with astonishing rapidity over that part of the continent, and crossing the channel, became one of the favorite shade trees of our English ancestors. But the oppressions and persecu-

*General Findlay.

tions recounted in the address of your young orator, compelled them to cross the ocean and become exiled from the tree, whose beautiful branches overhung their cottage doors.

When they reached this continent did they find their favorite shade tree, or any other species of the family, to supply its place in their affections? They did not—they *could* not—as from Jamestown to Plymouth, the soil is too barren to nourish this epicurean plant. Douhtless, their first impulse was to seek it in the interior; but there the Indian still had his home, and they were compelled to languish on the sands of the sea board. The revolution came and passed away: it was a political event, and men still hovered on the coast; but the revolving year at length unfolded the map of the mighty West, and our fathers began to direct their footsteps thitherward. They took breath on the eastern base of the Allegheny mountain, without having found the object of their pursuits; then scaled its lofty summits—threaded its deep and craggy defiles—descended its western slopes—but still sought in vain. The hand of destiny, however, seemed to be upon them; and boldly penetrating the unbroken forests of the Ohio, amidst savages and beasts of prey, they finally built their 'half-faced camps' beneath the Buckeye tree. All their hereditary and traditional feelings were now gratified. They had not, to be sure, found the Horsechesnut, which embellished the paths of their forefathers; but a tree of the same family, of greater size and equal beauty, and, like themselves, a native of the new world. Who, of this young assembly has a heart so cold, as not to sympathize in the joyous emotions which this discovery must have raised? It acted on them like a charm,—their flagging pulses were quickened, and their imaginations warmed. They thought not of returning, but sent back pleasant messages, and invited their friends to follow. Crowds from every state in the union soon pressed forward, and, in a single age, the native land of the Buckeye, became the home of millions. Enterprise was animated; new ideas came into men's minds; bold schemes were planned and executed; new communities organized; political states established; and the wilderness transformed, as if by enchantment.

Such was the power of the Buckeye wand; and its influence has not been limited to the west. We may fearlessly assert, that it has been felt over the whole of our common country. Till the time when the Buckeye tree was discovered, slow indeed had been the progress of society in the new world. With the exception of the revolution, but little had been achieved, and but little was in prospect. Since that era, society has been progressive, higher destinies have been unfolded, and a reactive BUCKEYE influence, perceptible to all acute observers, must continue to assist in elevating our beloved country among the nations of the earth.

Every native of the valley of the Ohio, should feel proud of the appellation, which, from the infancy of our settlements, has been conferred upon him; for the Buckeye has many qualities which may be regarded as typical of a noble character.

It is not merely a native of the West, but peculiar to it; has received from the Botanists the specific name of *Ohioensis*, and is the only tree of our whole forest, that does not grow elsewhere. What other tree could be so fit an emblem of our native population?

From the very beginning of emigration, it has been a friend to the 'new comers.' Delighting in the richest soils, they soon learned to take counsel from it, in the selection of their lands, and it never yet proved faithless to any one who confided in it.

When the first 'log cabin' was to be hastily put up, the softness and lightness of its wood, made it precious; for in those times laborers were few, and axes once broken in harder timber, could not be repaired.

When the infant BUCKEYES came forth, to render these solitary cabins vocal and make them instinct with life, cradles were necessary, and they could not be so easily dug out of any other tree. Thousands of men and women, who are now active and respectable performers on the great theatre of western society, were once rocked in Buckeye troughs.

In those early days, when a boundless and lofty wilderness overshadowed every habitation, to destroy the trees and make way for the growth of corn, was the great object—*hic labor, hoc opus* erat. Now, the lands where the Buckeye abounded, were from the special softness of its wood, the easiest of all others to 'clear,' and in this way it afforded valuable though negative assistance to the 'first settlers.'

Foreign sugar was then unknown in these regions, and our reliance for this article as for many others, was on the abounding woods. In reference to this sweet and indispensable acquisition the Buckeye lent us positive aid; for it was not only the best wood of the forests for troughs, but every where grew side by side with the graceful and delicious sugar maple.

We are now assembled on a spot, which is surrounded by vast warehouses, filled to overflowing with the earthen and iron, domestic utensils of China, Birmingham, Sheffield, and I should add the great western manufacturing town, at the head of our noble river. The poorest and the obscurest family in the land, may be, and are, in fact, adequately supplied. How different was the condition of the early emigrants! A journey of a thousand miles, over wild and rugged mountains, permitted the adventurous pioneer to bring with him little more than the Indian or the Arab carries from place to place—*his wife and children.* Elegances were unknown, even articles of pressing necessity were few in number, and when lost or broken could not be replaced. In that period of trying deprivation, to what quarter did the 'first settlers' turn their inquiring and anxious eyes? To the Buckeye—yes, gentlemen, to the Buckeye tree; and it proved a friend indeed, because, in the simple and expressive language of those early times, it was 'a friend in need.' Hats were manufactured of its fibres—the tray for the delicious 'pone' and 'johnny-cake'—the venison trencher—the noggin—the spoon—and the huge, white family bowl for mush and milk, were carved from its willing trunk; and the finest 'boughten' vessels could not have imparted a more delicious flavor, or left an impression so enduring. He who has ever been concerned in the petty brawls, the frolic and the fun of a family of young Buckeyes around the great wooden bowl, overflowing with the 'milk of human kindness,' will carry the sweet remembrance to his grave.

Thus, beyond all the trees of the land, the buckeye was associated with the family circle—penetrating its privacy, facilitating its operations, and augmenting its enjoyments. Unlike many of its loftier associates, it did not bow its head and wave its arms at a haughty distance; but might be said to have held out the *right hand of fellowship;* for, of all the trees of our forest, it is the only one with *five* leaflets arranged on one stem—an expressive symbol of the human hand.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I beg you to pardon the enthusiasm which betrays me into continued trespasses on your patience. As an old friend of the Buckeye tree, I feel, that to be faithful, I must dwell still longer on its virtues.

The original 'ditty' which has just been sung with so much animation, sets forth in homely but hearty phrases, some of its figurative characters. Let me in humble prose, recount a few of them with others not yet 'said or sung.'

In all our woods, there is not a tree so hard to kill as the Buckeye. The deepest 'girdling' does not 'deaden' it, and even after it is cut down and worked up into the side of a cabin, it will send out young branches—denoting to all the world, that Buckeyes are not easily conquered, and could with difficulty be destroyed.

The Buckeye has generally been condemned as unfit for fuel, but its very incombustibility has been found an advantage; for no tree of the forest is equally valuable for 'backlogs,' which are the *sine qua non* of every good cabin fire. Thus treated, it may be finally, though slowly, burnt; when another of its virtues immediately appears, as no other tree of our woods affords so great a quantity of alkali; thus there is piquancy in its very ashes!

The bark of our emblem-plant has some striking properties. Under a proper method of preparation and use, it is said to be efficacious in the cure of ague and fever, but unskilfully employed, it proves a violent emetic; which may indicate that he who tampers with a Buckeye, will not do it with impunity.

The fruit of the Buckeye offers much to interest us. The capsule or covering of the nut, is beset with sharp prickles, which, incautiously grasped, will soon compel the aggressor to let go his hold. The nut is undeniably the most beautiful of all which our teeming woods brings forth; and in many parts of the country is made subservient to the military education of our sons: who, assembling in the 'muster field,' (where their fathers and elder brothers are learning to be militia-men) divide themselves into armies, and pelt each other with Buckeye balls; a military exercise at least as instructive as that which their seniors perform with buckeye sticks. The inner covering of the nut is highly astringent. Its substance, when grated down, is soapy, and has been

used to cleanse fine fabrics in the absence of good soap. When the powder is washed, a large quantity of starch is obtained, which might, if times of scarcity *could* arise in a land so fertile as the native soil of this tree, be used for food. The water employed for this purpose, holds in solution an active medicinal agent, which unwarily swallowed, proves a poison; thus again, admonishing those who would attempt to 'use up' a BUCKEYE, that they may repent of their rashness.

Who has not looked with admiration on the fine foliage of the Buckeye in early spring, while the more sluggish tenants of the forest, remain torpid in their winter quarters; and what tree, in all our wild woods, bears a flower which can be compared with that of our favorite? We may fearlessly challenge for it the closest comparison. Its early putting forth, and the beauty of its leaves and blossoms, are appropriate types of our native population, whose rapid and beautiful development, will not be denied by those whom I now address, nor disproved by a reference to their character.

Finally, the Buckeye derives its name from the resemblance of its nut to the eye of the buck, the finest organ of our noblest wild animal; while the name itself, is compounded of a Welsh and a Saxon word, belonging therefore to the oldest portions of our vernacular tongue, and connecting us with the primitive stocks, of which our fathers were but scions planted in the new world.

But, Mr. President and Gentlemen, I must dismiss this fascinating topic. My object has been to show the peculiar fitness of the Buckeye to be made the symbol-tree of our native population. This arises from its many excellent qualities. Other trees have greater magnitude, and stronger trunks. They are the Hercules of the forest; and like him of old, who was distinguished only for physical power, they are remarkable chiefly for their mechanical strength. Far different is it with the Buckeye, which does not depend on brute force to effect its objects; but exercises, as it were, a moral power, and admonishes all who adopt its name, to rely upon intellectual cultivation, instead of bodily prowess.

Major David Gwynne, of this city, in reply to a compliment which recognized his well-known services on the frontier, made a few remarks, in the course of which he related the following characteristic anecdote:

'Although in the late war with Great Britain, there were comparatively but few native born Ohioans, of an age sufficiently advanced to bear arms, of those few, it is known to many of you, and particularly to our venerated and veteran commander,* who I rejoice to meet on an occasion like the present, so happily calculated to elicit associations carrying him back to those days when he was surrounded by the chivalry and high bearing of the West, and sat enthroned in their hearts, the animating and master spirit—I say it is particularly known to him, that in the corps in which it was my good fortune to serve, there were as many, and probably more native Ohioans, than served for any length of time in any other part of the army. It is needless perhaps to add, that I was attached to the nineteenth regiment of infantry, commanded by the gallant colonel John Miller of our own state. I will relate to you what I witnessed in the bearing of three of those Ohio lads, who amongst others came under my personal observation.

In May, 1813, when preparations were making for the sortie which raised the siege of Fort Meigs, the first of these lads was attached to myself, to use a military phrase, in the character of batman. On his ascertaining that the company was about to go out, I found him all bustle and animation, filling his cartridge-box, with fresh cartridges, assorting his flints and burnishing his musket. On being asked what he was about, he replied "why lieutenant, the company is going out and aint I going too?" I told him as he would be the only person to take care of the baggage, I thought he would have to stay at the tent: all his animation instantly fled, and the young Buckeye commenced whimpering, and declared that though he had been willing to serve as batman, yet if he could not go out when the company was going to fight, he would rather "the lieutenant would get somebody else for a batman." He of course was

* GENERAL HARRISON.

permitted to go, and in the engagement with the Indians in the wood was shot through the thigh. Observing that he was wounded, I directed him to fall back and return to the fort; but he perseveringly insisted that his wound did not hurt him a bit, and that he could go as far as any of the company.

The next one I shall mention, was shot through the wrist, in the same sortie, after which I discovered him taking aim over his elbow, with his left hand hanging perfectly useless. I also directed him to go back to the fort, being wounded. His reply was, "No lieutenant, if my wrist is broke that's nothing; some of the men will load my gun, and I can shoot over my elbow."

The third and last of whom I shall speak, in returning to the fort from the woods, where he had been shot at by a party of Indians, took from his pocket a Bible, containing a rifle-ball, which had penetrated to the centre of its folds, and presenting it to me, exultingly exclaimed, "Look here, lieutenant! see, this good book, which my mother gave me, and which I always carried in my pocket, has saved my life." '

A letter was received from major James Galloway, who was complimented on this occasion, as one of the earliest pioneers of the West, which contained some interesting allusions to the history of the first settlement of Ohio.

Judge Goodenow also received a compliment to which he replied. General Findlay, whose services as a soldier are well known, was toasted, but for the first time in his life, was found to have retreated, in the heat of the engagement.

The last address which we find in this pamphlet is that of Nicholas Longworth, esq. who may be said to have been the most liberal contributor to this intellectual repast, inasmuch as he supplied the generous juice which induced so copious a flow of wit and eloquence. Editorially, we pretend not to any judgment in the matter of wines—but we claim the right to pronounce officially upon the wit which the glass inspires; and we must say that if our native wine is to be judged by its effects, we find ample evidence in this pamphlet of its exhilarating influence on the imagination. We doubt whether the best Madeira or Champaigne would have produced better humor or brighter wit. When Mr. Longworth's health was drank, he replied as follows:

My Young Friends:

You have early discovered one of the weaknesses of human nature, for we are all more highly gratified when complimented on some favorite hobby, than on points that might really be more worthy of commendation. I have for twenty years devoted much time and money to agriculture, horticulture, and the improvement of our fruits generally; but residing in the city, and having to depend upon hired hands, and being enabled, however great the hobby, to bestow on the business only a divided attention, it has been with great loss. Amusement not profit was my object. The former expectations were fully realized, and I was consoled for a failure in the latter, by better success in other employments, where amusement had little share. Your compliment is the more gratifying, for although I for years improved an extensive nursery of fruit and forest trees, in my whole collection I had four young Buckeyes only, and being more partial to the *female* plants, one only, by your rules, is entitled to admission to your celebration.

Of late years I have devoted much time and attention to the vine, and paid some attention to rearing the mulberry tree, with a view to the manufacture of silk. Impressed with a belief, that with us, the former must and will precede the latter, (for reasons too tedious here to enumerate) it has almost exclusively engrossed my attention. For years, I expended large sums in preparing ground, at an expense of six hundred dollars per acre, in the manner practised in some parts of Europe, and in procuring and cultivating on it, a great variety of foreign wine grapes. I have yet found no foreign grape, that will pay the expense of open culture, in our climate. Native vines, planted on ground with no other preparation than deep ploughing, have thus far succeeded better than those on steep side hills, where the ground was prepared with great expense. Those parts of my vineyards fully exposed to the north, have often ripened their fruit better, than those with a southern exposure. Some of the finest wines of France are made in a northern latitude and on hills fully exposed to the north.

Others are deterred from the cultivation of the vine, from an impression that great skill is necessary. The vine requires less science in its cultivation than the peach or apple tree; and the manufacture of wine is a more simple process than that of cider. Cleanliness and a careful exclusion of unripe and decayed fruit, are the great requisites. Wines may be improved after they are completed, by a mixture of the strong with the weak, the dry with the sweet, the flavorless with that possessing a high flavor; but this is the province of the wine merchant.

Again, it is said we cannot succeed with the manufacture of wine, because the addition of sugar is necessary to our grapes to give them the requisite sweetness. I have wine of my own manufacture, now six years old, the pure juice of the grape. But in all the wine countries, unless it be in those where light hard wines are made, sugar is added or its equivalent. In Madeira, Xeres, Oporto, various methods are resorted to. The grapes are suffered to hang till a bunch of raisins can be plucked—or a portion of the must is boiled down, till its fermenting quality is destroyed, and its sacharine, nearly doubled; or a portion of the unfermented must, is mixed with such a quantity of brandy, as to stop the process of fermentation, and these are added to the must or wine. After the wine is perfected, from five to twelve per cent. of brandy is added.

Even in the sunny clime of Italy, to enable their wine to keep without the addition of sugar, they boil the must, and the wine so made is called 'Vino Cotto.' In Germany and France, sugar is frequently added. But in all these cases, the fermentation is checked before its completion, and the leaven precipitated by sulphuring and frequent racking. From experience, I am perfectly satisfied that it is immaterial, whether the saccharine principle be in the grape, or added to the must in the form of sugar.

The reason so many have failed in the manufacture of domestic wine, is, that instead of making American wine, they have, by the process of manufacture, attempted to produce an imitation of popular foreign wines.

The Schuylkill, Muscadell or Cape Grape, the Isabella and Catawba, are the American grapes most in use for the manufacture of wine. The first, by age becomes a good wine. The second, will make a rich, sweet wine, by the process of manufacture necessary to accomplish this object, but it does not improve by age. From the Catawba, major Adlum makes a rich, sweet wine. The wine which I manufacture from this grape, is a light, dry wine, resembling those of the Rhine, and will successfully compete with many of them; but they are wines now for the first time coming in use among us, and command a high price.

I have two other native grapes under cultivation, from which I have yet made only a few quarts of wine, of great promise. They are also first-rate table grapes. The best wine of American manufacture that I have seen, resembling Madeira, is made by a French gentleman of great intelligence, in South Carolina, Mr. Heberment. He sent me a sample. It is made from a grape called the Warren or Heberment's Madeira. I obtained this grape from him four years since, and do not hesitate to pronounce it an American grape, common in North Carolina, and to be found as far west as Missouri. As a table grape, it is equal to many imported varieties.

In deciding how far the grape may be cultivated with us for profit, experience is better than theory. Nine years since, I bought thirty acres of very broken ground, four miles from the city, for which I paid three hundred dollars. There were about fifteen acres of cleared land, and about one-half tillable. On the place I put an el-

derly German with a small family. He was to plant and cultivate a vineyard, and have one-half the product. Every thing raised by him on the place was for his own use. He spoke no English; was not worth ten dollars; and possessed of no learning. The vineyard was neglected, and made a secondary object; whilst he supported his family by raising vegetables for market. At the end of seven years, his vineyard was less advanced than it should have been at the end of four years. The eighth year, a part of his vineyard produced one thousand seven hundred gallons of wine to the acre. This encouraged him: his garden was neglected; and his attention devoted to the vineyard. This season, 1833, his share of the wine will enable him to purchase from the government, five hundred acres of land; and he has already made a purchase for each of his children. He can cultivate the grape as his fathers have done before him, in Germany; but he can make no changes to suit the difference of our climate: and I would sooner depend upon a man of good common sense, who had no experience in its cultivation, than most of the German vinedressers. I name this, not in disparagement of a frugal, industrious part of our population, but to remove an impression, that foreigners only are competent to the cultivation.

WRITTEN AT ST. HELENA:

WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO BE OF VOLCANIC ORIGIN.

Look! is it not a narrow tomb
To hide that body, once the home
Of such a mind as his?
And yet, Napoleon,
Although no marble dome be reared,
Nor pyramid, above thy dust;
Although no cunning sculptor come
To shadow forth a nation's grief,
And a world's wonder—by his magic touch;
Thou hast a monument more vast
Than ever *human* hand hath made;
Thou hast a temple, will outlast
That, where old Egypts' king is laid;
For this is *all* thy tomb: the rock
Fashioned by th' Almighty hand
Amid the earthquake's reel and shock;
Mid fire and thunder, from the deep,
From the realms of endless night,
From the bosom of the ocean,
Lifted into upper light;
This, with its walls of solid rock,
Its sunny vale, its shrouded mountain,
Which laughs at time—all this is but
Thy sepulchre, Napoleon—
And would it be impiety
To dream that it was reared for thee,
Thou conqueror of man?

Why do we stand with awe
Beside thy dust, this hour?
Thy mandate is no longer law,
Nor hath thine arm the power
To seize upon the laurelled crown,
Or make the armed throne to crumble down,

As 'twere the emmet's tower.
Why do we gaze with reverence,
When the tornado melts away;
And while the ruffled water's play,
The sun, in beauty, builds on high
His arch of triumph in the sky?
Why—standing on the lava-plain,
Beneath whose now luxuriant bed
The silent cities of the dead
In their eternal sleep remain—
Why do we shrink, as though we heard
Again, the low and warning word,
And the half-smothered shriek of pain?

The storm—the fire—our Father's will,
Came but as agents to fulfil:
And even so didst thou—
Thyself wert nothing; but to thee 'twas given
To wield, for one short hour, the might of heaven;
And 'tis to *that*, and not to *thee*, we bow.

Men looked upon thee with a doubting eye,
When armies, at thy coming, fled away,
As the mists flee before the God of day.
But if *they* wondered, thou didst wonder more;
Knowing 'twas not thine arm that won the battle,
Nor thy right hand that smote the gathered foe—
There was a finger pointed thee the path;
There was a voice that whispered thee 'go on';
There was a might that laid the mountain low,
To build that path upon—
There was a robe that wrapped thee in its fold,
Its saving fold—on Lodi's trembling bridge:
There was a mind that made thee madly rush,
Scorning all counsel—to the realms of snow—
Yea! He was with thee, on the blood-red cloud,
When Moscow triumphed: he was on the wind,
When—with a broken sceptre, and a crown,
That the storm knew not—thou wert driven back,
Foiled of thy purpose—on the gory track
Thine onward march had trodden: he was there
Upon the dark, th' eventful day,
When winged victory fled away
Forever, from thy shattered car.
That still, small voice, amid the roll,
The shrieks—the shouts—the deafening roar—
Came, in a whisper, to thy soul,
And bade thee reign no more.
The mantle then was snatched away—
And the man, left alone,
Fled, like a coward, from the fray,
For shelter, to his throne.
But no: it was no longer thine;
But—by the architect divine,
Here, mid the rocking wave—
Restless as thine own soul—was built—
A temple suited to thy guilt—
At once a home, a throne, a prison, and a grave.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

GEOGRAPHIES—FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

The most amusing writers of the present day are the geographers. They tell the most improbable stories with a gravity which is quite diverting—or which would be diverting if we did not reflect on the consequences of such misrepresentation. Grave men will preach by the hour against novel-reading, and yet place in the hands of their children a school geography which is not half so true as a good novel. People rail about the pernicious effects of fiction upon the young mind, yet do not hesitate to nourish the young ideas of their own progeny upon the silly creations of Peter Parley—the boy's and girl's *great unknown*, who is nearly about as scrupulous in his statements as the celebrated Lemuel Gulliver. Our attention was drawn to this subject lately by seeing, in a work prepared for children, a plate representing captain Waterton, the English traveller, riding on the back of a tremendous cayman, holding the forelegs of the reptile, drawn over its back, in his hands by way of a bridle! Here a thing which is physically impossible, is communicated to the child as a fact. So gross an imposition upon the credulity of the young mind induced us to look farther—and we opened Peter Parley's Geography for children.

'I am now going to tell you my travels,' says Peter. 'I have been a great traveller,' says he, 'and have been in various parts of the world.' 'It is a delightful thing to travel about and see different places.' 'Every town and city presents something new and interesting.' 'But I recommend it to people not to travel about, till they can well afford it, and not to go away and neglect their proper business.' What an amiable and considerate gossip is our friend Peter! and what a pity he has forsaken his proper business, which we suppose to be that of flourishing the birch, and *gone away* to South America, to collect such snake stories as the following: 'In South America there are great serpents or snakes called Anacondas. Some of them are large enough to crush a house.' What sort of a house? a baby house, or a mansion of brick or stone? What a tremendous reptile this must be that can twist its gigantic body around an edifice of granite and crush it into atoms; an earthquake could do no more. 'I have been a great traveller,' says Peter. No doubt about that; he is probably the identical traveller alluded to by the statesman who said 'the schoolmaster is abroad.'

We felt tempted to peep into a few other books, prepared for children. The subject is one of no small importance. The young mind is inquisitive, and eager in the pursuit of knowledge. Its curiosity may be nourished and kept awake by wholesome and appropriate food, while it may be perverted and balked by misdirection or disappointment.

We have more than once spoken in terms of approbation of the improvements which have been made in books for children and young persons. It is to be apprehended however, that in the great multiplication of these books, and in the commercial spirit with which they are manufactured, there is danger of their becoming so superficial as to be useless, and even pernicious. We have lately looked into some of them, for the purpose of ascertaining how far this suspicion might be justified by fact, and we confess we were not a little surprised to find them full of the grossest errors. School-books, to be at all valuable, should be accurate. It is not so important that they

should contain a large amount of information, as that all that they do comprise should be correct. It is better to convey a little sound instruction, than a good deal that is erroneous. In the first instance, the child has received that to which he may afterwards add; in the latter his mind must be disabused by subsequent instruction; and there is great danger that the discovery of having been deceived, may induce a disgust for learning, which will prevent any further progress, or at least inspire a pernicious habit of scepticism.

We think the subject sufficiently important to induce us to present a few examples of the carelessness with which such books are now constructed, in the hope that these faults may be corrected, and that the attention of those who are interested in the purity of this branch of literature may be called to the subject.

We shall take as our first example, the very first sentence in the 'Malte Brun School Geography,' which runs thus:

'A town consists of *lands*, houses, public buildings, *roads*, and inhabitants. The lands belong to different people, and are used for building houses upon, for raising *grain*, *grass*, and *vegetables*, and for feeding horses, cattle, and sheep.'

This description might be properly applied to *a town* in New England, but is entirely inappropriate when used in a geography of the world, because, except in New England, the word *town* does not embrace *lands for raising grain, etc.* What is elsewhere called a township, is in New England a town, but this geographer uses the word in the same sense in its application to towns generally. A little further on we are told that a 'city is a large town'—of course a city contains also *lands for raising grain, etc.*, because the only difference pointed out refers to size. We pass over the inaccuracy of saying 'grain, grass, *and vegetables*,' as if grain and grass were *not* vegetables, and proceed to another statement. At page twelve, we are told that 'latitude is reckoned north and south from the equator,' but 'longitude is reckoned east and west from Greenwich.' Here the child is deceived into the belief, that longitude is reckoned from Greenwich, as invariably as latitude from the equator, when in truth, the one point is fixed, and the other arbitrary; latitude is always measured from the equator, longitude is not always measured from Greenwich.

At page seventy-four we are told, 'the territories of the United States, are under the care and direction of the general government. A governor is appointed by the president, who superintends the affairs of the territory over which he is placed.' This is true—but how will the reader be surprised to hear that there are *six* territories, viz: Michigan, Northwest, Arkansas, Missouri, Florida, and Oregon. Is there a governor of Oregon? or of the Missouri, or Northwest territories? Where is the Missouri territory—or the Northwest territory? What district of country is comprised in Oregon territory, and who is governor? If these questions were inserted in the book, it would puzzle the teachers to answer them, and the boys might thank their stars that flogging had gone out of fashion. We are told moreover that 'there is an American settlement on the Columbia, 18 miles from its mouth, called Astoria,' and 'the engraving exhibits some of the inhabitants looking with anxiety at a vessel upon the waters of the Pacific ocean, and endeavoring to hail her, in hope of obtaining news from their friends living in the Atlantic states.' How edifying to the children must this picture be in which the people of Astoria, 18 *miles from the ocean*, are endeavoring to hail a vessel *sailing on the Pacific*—and how disappointed the little folks will be to learn that it is all a hoax, inasmuch as there has not been an American settlement on the Colombia river for the last twenty years. There is a British settlement there.

The author is very particular in explaining the meaning of the pictures, which might not otherwise be very obvious. One of them we are told, 'represents a flat-boat, or what is called *an ark*, loaded with live stock and produce'—on its way to New Orleans; and on inspecting it we see a curious affair, resembling a '*stray pen*,' with a bear, a buffalo, an elk, and some other animal, perched on the top, sailing comfortably to New Orleans to be disposed of as *live stock*. The questions and answers in the school where this book is studied, would be about as follows: What are *live stock?* Ans. Bears, Buffaloes, and Elk. How do the western people dispose of them? Ans. Take them to New Orleans and sell them. Do they take them there alive? Ans. Yes, sir. In the same picture is seen a steam boat with a suit of sails, and a chimney on the stern. This is teaching the young idea to shoot; but we should call it bad shooting, in this country.

There are numberless such errors in this book. We lay it aside and take up another—'Adams' Geography.' Here we are again informed that the United States is divided into twenty-four states, one district, and *six territories*.' We turn to the western states, where we find (p 158) that the Buffaloes are 'very domestic and harmless'—harmless they may be, but that they are *very domestic* is a new idea. The description of the soil of Kentucky is as follows: 'In the valleys the soil is thin and of an inferior quality, but on the swells it is sufficiently deep, and of abundant fertility. The inhabitants distinguish its quality, by first, second, and third rates. Lands of the first quality will not bear wheat, nor the second to advantage, etc.' The edifying inference which the schoolboy draws from this statement, is, that in Kentucky wheat will not grow on the *rich uplands*, but only on the *poor low lands*. He is moreover informed that 'Lexington is much the largest town in the state,' and that 'Louisville bids fair to become a large manufacturing town.' (p. 162.) At page 167, it is stated that 'the Kaskaskia is a very dead stream, and, except at low water, is navigated by steam boats several hundreds of miles.' It happens not to be navigated at all by steam boats except, occasionally, for about *eight* miles.

The most remarkable fact is one relating to Missouri, at page 168, namely, 'the land near the river is rich, producing maize, hemp, tobacco, *cattle* and *swine*, in plenty.' The *land* that produces *cattle and swine* in plenty, must be very rich indeed, and we only regret that the author did not proceed to point out the mode of cultivation pursued in relation to this valuable crop. We hope that he will add, in his next edition, the remarkable fact mentioned by the author of 'Westward Ho,' that an iron crow-bar, struck into the soil of Kentucky, will sprout and bear nail-rods.

In 'Arkansaw,' (p. 170) 'on the rivers the soil is abundantly rich and fertile; back from the rivers it is poor for two or three hundred miles, when it becomes good.' This territory is bounded by the Mississippi on one side, and intersected by White river, Red river, St. Francis, Washita and Arkansas rivers. So that no part of it is two or three hundred, or even *one* hundred miles *back from the rivers*. '*Arkopolis*, three hundred miles above the Mississippi, on the Arkansas, is the seat of government.'

We pass over to the West Indies. 'Sugar produced from sugar cane,' says our authority, at page 181, 'is the capital article of exportation from these islands, to which molasses and rum are appendages'—appendages to what? to these *islands*, or to sugar? What is an appendage to an article of exportation?

In describing the continent of South America, the author after giving a list of its rivers, proceeds as follows: 'The whole interior of South America, comprising all the countries watered by these noble and majestic rivers, is an immense plain, of which many extensive districts are annually inundated by their redundant waters.' p 187. What an immense plain that must be—comprising *the whole* interior of South America, and *all the countries*, watered by these noble rivers! We should suppose that the Andes, which are said to attain an altitude of a little over twenty-one thousand feet and to extend to a length of five hundred miles through the said interior, would interfere a little with the even tenor of this regular surface.

But we throw this book aside, and take up another—'A Book for Massachusetts Children, in familiar letters from a Father.' This writer begins in this affectionate strain—'I have long thought, that the children in Massachusetts ought to be the best children in the world, because they live in this good land, and have so many advantages.' Among the advantages is embraced that of having such accurate books to read, which is no doubt a very proper matter for congratulation. What happy children are they, for whom such remarkably valuable information as the following is prepared:

'I suppose you would be glad to know where the water in the rivers comes from. When it rains, the waters run down the hills and mountains, and make little brooks. Very often these little brooks run into hollow places between hills, and make ponds. There are a great many ponds in Massachusetts, but none very large. When a pond gets full, the water runs over and makes a brook or river. Sometimes a great many brooks run together and make a river.'

Now is not that a cunning way of making rivers—all out of rain water? But it is not smarter than the author's notions about trees. 'Trees become smaller and smaller as you go up a mountain, because the air becomes colder and colder.' The worthy old gentleman forgot here that some of the largest trees grew in cold climates, and that trees may become smaller and smaller, because the soil becomes poorer and poorer.

We find occasionally such contradictions as the following, 'Nantucket is a country *of itself*.' p. 29. 'Nantucket county, is made up of Nantucket island, and several small islands near it.' p. 9. We cannot determine whether this county embraces *several* islands, or only *one;* yet the book is published at Boston for the use of Massachusetts children.

At p. 28, the author very kindly instructs his young readers, that the 'people who live on Cape Cod, are a very honest good sort of people'—as if the fact had been doubted; yet he omits to make a similar statement in relation to the people of any other part of Massachusetts, leaving the reader to infer, either that the folks on Cape Cod are *particularly* honest, or else that he is unwilling to risk his reputation by giving a certificate of good character to any others.

'The walnut tree,' says this writer at p. 44, 'bears also a very good nut. The wood of this tree is the very best kind for fuel, and for many purposes is a valuable timber. It is used for ax handles; and being very tough, it is easily bent into bows and hoops.' The wood of the walnut *burns very badly*, and is *not* used for ax handles or bows. The writer mistakes it for the hickory.

This writer says 'Massachusetts has *three* capes'—Cape Ann, Cape Cod, and Cape Malabar. Adams says there are *six*, and adds to those above named, Sandy Point, Gay Head, and Cape Poge. Which is the young student to believe—both books being published at Boston? If he turns to Goodrich's Malte Brun, to solve the

difficulty, and refers to the title Massachusetts, he will not find *any capes* described; and instead of inquiring whether there are *three* or *six*, he begins to doubt whether there is *one*. Should he resort to Worcester, he would find, not the exact number, but evidence from which it is strongly to be inferred, that there are *two* capes in Massachusetts. Yet all these are Boston books.

A serious objection to all these books is vagueness of language. This is particularly evident in their mode of treating of the products of the different states of this union. If the reader consults several of these works, for information upon this topic, he will find that the writers sometimes use the word *product*, sometimes *staple*, and at other times *export*, and that these terms are used either convertibly, or in opposition, as it happens. In the *Malte Brun* Geography, in treating of Ohio, it is said, '*the staple production* is wheat. The *principal exports* are flour, pork, and tobacco.' In other places flour and pork are called staples.

If we refer to the accounts of foreign countries, we shall find that these writers do not always agree with each other. Turn for instance to the title *Prussia*, under the head *soil*.

Smiley says it has a '*fertile soil.*'

Worcester asserts the soil to be, '*by no means very fertile.*'

Adams testifies that it 'varies between the two extremes of barrenness and fertility.'

Turn to England, about which we should suppose there could be no difference of opinion:

The Malte Brun teaches, 'the soil is *generally good.*'

Olney is much more decided—'the soil is *extremely fertile.*'

Adams is a non-committal—'of soil, there is *every variety.*'

These remarks might be extended. But we have said enough to call attention to the subject, and we hope that those who are entrusted with the education of youth will take the matter up.

NARRATIVE OF VOYAGES to explore the shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar; performed in H. M. ships, Leven and Barracouta, under the direction of captain W. F. W. Owen, R. N. New York: J. & J. Harper. 1833.

The fate of Africa has been remarkable. While other portions of the globe have advanced in civilization, it has been her singular destiny to lose that degree of refinement which she once possessed, and to sink back into utter barbarism. There was a time when the light of knowledge seems to have shone upon Africa alone. While Europe was buried in hopeless ignorance, Egypt had refinement and science; and the classical scholar is now better acquainted with the history of Numidia and Carthage, than with the early annals of some of the most prominent European and Asiatic nations. Herodotus extended his researches and historical descriptions into this quarter of the globe, and Alexander penetrated into it, in search of the temple of his supposed ancestor, Jupiter Ammon. Some of the most distinguished Roman generals, reaped their greenest laurels in the conquest of African provinces; and these states formed a fair portion of the Roman empire. The Moors overrun Spain, and were at that time a more polished people than the Spanish whom they conquered. Yet Africa is now

covered with one thick cloud. Untaught savages are found upon the scene of Numidian and Mauritanian greatness; and the country which still exhibits the remains of Phœnician, Grecian, and Roman works, and the gorgeous ruins of Saracenic magnificence, is almost totally destitute of the faintest traces of civilization.

It is remarked as one of the curious phenomena in history, when that light which usually acquires brilliancy by time, is seen to diminish. But there was a dark age in Europe, and dark ages have fallen upon Asia and Africa. Europe awoke from her lethargy, and shall not Africa awake, when similar causes shall be brought to act upon her latent energies?

A singular fatality seems to have attended all the attempts to explore the interior of that country. Traveller after traveller has essayed the dangerous enterprise, and has either perished in the rash adventure, or returned baffled and discouraged. The British have formed an extensive colony at the Cape of Good Hope, the Portuguese have trading ports at various points upon the African coast, and the French have recently taken possession of Algiers; but none of these nations have penetrated far into the interior, nor have they introduced civilization, or the christian religion, among the natives. On the contrary, the same wicked system of oppression, by which white men have everywhere earned the detestation of the black and copper-colored races, is found to prevail. We were peculiarly struck with the disgraceful fact announced in the following passage of the book before us:

'The system of warfare pursued on the eastern frontier appeared to have for its object the extermination of the native Kaffers from our settlements, so that passing over our boundary was universally punished by death or captivity. As the peculiar habits of this race rendered them at all times most unprofitable and dangerous prisoners, very few were subjected to the latter misfortune.' vol. 1. p. 46.

The time alluded to in this extract was the year 1823, and it is here avowed by a captain in the British navy, that a system of *extermination* is pursued by the colonial authorities at the Cape, so unsparing in its character, that a native who passes over their boundary is *universally* punished with captivity or *death*—but most usually with *the latter*. We confess, that to us this intelligence was news. We had hoped that a better spirit was beginning to prevail, and that in the colonies of all civilized nations, a more tolerant and humane policy towards their savage neighbors had been adopted. As a general fact such is certainly the case. Public sentiment is vastly more humane than it was fifty years ago; and wars are not now justified upon the same frivolous excuses which then sanctioned them. Nor do we find any reason afforded in the volume before us, for the wholesale butchery of the Kaffers—or as they have heretofore been called the Caffres—described by the author. On the contrary he describes them as a people possessing generous traits of character, and on whom kind treatment would be likely to produce beneficial results. Seven of them, who were captives, were placed on board captain Owen's ship. He says, 'they were handsome, strong, tall negroes, with habitual freedom strongly marked in their gait and features.' They were well treated, and became '*excellent, trustworthy men.*'

The voyages of captain Owen were made under the direction of the British Admiralty, for the purpose of surveying the southeastern coast of Africa, which has been partially explored, and is but little known. The purpose is one entitled to high praise; and while we have more than once condemned that class of British travellers, who write for the mercenary object of gaining profit, by administering to the national an-

tipathies, or the vanity of their countrymen, we shall always be found ready to give due honor to that nation for its munificent expenditures in extending the bounds of knowledge by means of exploring expeditions. That of captain Owen is one of very considerable interest. It is less so than it might have been, from the fact that its author is not very deeply imbued with the principle of philanthropy, nor extensively skilled in the sciences. The observations which are detailed relate chiefly to the navigation of the coast, with such facts in reference to the climate, productions and character of the natives, as were presented to the cursory observation of those who did not make them objects of special study. The incidents of the voyage and the personal adventures of the author and his companions, are given more in detail than would seem proper in the history of a voyage of discovery, the main objects of which are of a scientific nature; and there is an occasional vein of boasting, with now and then an effusion of sentimentality which might have been spared. But we are not certain that these are not, after all, the best kind of books; truth is often elicited in its greatest purity from the artless narratives of those who mingle harmless gossip with plain matter of fact, who have not enough of imagination to invent incidents, nor are sufficiently imbued with science to feel any interest in distorting truth in order to support a favorite theory.

An Introductory Discourse delivered before the Mechanics' Institute and Chillicothe Lyceum, on the first of November, 1833, by Benjamin G. Leonard, President of the institute.

The evidences of the spread of knowledge in the West, and the development of new resources in the noble field of mental cultivation, are accumulating daily. Every one of the western states have afforded indications that the lovers of knowledge are not asleep at their posts; and we are glad of it, for if ever there was a time in the history of our country, when the patriot might clearly behold the true interest of his country, written in characters of blazing light, it is now—now, when distress is pervading the whole land, when the angry passions are awake, when the best minds in the nation are filled with doubt, must the institutions of our country be sustained solely by the intelligence of the people. Our faith in that foundation has never been shaken for a moment; we believe the people to be intelligent, and virtuous, and that whenever they take time to think and act deliberately, they will come to right conclusions. In prosperous times the people allow the politicians to work the ship; but storms will arise when all hands must be called to duty: a crisis will occasionally arise in every government when politicians run mad, when the lust for office becomes a *mania*, and when the people must *think* of their *own* interests for themselves, and *act* for the public good and common safety. It is now that we learn the inestimable value of those pacific institutions which discipline the heart, and cultivate the intellect. What would become of our country, if it was not for its religion, its literature, its schools—for that system of national education which, defective as it is, is interwoven with the fabric of society, and which disseminates information, inculcates good principles, and promotes industry? How happy are we at this time, surrounded as we are by the pollutions of the political press, in having some pure streams flowing from fountains

which are not poisoned by selfinterest, and which quietly but steadily pervade the whole land, producing every where the fruits of peaceable industry, and manly thought. Such have always been, and always will be, the fruits of education, of sound literature, and rational religion. Men who *think*, seldom do wrong. It is idleness and ignorance that foster the bad passions, and engender the desperation of party spirit—that despicable spirit long since pronounced to be 'the madness of many for the benefit of a few.' If our country shall be saved from the feuds of her politicians, the people will be the agents, and they may thank that Providence which gave them thinking faculties, removed from around them the shackles of ignorance, and lighted up the pure fires of knowledge, and the purer flame of religion.

We belong to no party; we are advocating no political sect, and denouncing none, when we say that the school, the press, and the pulpit, are the great safeguards of our liberty, rather than the constitution, the law, or the ballot-box—for the operations of the latter are but emanations of that intellect which the former must direct. It is a fit time now to recur to such reflections. There is enough of danger and gloom around us, to cause good men to ponder on the causes of popular error and misrule; and if any other remedy than national morality and popular intelligence can be pointed out, we shall be glad to hear of it. In the meanwhile we hope to see the friends of knowledge and peace persevere—to see new vigor imparted to the system of popular instruction, a new impulse given to the cause of good morals, and a decided recognition of the necessity of virtuous effort on the part of the religious and patriotic. Especially do we hope, that the pecuniary embarrassments of the day, will not be allowed to cripple those institutions which are so fundamental, so indispensable—our schools, colleges, lyceums, mechanics' institutes, and benevolent societies. Let not the pressure of our own difficulties render us callous to the best interest of the rising generation. Whatever may happen to *us*, let us educate *them*.

We thank our friend at Chillicothe who has transmitted to us the valuable pamphlet whose title we have placed at the head of this article. It is full of valuable information and of sound thought. The author traces the discoveries and improvements in the useful arts, from early times down to the present age, and shows their connexion with civilization and with the stability of government. Such discussions are salutary and refreshing, and we hope that others, as capable as the author of this excellent discourse, may be induced to exert their talents in the same manner for the public good.

The String of Pearls. By the author of 'Darnley,' etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1833.

The appetite for novelty has produced many imitations of the oriental fictions, but we do not know of one, unless it be the successful tale of the Hadgi Baba, which has not been a failure. The String of Pearls is one of the best attempts of this kind. The author has carefully studied the lore of the east, and draws his scenes with fidelity. The book may be recommended as one which will afford an agreeable and innocent recreation for a leisure hour.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS

Taken at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the month of JANUARY, 1834; *by* D. LAPHAM, *Civil Engineer.*

The thermometer hangs under a roof, sheltered from the direct influence of the sun and winds; in latitude 39° 6′ N.; longitude 84° 22′ W.; and at an elevation of 554 feet* above the ocean. Times of observation, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and at 1 and at 9 P. M. Fahrenheit's scale.

DATE. January, 1834.	Thermometer. V.	Thermometer. I.	Thermometer. IX.	Mean of each day.	Course of the Wind. A.M.–P.M.	Character of the Weather.	Character of the Wind.	Miscellaneous Remarks.
Wed. 1	23.50	37.00	31.00	31.54	N W–N W	Fair.	lt. bre.	Rain at 9 P. M.
Thu. ◐ 2	29.75	21.50	14.00	17.21	N E–N E	cloudy.	str. bre.	slight flurries snow.
Fri. 3	2.50	13.25	11.25	9.12	N E–N E	fair.	lt. bre.	
Sat. 4	3.25	12.50	13.00	10.71	N E–N E	vari.	str. bre.	fair, A.M. cl'dy, P.M.
Sun. 5	10.00	17.00	15.00	14.33	N E–N E	vari.	lt. bre.	fair; cl'dy at night.
Mon. 6	12.00	14.50	13.00	14.50	N E–N E	cloudy.	lt. bre.	some snow, cl. at nt.
Tue. 7	20.00	31.00	34.00	29.04	N E–S	cloudy.	str. wd.	variable P. M. wind.
Wed. 8	24.25	31.25	20.00	23·46	N W–N W	vari.	lt. bre.	mostly clear.
Thu. ● 9	14.00	38.50	34.00	32.16	N W–S	vari.	lt. bre.	fair-morn.cl'dy P.M.
Fri. 10	34.00	36.25	35.25	35.16	S E–S E	rainy.	lt. bre.	snow nt. misty P. M.
Sat. 11	34.00	38.00	37.75	38.58	S E–S E	cloudy.	lt. bre.	foggy morn rn. at nt.
Sun. 12	46.00	44.00	24.00	33.16	S E–S W	vari.	lt. bre.	much rain in night.
Mon. 13	17.00	28.00	25.00	23.21	W–W	fair.	str. bre.	
Tue. 14	16.25	32.00	26.00	25.21	W–W	fair.	str. bre.	river 40 ft. above white frost,
Wed. 15	19.00	39.00	30.25	30.41	W–W	fair.	lt. bre.	white frost,
Thu. 16	25.00	45.75	42.00	41.75	W–S W	vari.	lt. bre.	white frost, l.w.m.
Fri. 17	50.00	53.00	55.00	52.00	S–S	rainy.	lt. bre.	well water, 54. 75°
Sat. ◑ 18	46.00	54.00	44.00	47.66	W–S W	vari.	lt. bre.	foggy A.M. cl'dy P.M.
Sun. 19	44.00	49.00	40.00	41.83	W–W	rainy.	lt. bre.	rain in the night.
Mon. 20	29.00	27.75	20.50	23.75	N W–N W	cloudy.	str. wd.	well water, 54.75°
Tue. 21	17.00	25.00	18.00	18.21	N W–N W	fair.	lt. bre.	snow 9 inches deep.
Wed. 22	6.25	24.50	10.00	13.37	N W–N W	fair.	lt. bre.	a vapor at sun rise congealed in air.
Thu. 23	5.00	22.00	23.75	19.79	N W–N W	vari.	lt. bre.	cloudy. riv. 49 ft. h.
Fri. 24	22.25	32.25	19.00	24.79	N W–N W	fair.	lt. bre.	cloudy. riv. 49 ft. h.
Sat. ○ 25	24.00	30.00	36.00	28.33	N W–S	snow.	lt. bre.	snow A.M. rain P. M.
Sun. 26	14.00	20.25	16.00	15.91	W–W	fair.	str. wd.	high wind at night.
Mon. 27	9.00	18.25	16.00	14.41	W–W	fair.	str. bre.	
Tue. 28	9.00	30.00	16.00	15.21	W–W	cloudy.	lt. bre.	well water, 55.50°
Wed. 29	10.25	31.00	27.00	24.75	W–W	fair.	lt. bre.	
Thu. 30	22.25	31.75	31.00	29.71	S–S	cloudy.	lt. bre.	foggy all day.
Fri. ◐ 31	30.50	37.75	35.50	34.66	S–S	vari.	lt. bre.	well water, 55.50°
Means	21.40	30.62	26.00	26.25	mean temperature of the month.			

Mean temperature for the month 26° 25; Maximum 55°, on the 17th, at 9 o'clock, P. M. Minimum 2.50° above, on the third at 5 o'clock, A. M. Range of the thermometer 52.50°. Mean temperature of well water at the court-house, for the month, from four observations, 55.125°. This month has been remarkable for numerous sudden changes of temperature.

*This height is deduced accurately from the levels of the New York and Ohio Canals.

Fair days 11—cloudy 7—variable 9—rain 3—snow 1. Prevailing fair and variable.

Wind N. W. 8 days—N. E. 5 1-2 days—S. E. 2 1-2 days—S. 4 1-2 days—S. W. 1 1-2 day—W. 9 days. Prevailing wind, W. and N. W.

The mean of the observations at 5 o'clock, A. M. for the whole month, is 21.40°; at 1 o'clock, it is 30.62°; the mean of these two numbers differs but .01 of a degree from the mean at 9 o'clock, P. M.

Note.—It will be observed that the hours of observation are so arranged as to divide the day into three equal parts of eight hours each, and in order to obtain the mean of each day, we must make use of four observations, that is, we must go from 5 o'clock, to 5 o'clock, inclusive. Therefore to obtain the mean of any day, write down successively the observations at 5 o'clock, at 1 and 9, and at 5 o'clock the succeeding day. Then, *from twice the sum of these observations deduct the first and last; divide the remainder by twice the number of observations less two*, the quotient is the mean for that day.

To obtain the mean for the month, divide the sum of the daily means by the number.

Dissenters from the Established Church in England.—Though this large and respectable class of the population of England, have within a few years past, been relieved by parliament from many of the grievances laid upon them in the dark ages of church history, others still remain, for the repeal of which petitions have recently been presented, amongst which are the following:

First—Compulsory conformity to the rites of the Episcopal Church for the celebration of Matrimony.

Second—The exaction of church rates, and other ecclesiastical demands.

Third—Liability of their houses of worship to poor-rates.

Fourth—The denial of the right of burial by their own ministers in Parochial church-yards.

Fifth—Virtual exclusion from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, for the education of their sons, and the want of a charter to the London University.

Sixth—The want of a legal registration of births and deaths of dissenters.

It is confidently expected by those who dissent from the establishment, that relief from a portion of these grievances will be obtained during the present session of parliament, viz: those which relate to taxing their places of worship, parochial registration, and the privilege of being married by their own ministers agreeably to their own forms; and no exertions for a repeal of the remainder will be spared until their prayer is granted.

It is understood also, from the same source of intelligence, that parliament will not have time, at the present session, to enter upon the contemplated important bill for the reform of the church of England.

THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1834.

THE PRIZE TALE.

A NEW ENGLAND SKETCH.

BY MISS HARRIET E. BEECHER.

And so—I am to write a story—but of what and where? Shall it be radiant with the sky of Italy, or eloquent with the beau ideal of Greece? Shall it breathe odor and languor from the orient; or chivalry from the occident? or gaiety from France; or vigor from England? No—no—these are all too old—too story-like—too obviously picturesque for me. No—let me turn to my own land—my own New England—the land of bright fires and strong hearts: the land of *deeds* and not of words: the land of fruits and not of flowers—the land often spoken against, yet always respected—'the latchet of whose shoes, the nations of the earth are not worthy to unloose.'

Now, from this very heroic apostrophe, you may suppose that I have something very heroic to tell. By no means. It is merely a little introductory breeze of patriotism, such as occasionally brushes over every mind, bearing on its wings the remembrance of all we ever loved or cherished, in the land of our early years; and if it should seem to be rhodomontade to any people on this side of the mountains, let them only imagine it to be said about 'Old Kentuck,' or any other corner of the world in which they happened to be born, and they will find it quite rational, and to the point.

But as touching our story, it is time to begin. Did you ever see the little village of Newbury, in Connecticut? I dare say

you never did; for it was just one of those out-of-the-way places where nobody ever came, unless they came on purpose—a green little hollow—wedged like a bird's nest between half a dozen high hills, that kept off the wind and kept out foreigners; so that the little place was as straitly 'sui generis' as if there were not another in the world. The inhabitants were all of that respectable old standfast family who make it a point to be born, bred, married, die, and be buried, all in the self same spot. There were just so many houses, and just so many people lived in them; and nobody ever seemed to be sick or to die either—at least, while I was there. The natives grew old, till they could not grow any older, and then they stood still, and *lasted* from generation to generation. There was, too, an unchangeability about all the externals of Newbury. Here was a red house, and there was a brown house, and across the way was a yellow house; and there was a straggling rail fence or a tribe of mullen stalks between. The parson lived here, and squire Moses lived there, and deacon Hart lived under the hill, and Messrs. Nadab and Abihu Peters lived by the cross-road, and the old 'widder' Smith lived by the meeting-house, and Ebenezar Camp, kept a shoemaker's shop on one side, and Patience Mosely kept a milliner's shop in front; and there was old Comfort Scran who kept store for the whole town, and sold ax-heads, brass thimbles, liquorice ball, fancy handkerchiefs, and every thing else you can think of. Here too, was the general post-office, where you might see letters marvellously folded, directed wrong side upward, stamped with a thimble, and superscribed to some of the Dollys, or Pollys, or Peters, or Moseses, aforenamed, or not named. For the rest, as to manners, morals, arts and sciences, the people in Newbury always went to their parties at three o'clock in the afternoon, and came home before dark, always stopped all work the minute the sun was down on Saturday night, always went to meeting on Sunday, had a school-house with all the ordinary inconveniences, were in neighborly charity with each other, read their bibles, feared their God, and were content with such things as they had—the best philosophy, after all. Such was the place into which master James Benton made an eruption in the year eighteen hundred and no matter what. Now this James is to be our hero; and he is just the hero for a sensation; at least so you would have thought, if you had been in Newbury the week after his arrival. Master James was one of those whole-hearted energetic yankees, who rise in the world as naturally as cork does in the water. He possessed a great share of that characteristic national trait, so happily denominated '*cuteness*,' which signifies an ability to do

every thing without trying, and to know every thing without learning, and to make more use of one's *ignorance* than other people do of their knowledge. This quality in James was mingled with an elasticity of animal spirits, a buoyant cheerfulness of mind, which though found in the New England character, perhaps as often as any where else, is not ordinarily regarded as one of its distinguishing traits.

As to the personal appearance of our hero, we have not much to say of it—not half so much as the girls in Newbury found it necessary to remark, the first Sabbath that he shone out in the meeting-house. There was a saucy frankness of countenance, a knowing roguery of eye, a joviality and prankishness of demeanor, that was wonderfully captivating, especially to the ladies.

It is true that Master James had an uncommonly comfortable opinion of himself, a full faith that there was nothing in creation, that he could not learn, and could not do; and this faith was maintained with an abounding and triumphant joyfulness, that fairly carried your sympathies along with him, and made you feel quite as much delighted with his qualifications and prospects, as he felt himself. There are two kinds of self-sufficiency—one is amusing, and the other is provoking. His was the amusing kind. It seemed in truth to be only the buoyancy and overflow of a vivacious mind, delighted with every thing that is delightful, in himself or others. He was always ready to magnify his own praise, but quite as ready to exalt his neighbor, if the channel of discourse ran that way: his own perfections being more completely within his knowledge, he rejoiced in them more constantly; but if those of any one else came within the same range, he was quite as much astonished and edified as if they had been his own.

Master James, at the time of his transit to the town of Newbury, was only eighteen years of age; so that it was difficult to say which predominated in him most—the boy, or the man. The belief that he could, and the determination that he would, be something in the world, had caused him to abandon his home, and with all his worldly effects tied in a blue cotton pocket handkerchief, to proceed to seek his fortune in Newbury. And never did stranger in yankee village rise to promotion with more unparalleled rapidity, or boast a greater plurality of employment. He figured as schoolmaster all the week, and as chorister on Sundays, and taught singing and reading in the evenings, besides studying Latin and Greek—nobody knew when—with the minister; thus fitting for college, while he seemed to be doing every thing else in the world, besides.

James understood every art and craft of popularity, and made himself mightily at home in all the chimney corners of the region round about; knew the geography of every body's cider-barrel and apple-bin—helping himself and every one else, therefrom, with all bountifulness—rejoicing in the good things of this life, devouring the old ladies dough-nuts and pumpkin-pies, with most flattering appetite, and appearing equally to relish every body and thing that came in his way.

The degree and versatility of his acquirements was truly wonderful. He knew all about arithmetic and history; and all about catching squirrels and planting corn; made poetry, and hoe-handles, with equal celerity; wound yarn and took out grease spots for old ladies, and made nosegays and nicknacks for young ones; caught trout Saturday afternoons and discussed doctrines on Sundays, with equal adroitness and effect. In short Mr. James moved on through the place

'Victorious,
Happy and glorious,'

welcomed and privileged by every body in every place; and when he had told his last ghost story, and fairly flourished himself out of doors, at the close of a long winter's evening, you might see the hard face of the good man of the house still phosphorescent with his departing radiance, and hear him exclaim in a paroxysm of admiration, that 'Jemeses' talk re'ely did beat all—that he was sartinly most a miraculous cre'tur!'

It was wonderfully contrary to the buoyant activity of Master James' mind, to keep a school. He had, moreover, so much of the boy and the rogue in his composition, that he could not be strict with the iniquities of the curly pates, under his charge; and when he saw how determinately every little heart was boiling over with mischief and motion, he felt in his soul more disposed to join in and help them to a regular frolic, than to lay justice to the line, as was meet. This would have made a sad case, had it not been that the activity of the master's mind communicated itself to his charge, just as the reaction of one brisk little spring, will fill a manufactory with motion; so that there was more of an impulse towards study in the golden goodnatured day of James Benton, than in the time of all that went before or came after him.

But when 'school was out,' James' spirits foamed over as naturally as a tumbler of soda-water, and he could jump over benches, and burst out of doors, with as much rapture as the veriest little elf in his company. Then you might have seen him stepping homeward, with a most felicitous expression of

countenance, occasionally reaching his hand through the fence for a bunch of currants, or over it after a sunflower, or bursting into some back yard to help an old lady empty her wash tub, or stopping to pay his devoirs to aunt this, or mistress that—for James well knew the importance of the 'powers that be,' and always kept the sunny side of the old ladies.

We shall not answer for James' general flirtations, which were sundry and manifold; for he had just the kindly heart that fell in love with every thing in feminine shape that came in his way, and if he had not been blessed with an equal faculty for falling out again, we do not know what ever would have become of him. But at length he came into an abiding captivity, and it is quite time that he should; for having devoted thus much space to the illustration of our hero, it is fit we should do something in behalf of our heroine; and therefore we must beg the reader's attention while we draw a diagram or two, that will assist him in gaining a right idea of her.

Do you see yonder brown house, with its broad roof sloping almost to the ground on one side, and a great unsupported sunbonnet of a piazza shooting out, over the front door? You must often have noticed it; you have seen its tall well-sweep, relieved against the clear evening sky, or observed the feather beds and bolsters, lounging out of its chamber windows, on a still summer morning; you recollect its gate, that swung with a chain and a great stone; its pantry window, latticed with little brown slabs, and looking out upon a forest of bean-poles. You remember the zephyrs that used to play among its pea-brush, and shake the long tassels of its corn patch, and how vainly any zephyr might essay to perform similar flirtations with the considerate cabbages, that were solemnly vegetating, near by. Then there was the whole neighborhood of purple-leaved beets, and feathery carrots and parsnips; there were the billows of gooseberry bushes rolled up by the fence, interspersed with rows of quince trees, and far off in one corner, was one little patch penuriously devoted to ornament, which flamed with marigolds, poppies, snappers, and four-o'clocks. Then there was a little box by itself with one rose geranium in it, which seemed to look around the garden as much like a stranger as a French dancing-master in a yankee meeting-house.

That is the dwelling of uncle Timothy Griswold. Uncle Tim, as he was commonly called, had a character that a painter would sketch for its lights and contrasts, rather than its symetry. He was a chesnut burr, abounding with briers without, and with substantial goodness within. He had the strong-grained practical sense, the calculating worldly wisdom, of his

class of people in New England; he had too a kindly heart, but the whole strata of his character was crossed by a vein of surly petulance, that half way between joke and earnest, colored every thing that he said and did.

If you asked a favor of uncle Tim, he generally kept you arguing half an hour, to prove that you really needed it, and to tell you that he could not all the while be troubled with helping one body or another, all which time you might observe him regularly making his preparations to grant your request, and see by an odd glimmer of his eye, that he was preparing to let you hear the 'conclusion of the whole matter,' which was 'well—well—I guess—I'll go on the *hull*—I 'spose I must at least'—so off he would go and work while the day lasted, and then wind up with a farewell exhortation 'not to be a' callin' on your neighbors when you could get along without.' If any of uncle Tim's neighbors were in any trouble, he was always at hand to tell them 'that they should'nt a' done so,' that 'it was strange they could'nt had more sense,' and then to close his exhortations by laboring more diligently than any, to bring them out of their difficulties, groaning in spirit meanwhile that folks would make people so much trouble.

'Uncle Tim, father wants to know if you will lend him your hoe to-day?' says a little boy, making his way across a corn field.

'Why dont your father use his own hoe?'

'Our'n is broke.'

'Broke? how came it broke?'

'I broke it yesterday, trying to hit a squirril.'

'What business had you to be hittin' squirrils with a hoe? say?'

'But father wants to borrow yours.'

'Why dont he have that mended? It's a great pester to have every body usin' a body's things.'

'Well, I can borrow one somewhere else, I suppose,' says the suppliant. After the boy has stumbled across the ploughed ground and is fairly over the fence, uncle Tim calls—

'Halloa, there, you little rascal! what you goin' off without the hoe for?'

'I did'nt know as you meant to lend it.'

'I did'nt say I would'nt, did I? Here, come and take it—stay—I'll bring it, and do you tell your father not to be a' lettin' you hunt squirrils with his hoes next time.'

Uncle Tim's household consisted of aunt Sally his wife, and an only son and daughter; the former, at the time our story begins, was at a neighboring literary institution. Aunt Sally was precisely as clever, as easy to be entreated, and kindly in

externals, as her help-mate was the reverse. She was one of those respectable pleasant old ladies, whom you might often have met on the way to church on a Sunday, equipped with a great fan, and a psalm-book, and carrying some dried orange peel, or a stalk of fennel, to give to the children if they were sleepy in meeting.

She was as cheerful and domestic as the tea-kettle that sung by her kitchen fire, and slipped along among uncle Tim's angles and peculiarities, as if there never was any thing the matter in the world; and the same mantle of sunshine seemed to have fallen on Miss Grace, her only daughter.

Pretty in her person, and pleasant in her ways, endowed with native selfpossession and address, lively and chatty, having a mind and will of her own, yet goodhumored withal, Miss Grace was a universal favorite. It would have puzzled a city lady to understand how Grace, who never was out of Newbury in her life, knew the way to speak and act, and behave, on all occasions, exactly as if she had been taught how. She was just one of those wild flowers which you sometimes may see waving its little head in the woods, and looking so civilized and garden-like, that you wonder if it really did come up and grow there by nature. She was an adept in all household concerns, and there was something amazingly pretty in her energetic way of bustling about, and 'putting things to rights.' Like most yankee damsels, she had a longing after the tree of knowledge, and having exhausted the literary fountains of a district school, she fell to reading whatsoever came in her way. True, she had but little to read; but what she perused, she had her own thoughts upon, so that a person of information, in talking with her, would feel a constant wondering pleasure to find that she had so much more to say of this, and that, and the other thing, than he expected.

Uncle Tim, like every one else, felt the magical brightness of his daughter; and was delighted with her praises, as might be discerned, by his often finding occasion to remark that 'he did'nt see why the boys need to be all the time a' comin' to see Grace—for she was nothing so extror'nary—after all.' About all matters and things at home, she generally had her own way, while uncle Tim would scold and give up, with a regular good grace that was quite creditable.'

'Father,' says Grace, 'I want to have a party, next week.'

'You shant go to havin' your parties, Grace. I always have to eat bits and ends a fortnight after you have one, and I wont have it so.' And so uncle Tim walked out, and aunt Sally and Miss Grace, proceeded to make the cake and pies for the party.

When uncle Tim came home, he saw a long army of pies and rows of cakes on the kitchen table.

'Grace—Grace—Grace, I say! What is all this here flummery for?'

'Why, it is *to eat*, father,' said Grace with a goodnatured look of consciousness.

'Uncle Tim tried his best to look sour; but his visage began to wax comical as he looked at his merry daughter, so he said nothing, but quietly sat down to his dinner.

'Father,' said Grace, after dinner, 'we shall want two more candlesticks next week.'

'Why! can't you have your party with what you've got?'

'No, father—we want two more.'

'I cant afford it Grace—there's no sort of use on't—and you shant have any.'

'Oh, father; now do,' said Grace.

'I wont neither,' said uncle Tim, as he sallied out of the house, and took the road to Comfort Scran's store.

In half an hour he returned again, and fumbling in his pocket and drawing forth a candlestick, levelled it at Grace.

'There's your candlestick.'

'But, father, I said I wanted *two*.'

'Why! cant you make one do?'

'No, I cant—I must have two.'

'Well, then—there's t'other,—and here's a fol-de-rol for you to tie round your neck.' So saying, he bolted for the door and took himself off with all speed. It was much after this fashion that matters commonly went on in the brown house.

But having tarried long on the way, we must proceed with our main story.

James thought Miss Grace was a glorious girl, and as to what Miss Grace thought of Master James, perhaps it would not have been developed, had she not been called to stand on the defensive for him, with uncle Tim. For from the time that the whole village of Newbury began to be wholly given unto the praise of Master James, uncle Tim set his face as a flint against him, from the laudable fear of following the multitude. He therefore made conscience of stoutly gainsaying every thing that was said in his favor, which as James was in high favor with aunt Sally, he had frequent opportunities to do.

So when Miss Grace perceived that uncle Tim did not like our hero as much as he ought to do, she of course was bound to like him well enough to make up for it. Certain it is, that they were remarkably happy in finding opportunities of being acquainted—that James waited on her, as a matter of course,

from singing school, that he volunteered making a new box for her geranium on an improved plan, and above all, that he was remarkably particular in his attentions to aunt Sally, a stroke of policy, which showed that James had a natural genius for this sort of matters. Even when emerging from the meeting house, in full glory, with flute and psalm book under his arm, he would stop to ask her how she did, and if it was cold weather he would carry her foot stove, all the way home from meeting, discoursing upon the sermon and other useful matters, as aunt Sally observed, 'in the pleasantest, prettiest way that ever ye see.' This flute was one of the crying sins of James in the eyes of uncle Tim; James was particularly fond of it, because he had learned to play on it by intuition, and on the decease of the old pitchpipe, which was slain by a fall from the gallery, he took the liberty to introduce the flute in its place. For this and other sins, and for the good reasons above named, uncle Tim's countenance was not towards James, neither could he be moved to him-ward by any manner of means.

To all aunt Sally's good words and kind speeches, he had only to say that 'he did'nt like him—that he hated to see him a' manifesting and glorifying there in the front gallery Sundays, and a' acting every where, as if he was master of all—he did'nt like it, and he would'nt.' But our hero was no whit cast down or discomfited by the malcontent aspect of uncle Tim. On the contrary, when report was made to him of divers of his hard speeches, he only shrugged his shoulders with a vastly satisfied air, and remarked that 'he knew a thing or two, for all that.'

'Why, James,' said his companion and chief counsellor, 'do you think Grace likes you?'

'I dont know,' said our hero, with a comfortable appearance of certainty.

'But you can't get her James, if uncle Tim is cross about it.'

'Fudge! I can make uncle Tim like me, if I've a mind to try.'

'Well, then, Jim, you'll have to give up that 'are flute of yours, I tell ye now.'

'Faw, sol, law; I'll make him like me, and my flute too.'

'Why, how'll ye do it?'

'Oh, I'll work it,' said our hero.

'Well, Jim, I tell you now, you dont know uncle Tim, if you say so—for he's jist the *settest* crittur in his way that ever ye see.'

'I *do* know uncle Tim, tho', better than most folks—he's no more cross than I am, and as to his being *set*, you've nothing to

do but make him think he's in his own way when he's in yours—that's all.'

'Well,' said the other, 'but ye see I dont believe it.'

'And I'll bet you a grey squirrel, that I'll go there this very evening, and get him to like me and my flute both,' said James.

Accordingly, the late sunshine of that afternoon shone full on the yellow buttons of James, as he proceeded to the place of conflict. It was a bright, beautiful evening. A thunder-storm had just cleared away, and the silver clouds lay rolled up in masses around the setting sun; the rain-drops were sparkling and winking to each other over the ends of the leaves, and all the blue-birds and robins, breaking forth into song, made the little green valley as merry as a musical box.

James' soul was always overflowing with that kind of poetry which consists in feeling unspeakably happy; and it is not to be wondered at, considering where he was going, that he should feel in a double ecstacy on the present occasion. He stepped gaily along, occasionally springing over a fence to the right, to see whether the rain had swollen the trout-brook, or to the left, to notice the ripening of Mr. Somebody's water-melons—for James always had an eye on all his neighbors matters, as well as his own.

In this way he proceeded, till he arrived at the picket fence that marked the commencement of uncle Tim's ground. Here he stopped to consider. Just then, four or five sheep walked up and began *also* to *consider* a loose picket, which was hanging just ready to drop off—and James began to look at the sheep. 'Well, mister,'—said he, as he observed the leader judiciously drawing himself through the gap—'in with you—just what I wanted'—and having waited a moment, to ascertain that all the company were likely to follow, he ran with all haste towards the house, and swinging open the gate, pressed all breathless to the door.

'Uncle Tim, there's four or five sheep in your garden'—uncle Tim dropped his whetstone and scythe.

'I'll drive 'em out, shant I?' said our hero, and with that, he ran down the garden alley, and made a furious descent on the enemy; bestirring himself, as Bunyan says, 'lustily and with good courage,' till every sheep had skipped out much quicker than he skipped in, and then springing over the fence, he seized a great stone and nailed on the picket so effectually, that no sheep could possibly encourage the hope of getting in again. This was all the work of a minute; and he was back again, but so exceedingly out of breath, that it was necessary for him to stop a moment and rest himself. Uncle Tim looked ungraciously satisfied.

'What under the canopy set you to scampering so,' said he; 'I could a' driv' out them critturs myself!'

'If you're at all particular about driving 'em out *yourself*, I can let 'em in again,' said James.

Uncle Tim looked at him with an odd sort of twinkle in the corner of his eye.

''Spose I must ask you to walk in,' said he.

'Much obliged,' said James, 'but I am in a great hurry.' So saying, he started in very business-like fashion toward the gate.

'You'd better jest stop a minute.'

'Cant stay a minute.'

'I dont see what possesses you to be all the while in sich a hurry; a body would think you had all creation on your shoulders!'

'Just my situation, uncle Tim,' said James, swinging open the gate.

'Well, at any rate, have a drink of cider, cant ye?' said uncle Tim, who was now quite engaged to have his own way in the case.

James found it convenient to accept this invitation, and uncle Tim was twice as goodnatured as if he had staid in the first of the matter.

Once fairly forced into the premises, James thought fit to forget his long walk and excess of business, especially as about that moment, aunt Sally and Miss Grace returned from an afternoon call. You may be sure that the last thing these respectable ladies looked for, was to find uncle Tim and Master James, tete-a-tete, over a pitcher of cider, and when, as they entered, our hero looked up with something of a mischievous air, Miss Grace, in particular, was so puzzled that it took her at least a quarter of an hour to untie her bonnet strings. But James stayed and acted the agreeable to perfection. First he must needs go down into the garden to look at uncle Tim's wonderful cabbages, and then he promenaded all around the corn patch, stopping every few moments and looking up with an appearance of great gratification, as if he never saw such corn in his life; and then he examined uncle Tim's favorite apple tree, with an expression of wonderful interest.

'I never!' he broke forth, having stationed himself against the fence opposite to it.

'What kind of a tree is that, uncle Tim?'

'It's a bell-flower, or somethin' another,' said uncle Tim, somewhat mollified.

'Why—where *did* you get it? I never saw such apples!' said our hero, with his eyes still fixed on the tree.

Uncle Tim pulled up a stalk or two of weeds and threw them over the fence, just to show that he did not care any thing about the matter, and then he came up and stood by James.

''Ta'nt nothin' so remarkable, as I know on,' said he.

Just then, Grace came to say that supper was ready. Once seated at table, it was astonishing to see the perfect and smiling assurance with which our hero continued his addresses to uncle Tim. It sometimes goes a great way towards making people like us, to take it for granted that they do already, and upon this principle James proceeded. He talked, laughed, told stories, and joked with the most fearless assurance; occasionally seconding his words by looking uncle Tim in the face with a countenance so full of goodwill as would have melted any snow drift of prejudices in the world.

James also had one natural accomplishment, more courtier-like than all the diplomacy in Europe; and that was, the gift of feeling a *real* interest for any body, in five minutes; so that if he began to please in jest, he generally ended in earnest. With all the simplicity of his own mind, he had a natural tact for seeing into others, and watched their motions with the same delight with which a child gazes at the wheels and springs of a watch, to 'see what it will do.'

The rough exterior and latent kindness of uncle Tim, was quite a spirit-stirring study; and when tea was over, as he and Grace *happened* to be standing together in the front door, he broke forth,

'I do really like your father, Grace!'

'Do you, *really?*' said Grace.

'Yes, I do. He has something *in him*, and I like him all the better for having to fish it out.'

'Well, I hope you will make him like you,' said Grace, unconsciously, and then she stopped and looked a little abashed.

James was too well bred to see this, or look as if Grace meant any more than she said—a kind of breeding not always attendant on more *fashionable* polish—so he only answered,

'I think I shall, Grace! tho' I doubt whether I can get him to own it.'

'He's the kindest man that ever was,' said Grace; 'and he always acts as if he was ashamed of it.'

James turned a little away, and looked at the bright evening sky, which was glowing like a calm golden sea; and over it, was the silver new moon, with one little star to hold the candle for her. He shook some bright drops off from a rose bush near by,

and watched to see them shine as they fell, while Grace stood very quietly waiting for him to speak again.

'Grace,' said he, at last, 'I am going to college this fall.'

'So you told me yesterday,' said Grace, drily.

James stooped down over Grace's geranium, and began to busy himself with pulling off all the dead leaves, remarking in the meanwhile,

'And if I do get *him* to like me, Grace, will you like me too?'

'I like you now, very well,' said Grace.

'Come, Grace, you know what I mean,' said James, looking steadfastly at the top of the apple-tree.

'Well—I wish then you would understand what *I* mean, without my saying any more about it,' said Grace.

'Oh! to be sure I will,' said our hero, looking up with a very intelligent air; and so, as aunt Sally would say, the matter was settled with 'no words about it.'

Now shall we narrate how our hero, as he saw uncle Tim approaching the door, had the impudence to take out his flute, and put the parts together, screwing it round and fixing it with great composure?

'Uncle Tim,' said he, looking up, 'this is the best flute that most ever I saw.'

'I hate them tooting critturs,' said uncle Tim, snappishly.

'I declare! I wonder how you can!' said James, 'for I do think they exceed—'

So saying, he put the flute to his mouth and ran up and down a long flourish.

'There! what you think of that?' said he, looking in uncle Tim's face with much delight.

Uncle Tim turned and marched into the house, but soon faced to the rightabout and came out again.

James was fingering 'yankee doodle'—that appropriate national air for the descendants of the puritans.

Uncle Tim's patriotism began to bestir itself; and now if it had been any thing, as he said, but 'that 'are flute'—as it was, he looked more than once at James' fingers.

'How under the sun *could* you learn to do that?' said he.

'Oh, it's easy enough,' said James, proceeding with another tune, and having played it through, he stopped a moment to examine the joints of his flute; and in the meantime, addressed uncle Tim—'You cant think how grand this is for pitching tunes—I always pitch the tunes Sunday with it.' 'Yes; but I dont think it's a right and fit instrument for the Lord's house,' said uncle Tim.

'Why not? it's only a kind of a long pitch pipe, you see,' said James; 'and seeing the old one is broken, and this will answer, I dont see why it is'nt better than nothing.'

'Why, yes, it may be better than nothing,' said uncle Tim; 'but as I always tell Grace and my wife, it 'aint the right kind of instrument after all; it 'aint solemn.'

'Oh, solemn!' said James, 'that's acording to how you work it—see here now.'

So saying, he struck up old hundred, and proceeded through it with great perseverance.

'There now,' said he.

'Well, well—I dont know but it is,' said uncle Tim; 'but as I said at first, I dont like the look of it in a meetin'.'

'But yet, you really think it's better than nothing,' said James, 'for you see, I could'nt pitch my tunes without it.'

'Maybe tis,' said uncle Tim; 'but that 'ant sayin' much.'

This, however, was enough for Master James, who soon after departed, with his flute in his pocket, and Grace's last words in his heart; soliloquizing as he shut the gate, 'there now, I hope aunt Sally wont go to praising me; for just so sure as she does, I shall have it all to do over again.'

James was right in his apprehension. Uncle Tim could be privately converted, but not brought to open confession; and when the next morning, aunt Sally remarked in the kindness of her heart—

'Well, I always knew you would come to like James'—uncle Tim only responded, 'who said I did like him?'

'But I'm sure you *seemed* to like him last night.'

'Why, I could'nt turn him out o' doors, could I? I dont think nothin' of him but what I always did.'

But it was to be remarked, that uncle Tim contented himself at this time, with the mere general avowal, without running it into particulars, as was formerly his wont. It was evident that the ice had begun to melt, but it might have been a long time in dissolving, had not collateral incidents assisted.

It so happened that about this time, George Griswold, the only son before referred to, returned to his native village, after having completed his theological studies at a neighboring institution. It is interesting to mark the gradual development of mind and heart, from the time that the white-headed, bashful boy, quits the country village for college, to the period when he returns, a formed and perfect man, to notice how gradually the rust of early prejudices begins to cleave from him—how his opinions, like his handwriting, pass from the cramped and limited forms of a country school, into that confirmed and char-

acteristic style which is to mark the man for life. In George, this change was remarkably striking. He was endowed by nature with uncommon acuteness of feeling, and fondness for reflection: qualities as likely as any, to render a child backward and uninteresting in early life.

When he left Newbury for college, he was a taciturn and apparently phlegmatic boy, only evincing sensibility by blushing, and looking particularly stupified, whenever any body spoke to him. Vacation after vacation passed, and he returned more and more an altered being; and he who once shrunk from the eye of the deacon, and was ready to die if he met the minister, now moved about among the dignitaries of the place, with all the composure of a superior being.

It was only to be regretted, that while the mind improved, the physical energies declined, and that every visit to his home, found him paler, thinner, and less prepared in body, for the sacred profession to which he had devoted himself. But now he was returned, a minister—a real minister, with a right to stand in the pulpit and preach; and what a joy and glory to aunt Sally—and to uncle Tim, if he were not ashamed to own it.

The first Sunday after he came, it was known far and near, that George Griswold was to preach; and never was a more ready and expectant audience.

As the time for reading the first psalm approached, you might see the white-headed men turning their faces attentively towards the pulpit; the anxious and expectant old women, with their little black bonnets, bent forward to see him rise. There were the children looking, because every body else looked; there was uncle Tim, in the front pew, his face considerately adjusted; there was aunt Sally, seeming as pleased as a mother could seem, and Miss Grace, lifting her sweet face to her brother, like a flower to the sun; there was our friend James, in the front gallery, his joyous countenance a little touched with sobriety and expectation—in short, a more embarrassingly attentive audience, never greeted the first effort of a young minister. Under these circumstances, there was something touching in the fervent self-forgetfulness which characterized the first exercises of this morning—something which moved every one in the house.

The devout poetry of his prayer, rich with the orientalism of scripture, and eloquent with the expression of strong, yet chastened emotion, breathed over his audience like music, hushing every one to silence, and beguiling every one to feeling. In the sermon, there was the strong intellectual nerve, the con-

stant occurrence of argument and statement, which distinguishes a New England discourse; but it was touched with life, by the intense, yet half-subdued feeling, with which he seemed to utter it. Like the rays of the sun, it enlightened and melted at the same moment.

The strong peculiarities of New England doctrine, involving as they do, all the dark machinery of mind, all the mystery of its divine relations and future progression, and all the tremendous uncertainties of its eternal good or ill, seemed to have dwelt in his mind, to have burned in his thoughts, to have wrestled with his powers, and they gave to his manner, the fervency, almost, of another world; while the exceeding paleness of his countenance, and a tremulousness of voice that seemed to spring from bodily weakness, touched the strong workings of his mind with a pathetic interest, as if the being so early absorbed in another world, could not be long for this.

When the services were over, the congregation dispersed with the air of people who had *felt* rather than *heard;* and all the criticism that followed, was similar to that of old deacon Hart—an upright, shrewd man—who, as he lingered a moment at the church door, turned and gazed with unwonted feeling at the young preacher.

'He's a blessed cre'tur!' said he, the tears actually making their way to his eyes; 'I ha'nt been so near heaven this many a day. He's a blessed cre'tur of the Lord—that's my mind about him!'

As for our friend James, he was at first sobered, then deeply moved, and at last, wholly absorbed by the discourse; and it was only when meeting was over, that he began to think where he really was.

'Well,' said he, 'I never was so sure I had a soul before; I'll be a different man! I know I will.'

With all his versatile activity, James had a greater depth of mental capacity than he was himself aware of, and he began to feel a sort of electric affinity for the mind that had touched him in a way so new, and when he saw the mild minister standing at the foot of the pulpit stairs, he made directly towards him.

'I do want to hear you talk more,' said he, with a face full of earnestness; 'may I walk home with you?'

'It's a long and warm walk,' said the young minister, smiling.

'Oh, I dont care for that, if it does not trouble *you*,' said James; and leave being gained, you might have seen them slowly passing along under the trees, James pouring forth all the floods of inquiry which the sudden impulse of his mind had brought out, and supplying his guide with more questions and

problems for solution, than he could have gone through with in a month.

'I cannot answer all your questions now,' said he, as they stopped at uncle Tim's gate.

'Well, then, when will you?' said James, eagerly. 'Let me come home with you to-night?'

The good man smiled assent, and James departed so full of new thoughts, that he passed Grace without even seeing her. From that time, a friendship commenced between the two, which was a beautiful illustration of the affinity of opposites. It was like a friendship between morning and evening—all freshness and sunshine on one side, and all gentleness and peace on the other.

The young minister, worn by long-continued ill-health, by the fervency of his own feelings, and the gravity of his own reasonings, found pleasure in the healthful buoyancy of a youthful, unexhausted mind, while James felt himself sobered and made better by the moonlight tranquility of his friend. It is one mark of a superior mind, to understand and be influenced by the superiority of others, and this was the case with James. The ascendency which his new friend acquired over him was unlimited, and did more in a month, towards consolidating and developing his character, than all the four years course of a college. Our religious habits are likely always to retain the impression of the first seal which stamped them, and in this case it was a peculiarly happy one. The calmness, the settled purpose, the mild devotion of his friend, formed a just alloy to the energetic and reckless buoyancy of James' character, and awakened in him a set of perceptions, without which, the most vigorous mind must be incomplete.

The effect of the ministrations of the young pastor, in awaking attention to the subjects of his calling in the village, was marked, and of a kind which brought pleasure to his own heart. But like all other excitement, it tends to exhaustion, and it was not long before he sensibly felt the decline of the powers of life. To the best-regulated mind, there is something bitter in the relinquishment of projects for which we have been long and laboriously preparing, and there is something far more bitter in crossing the long-cherished expectations of friends. All this, George felt. He could not bear to look on his mother, hanging on his words and following his steps with eyes of almost childish delight; on his singular father, whose whole earthly ambition was bound up in his success, and think how soon the 'candle of their old age' must be put out. When he returned from a successful effort, it was painful to see the old man, so evidently

delighted, and so anxious to conceal his triumph, as he would seat himself in his chair, and begin with—

'George, that 'arc doctrine is rather of a puzzler; but you seem to think you've got the run on't. I should re'ly like to know what business you have to think you know better than other folks about it;' and though he would cavil most courageously at all George's explanations, yet you might perceive through all, that he was inly uplifted, to hear how his boy could talk.

If George was engaged in argument with any one else, he would sit by, with his head bowed down, looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows, with a shamefaced satisfaction, very unusual with him. Expressions of affection from the naturally gentle, are not half so touching as those which are forced out from the hard-favored and severe; and George was affected, even to pain, by the evident pride and regard of his father.

'He never said so much to any body before,' thought he, 'and what will he do if I die?'

In such thoughts as these, Grace found her brother engaged one still autumn morning, as he stood leaning against the garden fence.

'What are you solemnizing here for, this bright day, brother George?' said she, as she bounded down the alley.

The young man turned and looked on her happy face with a sort of twilight smile.

'How *happy* you are, Grace!' said he.

'To be sure I am! and you ought to be, too, because you are better.'

'I am happy, Grace—that is, I hope I shall be.'

'You are sick, I know you are,' said Grace; 'you look worn out! oh, I wish your heart could *spring* once, as mine does.'

'I am not well, dear Grace, and I fear I never shall be,' said he, turning away, and fixing his eyes on the fading trees opposite.

'Oh, George! dear George! dont, dont say *that;* you'll break all our hearts,' said Grace, with tears in her own eyes.

'Yes—but it's *true*, sister; I dont feel it on my own account so much as'——— 'However,' he added, 'it will all be the same in heaven.'

It was but a week after this, that a violent cold hastened the progress of debility into a confirmed malady. He sunk very fast. Aunt Sally, with the self-deceit of a fond and cheerful heart, thought every day that 'he *would* be better,' and uncle Tim resisted conviction with all the obstinate pertinacity of his character, while the sick man felt that he had not the heart to undeceive them.

James was now at the house every day, exhausting all his energy and invention in the case of his friend; and any one who had seen him in his hours of recklessness and glee, could scarcely recognize him as the being whose step was so careful, whose eye so watchful, whose voice and touch were so gentle, as he moved around the sick bed. But the same quickness which makes a mind buoyant in gladness, often makes it gentlest and most sympathetic in sorrow.

It was now nearly morning in the sick room. George had been restless and feverish all night, but towards day he fell into a light slumber, and James sat by his side, almost holding his breath, lest he should waken him. It was yet dusk, but the sky was brightening with a solemn glow, and the stars were beginning to disappear—all, save the bright and morning one, which, standing alone in the east, looked tenderly through the casement, like the eye of our Heavenly Father, watching over us when all earthly friendships are fading.

George awoke with a placid expression of countenance, and fixing his eyes on the brightening sky, murmured faintly,

> 'The sweet, immortal morning sheds
> Its blushes round the spheres.'

A moment after, a shade passed over his face, he pressed his fingers over his eyes, and the tears dropped silently on his pillow.

'George! *dear* George!' said James, bending over him.

'It 's my friends—it 's my father—my mother'—said he, faintly.

'Jesus Christ will watch over them,' said James, soothingly.

'Oh, yes, I know he will; for *He* loved his own, which were in the world; he loved them unto the end. But—I am dying—and before I have done any good.'

'Oh, *do not* say so,' said James—'think—think what you have done, if only for *me!* God bless you for it! God *will* bless you for it—it will follow you to heaven—it will bring me there. Yes, I will do as you have taught me! I will give my life, my soul, my whole strength to it; and then, you will not have lived in vain.'

George smiled and looked upward; 'his face was as that of an angel,' and James, in his warmth, continued—

'It is not *I* alone who can say this: we all bless you; every one in this place blesses you; you will be had in *everlasting* remembrance by some hearts here, *I know.*'

'Bless *God!*' said George.

'We do,' said James. '*I* bless him that I ever knew you; we *all* bless him, and we love you, and shall *forever.*'

The glow that had kindled over the pale face of the invalid again faded as he said,

'But, James, I must, I ought to tell my father and mother—I ought to, and how can I?'

At that moment the door opened, and uncle Tim made his appearance. He seemed struck with the paleness of George's face; and coming to the side of the bed, he felt his pulse, and laid his hand anxiously on his forehead, and clearing his voice several times, inquired 'if he did'nt feel a little better.'

'No, father,' said George; then taking his hand, he looked anxiously in his face, and seemed to hesitate a moment—'father,' he began, 'you know that we ought to submit to God.'

There was something in his expression at this moment, which flashed the truth into the old man's mind; he dropped his son's hand with an exclamation of agony, and turning quickly, left the room.

'Father! father!' said Grace, trying to rouse him, as he stood with his arms folded by the kitchen window.

'Get away, child,' said he, roughly.

'Father, mother says breakfast is ready.'

'I dont want any breakfast,' said he, turning short about. 'Sally, what are you fixing in that 'are little porringer?'

'Oh, it's only a little tea for George—'twill comfort him up and make him feel better, poor fellow.'

'You wont make him feel better—he's gone,' said uncle Tim, hoarsely.

'Oh, dear heart! no!' said aunt Sally.

'Be still a contradicting me; I wont be contradicted all the time by nobody! The short of the case is, that George is goin' to *die* just as we've got him ready to be a minister and all; and I wish to pity I was in my grave myself, and so,'—said uncle Tim, as he plunged out of the door and shut it after him.

It is well for man, that there is one Being who sees the suffering heart *as it is*, and not as it manifests itself through the repellancies of outward infirmity; and who perhaps feels more for the stern and wayward, than for those whose gentler feelings win for them human sympathy. With all his singularities, there was in the heart of uncle Tim, a depth of religious sincerity; but there are few characters where religion does any thing more than struggle with natural defect, and modify what would else be far worse.

In this hour of trial, all the native obstinacy and pertinacity of the old man's character rose, and while he felt the necessity of submission, it seemed impossible to submit; and thus reproaching himself, struggling in vain to repress the murmurs of

nature, repulsing from him all external sympathy, his mind was 'tempest-tost, and not comforted.'

It was on the still afternoon of the following sabbath, that he was sent for, in haste, to the chamber of his son. He entered, and saw that the hour was come. The family were all there; Grace and James, side by side, bent over the dying one, and his mother sat afar off, with her face hid in her apron, 'that she might not see the death of the child.' The aged minister was there, and the Bible lay open before him. The father walked to the side of the bed. He stood still, and gazed on that face now brightening with 'life and immortality.' The son lifted up his eyes: he saw his father—smiled, and put out his hand. 'I am glad *you* are come,' said he. 'Oh, George—to the pity, dont! *dont* smile on me so! I know what is coming—I have tried and tried, and I *cant*—I *cant* have it so'—and the old man sunk by the side of the bed—he covered his face—his frame shook—and he sobbed audibly. The room was still as death—there was none that seemed able to comfort him. At last, the son repeated in a sweet, but interrupted voice, those words of man's best Friend: 'Let not your heart be troubled; in my Father's house are many mansions.'

'Yes—but I *cant help* being troubled—I suppose the Lord's will must be done—but it'll *kill* me.'

'Oh, father, dont—dont break my heart,' said the son, much agitated. 'I shall see you again in heaven, and you shall see me again; and then "your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."'

'I never shall get to heaven, if I feel as I do now,' said the old man. 'I *cannot* have it so.'

The mild face of the sufferer was overcast. 'I wish he saw all that *I* do,' said he, in a low voice; then looking towards the minister, he articulated, 'Pray for us.'

They knelt in prayer. It was soothing, as *real* prayer always must be; and when they rose, every one seemed more calm. But the sufferer was exhausted—his countenance changed—he looked on his friends—there was a faint whisper—'Peace I leave with you'—and he was in heaven.

We need not dwell on what followed. The seed sown by the righteous, often blossoms over their grave; and so was it with this good man: the words of peace which he spake unto his friends while he was yet with them, came into remembrance after he was gone; and though he was laid in the grave with many tears, yet it was with softened and submissive hearts.

'The Lord bless him,' said uncle Tim, as he and James were standing, last of all, over the grave. 'I believe my heart 's gone

to heaven with him; and I think the Lord really *did* know what was best, after all.'

Our friend James seemed now to become the support of the family, and the bereaved old man unconsciously began to transfer to him, the affections that had been left vacant.

'James,' said he to him, one day, 'I suppose you know that you are about the same to me as a son.'

'I hope so, uncle Tim,' said James, kindly.

'Well, well, you'll go to college next week, and none o' y'r keepin' school, to get along. I've got enough to bring you safe out—that is, if you'll be *car'ful* and *stiddy*.'

James knew the heart too well, to refuse a favor in which the poor old man's mind was comforting itself; he had the self-command to abstain from any extraordinary expressions of gratitude, but took it kindly, as a matter of course.

'Dear Grace,' said he to her, the last evening before he left home, 'I am changed; we both are altered, since we first knew each other; and now I am going to be gone a long time, but I am sure'———

He stopped to arrange his thoughts.

'Yes, you may be sure of all those things that you wish to say, and cannot,' said Grace.

'Thank you,' said James; then looking thoughtfully, he added:

'God help me. I believe I have mind enough to be what I mean to; but whatever I am or have, shall be given to God and my fellow-men; and then, Grace, your brother in heaven will rejoice over me.'

'I believe he does *now*,' said Grace. 'God bless you, James; I don't know what would have become of us, if you had not been here.'

'Yes, you will live to be like him, and to do *more* good,' she added, her face brightening as she spoke, till James thought she really *must be* right.

* * * * * * *

It was five years after this, that James was spoken of as an eloquent and successful minister in the town of C———, and was settled in one of its most influential villages. Late one autumn evening, a tall, bony, hard-favored man was observed making his way into the outskirts of the place.

'Halloa, there!' he called to a man over the other side of a fence, 'what town is this ere?'

'It's Farmington, sir.'

'Well, I want to know if you know any thing of a boy of mine that lives here?'

'A boy of yours—who?'

'Why, I've got a boy here, that's livin' *on the town*, and I thought I'd jest look him up.'

'I don't know any boy that's livin' on the town; what's his name?'

'Why,' said the old man, pushing his hat off from his forehead, 'I believe they call him James Benton.'

'James Benton! why that's our minister's name.'

'Oh, wal, I believe he *is* the minister, come to think on't. He 's a boy o' mine tho'. Where does he live?'

'In that white house, that you see set back from the road there, with all those trees round it.'

At this instant, a tall, manly-looking person approached from behind. Have we not seen that face before? It is a touch graver than of old, and its lines have a more thoughtful significance; but all the vivacity of James Benton sparkles in that quick smile, as his eye falls on the old man.

'I *thought* you could not keep away from us long,' said he, with the prompt cheerfulness of his boyhood, and laying hold of both uncle Tim's hard hands.

They approached the gate; a bright face glances past the window, and in a moment, Grace is at the door.

'Father! *dear* father!'

'You'd *better* make believe be so glad,' said uncle Tim, his eyes glistening as he spoke.

'Come, come, father; I'm used to authority in these days,' said Grace, drawing him toward the house, 'so no disrespectful speeches—and now I shall fall upon and seize this great coat, and away with your hat, and then you must sit down in this great chair.'

'So, ho! Miss Grace,' said uncle Tim; 'you are at your old tricks, ordering round as usual. Well, if I must, I must;' so down he sat.

'Father,' said Grace, as he was leaving them, after a few days stay, 'it's thanksgiving-day next month, and you and mother *must* come and stay with us.'

Accordingly, the following month found aunt Sally and uncle Tim by the minister's fire-side, delighted witnesses of the thanksgiving presents which a willing people were pouring in; and the next day, they had once more the pleasure of seeing a son of theirs in the sacred desk, and hearing a sermon that every body said was the 'best he ever preached;' and it is to be remarked, by-the-bye, that this was the standing commentary on all James' discourses, so that it was evident that he was 'going on unto perfection.'

'There 's a great deal that 's worth havin' in this ere life,

a' fer all,' said uncle Tim, as he sat musing over the coals of the bright evening fire of that day; 'that is, if we'd only *take* it when the Lord lays it in our way.'

'Yes,' said James, 'and let us only take it as *we should*, and this life will be cheerfulness, and the next *fulness* of joy.'

For the Western Monthly Magazine.

THE LOST PILOT.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

Mariners! mariners! what will ye do?
The distant, fathomless deep ye've crossed;
Your rock-bound coast has appeared to view;
And what will ye do? for your pilot 's lost!

He that has hastened through surge and foam,
And reef and shallow so freely past,
To give you succor, and bring you home,
Your faithful pilot, is gone, at last!

His trusty boat has her trust betrayed;
Her master is done with the sail and oar;
And he, low under the tide is laid,
Who guided his thousands safe to shore.

He took his life in his ready hand,
And, hurrying forth your lives to save,
And to bring you in to your native land,
He rushed, himself, to a watery grave.

On earth's broad bosom, no verdant turf
Was marked for him, in his final rest;
The deep green sea and her curling surf
Have pillowed his head, and wrapped his breast.

The waves o'er which he would lightly skim,
When many a peril for you was run,
Are sounding a requiem over him,
And wailing the sorrowful deed they've done.

Who, now, will come out to your wildered bark,
With a brother's heart, with an eagle's eye,
And a pilot's hand, when the heavens are dark,
And blast and billow are strong and high?

Oh! there 's one, who the deep can smooth,
And hush the winds, who will still be nigh;
List! and your trembling hearts he'll soothe,
With 'Mariners, be of good cheer, 'tis I.'

Trust him, while crossing life's stormy sea!
In every peril he'll give you aid;
At Jordan's waters he then will be,
And say, 'It is I, be not afraid!'

Newburyport, Massachusetts.

ON NOVEL WRITING.

The subject of novel writing has been selected, for discussion, under the supposition that no topic would be more universally popular. Although this branch of literature is forbidden ground to many, there are few who do not read novels either openly, or by stealth, either in obedience to the dictates of their own judgments, or in disobedience to the commands of those who control their conduct. There are some who neglect occasionally to read their Bibles, but there are not many, who omit a favorable opportunity for indulging in the perusal of an agreeable fiction. However critics and moralists may differ as to the effect of such compositions upon the mind, they are in fact read by every class of society—the learned and the illiterate, the refined and the vulgar, the religious and the worldly. There is no time, nor place, in which novels are not read, unless it be at church: at sea and on land—at home and abroad—in the steam boat or the hotel—in the parlor or the kitchen—the novel is the most constant companion. The scholar, fatigued with dry researches into the deep wells of truth, wanders into the regions of romance; the man of business, wearied with the toils of the day, solaces himself with a novel; the traveller carries a volume of Scott or Bulwer in his pocket, and the sentimental of both sexes are said to find the luxuries of the pillow greatly enhanced, by the companionship of a new novel. A novel is supposed to give speedier flight to the dull hours of a rainy day, or a gloomy evening: it is read by daylight, by candlelight, and by moonlight,—with spectacles, and without—by every age, sex, and condition.

Whatever then, may be the difference of opinion, in respect to the tendency of such writings, it is not the part of wisdom to overlook that which occupies so large a portion of the attention of the reading world. The existence of such books, their vast number, their fascinating character, and their pervading popularity, are *facts;* and their powerful influence upon every ramification of civilized society, and over every province of the vast region of cultivated mind, is an inference fairly deducible from those facts. Fictions have been resorted to in all nations and for almost every purpose. Poetry revels in fiction, and philosophy has not disdained its aid. Ingenious tales have been written to illustrate many of the sciences, and the most solemn truths of religion and morality have been disclosed in well-imagined fables. It is not contended that truth thus administered is *the naked* truth; but it is obvious that rational minds,

engaged in the highest and holiest purposes of benevolence, have deemed it expedient to address the intellect and the conscience through the imagination.

Talents of the highest order have been engaged in the production of this species of composition; and so interesting is the employment, that some writers of the most eminent abilities and profound research, have been allured from more abstruse studies to labor in this delightful field. Dr. Johnson, who was both a good and a great man, gave it the sanction of his name; Goldsmith is more widely known as the author of the Vicar of Wakefield, than through the medium of any of his other works; Hannah More, though not successful as a novelist, employed some of the hours of her useful life, in this species of composition. Miss Edgeworth and Sir Walter Scott have probably been among the greatest benefactors of the age.

That which has employed in its production the highest energies of such gifted minds, which occupies the attention of so large a portion of the human race, and which mingles its stream with the literature of every country, and the classics of every living language, is surely an object worthy of serious investigation. It cannot be put down by a sneer, or frowned into insignificance by authority. We live in an age of free inquiry, when nothing connected with the action of the human mind, is thought too sacred to be examined by the light of reason, or too trifling for critical analysis.

But what is a novel? I am not disposed to consider under this head, the whole region of fiction; for this would include all poetry, and carry us back to the days of Homer. Nor am I willing to embrace in this disquisition all prose fictions; for this would include some history, and not a small number of scientific treatises, which are not only fictions, and prose fictions, but the *most prosy* of all fictions. Neither would I number among novels, the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a work of the highest order of imagination, and whose author has been pronounced by competent authority to be inferior in genius only to Milton. But what shall we say of Telemachus, of Robinson Crusoe, of Gulliver's travels, of Don Quixote, which bear the form of novels, but are yet anomalous productions, not coming within the usual scope of this species of writing? Perhaps it may come in my way to notice some of these incidentally, as I pass along; but I wish to be understood as confining my remarks to what are popularly called novels and romances, in the language of the present day.

It is not my intention to advocate, or condemn, this species of composition. The only object will be to survey the field

historically, to endeavor to trace the origin of this branch of literature, to observe its progress, and point out a few of its prominent features. In doing this, I shall borrow freely from such writers as are within my reach, claiming no other merit than that of compiling according to the best of my judgment.

Scarcely a vestige of this species of writing is to be found in the literature of Greece and Rome. The imaginative powers of the ancients seem to have been directed entirely to eloquence, poetry, the drama, and the fine arts. Perhaps they had not a sufficient perception of the enjoyments of domestic life, to relish such recitals. The wars, and the political tumults, in which they were continually engaged, would afford subjects for poetry, their public games gave birth to the drama; but the personal adventures and loves of their heroes were not sufficiently exciting for a people whose passions were never at rest. It may also be remarked, that before the invention of printing, and when the art of penmanship was confined to a few, nothing would be perpetuated and handed down to posterity, but that which was highly esteemed. The ancients have accordingly transmitted to us, their history, poetry, philosophy, eloquence, and dramatic productions: if they produced works which they held in less estimation, they have perished. But the most plausible reason, why those fanciful and imaginative nations did not cultivate this sort of writing, seems to me to be, that the peculiar relations of society which have since produced it, did not then exist. The spirit of chivalry, the thirst for personal adventure, the extravagant adoration of woman, and the tendencies of the feudal system, had not at that period become developed.

This species of composition belongs to modern literature. It is probably of oriental origin. The Arabian Nights are said to contain true pictures of eastern opinions, life, and manners, while the tales are wrought up with exquisite skill, with great exuberance of imagination, yet with remarkable felicity of style; and the perfection to which these beautiful creations had been brought, when those nations first became known to Europeans, shows that it had long been practised.

The Moors, or Saracens, invaded Spain in the year 711, and were then advanced in refinement beyond any people of Europe. The most ancient remains of architecture, music, and poetry, existing in Spain, are attributed to this people, who held the fairest parts of southern Europe for nearly four hundred years.

The caliph Haroun al Raschid, who is so often mentioned in the Arabian tales, lived as early as the year eight hundred and two, contemporary with Charlemagne, and was a patron of literature.

In eight hundred and forty-six the Saracens destroyed the Venitian fleet, and besieged Rome.

They afterwards overrun Italy, and carried their arms beyond Spain into various parts of Europe.

In nine hundred and forty-one they introduced the figures of arithmetic into Europe.

They were brave and chivalrous, voluptuous and somewhat refined; they lived in an age of rapine and bloodshed, but appear to have been susceptible of the softer emotions, and possessed of lively imaginations.

The age of chivalry succeeded; and when love and war were the business of mankind; when knightserrant rode about the world in search of adventures, and ladies were shut in castles, the art of writing romances began to be practised.

The earliest fictions in Europe are traced to the Troubadours, who flourished from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries. These were bards who spent their whole time in composing songs and romances, which they sung or recited in the presence of warriors and high-born damsels. But they must not be confounded with the Trouvères, who were the inventors of the heroic romance in the form in which we have received it. The romances of chivalry, were of three distinct classes; the first embraces the Court of Arthur, king of England, and the Knights of the Round-table; in the second are placed the Amadises, the distant successors of the former; in the third we are presented at the court of Charlemagne and his Paladins.

It is curious to contrast these productions with the Arabian tales, referring them both, as we may, to comparatively rude ages in the literature of their respective countries, and most probably to periods nearly contemporary. The European invention is rude, extravagant, and deficient in imagination; the oriental fiction, though also extravagant, is rich, glowing, and highly imaginative. The one is filled with genii, with palaces of surpassing magnificence, and gardens rich in beauty and melody—with the luxury of oriental softness, and the pomp of oriental splendor—the other abounds in terrible but coarse conceptions—in wicked enchanters, giants, dwarfs, and fiery dragons. In the latest productions of the Trouvères, however, there is a mixture of oriental imagination, which enables us to form some idea of the date and extent of our obligations to Arabian literature.

The Troubadours and Trouvères wrote chiefly in verse. The existence of such a class of men, at the period in which they lived, is one of the most singular incidents in history. That in an age of war and violence, an age of adventurous

daring and hardy exploit, when muscular strength and valor were the only qualities of manhood which won respect, there should be a class of individuals engaged in intellectual pursuits, seems to be surprising. We can hardly imagine an inducement sufficiently strong to actuate men to pursue an employment, so little honored in a rude age, so little in coincidence with the spirit of the times, when the only path to fame led through the dangers of the battle field, and when even the ordinary principle of self-defence rendered it necessary for every gentleman to be armed, and to be skilled in the use of warlike weapons. And the fact becomes more interesting, when we remark how comparatively few, even in this age of light and knowledge, are willing to devote themselves to intellectual pursuits, to endure the toil, the self-denial, and the obloquy, which have always attended a life of intellectual labor, and to be satisfied with the meager rewards which crown even the most successful mental exertions. But it is one of the many proofs which history affords of the buoyancy of mind, of its superiority over mere physical power, of its tenacity, its indestructible energy—that we behold it thus bursting forth, in every age, under the most unfavorable circumstances. Like the orbs of heaven, it may be obscured, but not extinguished. In the midst of ignorance, of barbarism, of superstition, of war, of avarice, whether surrounded by the gloom of apathy, or the storms of human passion, we behold the steady beams of philosophy, or the brilliant effulgence of imagination, bursting into light, sometimes as a solitary star, sometimes as a brilliant constellation. And we become satisfied that the intellectual power which is thus proof against all circumstances, however adverse, must eventually become the pervading and governing principle of human nature.

The most ancient writings which may be at all assimilated with our novels, are those of Boccacio, and other Italians of the fourteenth century. Boccacio, who was contemporary with Politian, Tasso, and Ariosto, is entitled to the merit of having formed the Italian prose. He participates with Petrarch in the honor of communicating to his age an enthusiasm for the ancients, which had the effect of changing the studies and taste of Europe. He revived the study of the Greek language, which had been abandoned, and was himself so imbued with the spirit of ancient literature, that in all his works there is found a curious mixture of the two mythologies, pagan and christian. The Decameron of this writer, is a series of tales, which are said to contain true pictures of life, and to exhibit in this respect an improvement upon the imperfect legends

which preceded it. It therefore forms of itself an era in the history of prose fiction. Shakspeare has given immortality to the tales of the Italians, by adopting many of them into the plots of his plays.

It may be inferred that this species of composition was first permanently engrafted upon our literature by the Italians, from the circumstance that the word *novel*, is derived from an Italian word of similar sound.

The romances of the middle ages are supposed to represent faithfully, as far as they go, the manners of those early stages of society. The writers did not enter minutely into the study of the heart, or the springs of human action; nor did they inquire into the economy of life in its humbler sphere. They treated only of the brave and beautiful. And indeed there was little else of which to treat, for life was then very monotonous, and the forms of human existence presented one unvaried aspect. The hero was always in love, or in war; individual peculiarities had little room for development, and the ladies were *fair* copies of each other.

But meager as it is in some respects, the old heroic romance, has high claims to consideration. It is a venerable relic of past ages—a valuable record of the spirit of the times. It gives us not only a faithful representation of the mixture of ferocity and courtesy, of hostility to man and submission to woman, of abject superstition clinging to the forms of religion, while it renounced its spirit and practice; but presents us also with pictures of domestic life, interesting to the contemplative reader. The heroine was reared in seclusion, and passed her time in unimproving dignified solitude, surrounded by armed men with whom she had little intercourse, and by dependants who knew no law but her will; until she appeared at a tournament, or was introduced by an adventure to some redoubted knight, whose life from that moment is dedicated to the arduous task of forcing all mankind to acknowledge the pre-eminence of her peerless beauty. As neither of them are much encumbered with mental resources, or moral scruples, the progress of the narrative is conducted by auxiliary adventures, in which the knight displays his combattiveness on every suitable occasion, and the lady cultivates with tender care the little sprig of ideality which nature planted in her delicate bosom. The courage of the hero, and the constancy of the damsel, the only virtues which they have to boast of, are magnified to the proper dimensions of gigantic heroism; the one is immortalized for her fidelity to the only gentleman who has access to her apartments, and the other for killing every one who disputes his claim to the

only lady who will submit to his addresses. Their domestic hours are sufficiently monotonous. The lady solaces the pangs of absence, by the tones of her lute, which we suspect had about as many tones as a melodious jewsharp, or by walking on the battlements; and the hero soothes the toils of warlike adventure, by the softer fatigues of the galliard, or the luxuries of the feast; but there is no intellectual intercourse, no discussing of mental or moral philosophy; and in the pleasant history of Amadis de Gaul, when the company had eaten and drank as much as was convenient, and probably more than was strictly temperate, we are told that they 'called in the joculars who made them all manner of sports,' and passed their royal and knightly hours, in observing pranks that would disgrace the boys in our streets. Coarse as are these contemporary drawings, they are supposed to be faithful, and are valuable as conveying information not to be found in history.

And here we must slightly notice the monastic system, which gave a peculiar tinge to the manners and history of that age, by placing power in the hands of men, who under the garb of religion, not only grasped at political domination, but were the domestic spies who inspected the affairs of every family, and pryed into the secret thoughts of every individual. Their religious houses formed a kind of penitentiary system for the solitary confinement of refractory damsels, who were guilty of the sin of not being handsome enough to be sought in wedlock by their equals, or of being too handsome to be willing to marry in obedience to parental or spiritual authority. The agency of the monks is interwoven with all the legends of war and love; it pervaded the whole circle of human affairs; the priest was seen on the battle field, in the hall of festival, and in the lady's bower; he was the confessor of the warrior, the confidant of the lady, the companion of the king and the peasant, the adviser of every individual. Without the tales of romance, we should have a very imperfect conception of the character of the priesthood of that day, and of its influence upon society, for nearly all of graver history was written by the churchmen themselves, who carefully concealed their own frivolities, their vices, their political intrigues, and domiciliary despotism.

It is also true that many of the minute details connected with the crusades, which are scarcely alluded to in contemporary history, have been handed down in the legends and ballads of romance. And there is no point in the annals of man, which affords a subject of more interesting contemplation, than that union of fanaticism and military ardor, which allured myriads of heroic men to foreign lands, to fight for the honor of the

cross—enduring dangers and privations the most unheard, expending their whole fortunes, leaving their homes unprotected, and their countries subject to invasion. Yet we recognize in these mad enterprises, the instrumentality of Providence in ameliorating the condition of mankind. The immense destruction of life, and waste of property, among the higher orders, weakened their power, and gave a fatal blow to the feudal system. In the absence of the haughty barons, the hands of kings were strengthened, the bands of the people were loosened. Distant countries were explored, and made known to each other; foreign luxuries were introduced and became necessaries, and commerce began to be practised. Many run to and fro, and knowledge was increased. But we must pass on, to the proper subject of inquiry.

The Spanish school of romances, although it extended down to a later period, may properly be mentioned here, as it differs in nothing from the great mass of the books of chivalry. Indeed we suppose the Spaniards to have been among the earliest of European nations in which this art was cultivated. They were probably the first, if that honor is not due to the Moors, who carried the spirit of knighterrantry to a high degree of perfection—or as some would express it, who carried out its usages to supreme absurdity. For this is exactly one of the cases, in which there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous. We admire the courage, the self-devotion, the disinterestedness, the courtesy, and the physical hardihood of the knight; their deeds excite our respect, and even wonder; while their sentiments are often so puerile, and the ultimate purpose of their actions so insignificant, as to call forth no other feeling than that of contempt.

The earliest specimen of the Spanish romance is in the ballad form; and the fragments of their poetry which have come down to us from an early age, are among the most beautiful of ancient European productions. Spain has preserved her ancient customs and modes of thought, in greater purity than any other modern nation. The nationality of the Spaniards, and the geographical position of their country, to which that nationality is in many respects owing, have preserved, even down to the present day, many of the characteristics of the age of chivalry. The respect and devotion with which females are treated, are quite remarkable. It is still a customary salutation to say, 'I kiss your feet, my lady.' A woman is a sacred object, and the very meanest Spaniard would shrink with horror, from the slightest outrage committed towards a female. And even when feminine passion becomes ungentle, and the wife or mistress

honors her humble servant with a blow, the universal consolation is in the adage, 'white hands can never offend.' Even within the last century, it was customary in many of the southern provinces of Spain, for a gentleman to bend on one knee whenever a lady addressed him. Spanish song, and their drama, are crowded with incidents, and beautiful sketches and sentiments, founded on the extraordinary influence of women. The power of beauty, and the divinity of kings, are the two great subjects of the Spanish stage.

These hints enable us to form a tolerable idea of what must have been the character of their romances, had we not any other more direct evidence; but the admirable satire of Cervantes has erected an imperishable monument upon which the character of chivalry is written in such bold relief that it cannot be mistaken.

And here I pause to inquire what would be the state of our knowledge of national character, and domestic life, in the early periods of modern history, had we been destitute of the light supplied by poetry and romance? If our knowledge of the infancy of European society was drawn solely from the brief chronicles of history, the dull pedantic annals of the monk, the dry polemic homilies of the fathers, it would comprise only the chronology of a few great political events: the birth, the accession, and the death of kings; the bloody career of the conqueror, the intolerance of the bigot, and the faith of the martyr; the rise and fall of kingdoms; the few prominent incidents which lie exposed upon the surface of the great ocean of time—while all the under currents, all the arcana, all the beautiful and complex phenomena of human thought and action, would lie concealed. The light of history is like that shed upon a distant landscape by the setting sun, whose last rays are glittering upon the highest summits of the mountain, upon a few aspiring peaks that tower above the surrounding scenery, while it leaves the valley and plain enveloped in shade. It is the province of elegant literature to light up the humbler and more attractive scenes that lie below, to disclose the abodes of men, and the business of life; to exhibit man in his domestic and social relations, to display as in a picture, the thought, the action, the pains, the pleasures of mortality.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DUTY OF WOMEN.

BY A WESTERN LADY.

In all countries, the moral and political condition of woman, may be considered as an index of society; and the character of a nation is intimately connected with the veneration paid to her rights. Woman is still, throughout the rest of the world, more the attendant than the companion of man; but in our happy land of equal privileges, liberty of conscience, and freedom of the press, we are more justly estimated,—and possess a dignified, respectable influence, in which neither a soulless submission, nor an irrational self-confidence, is exhibited. Education is shedding its enlightening rays upon the mind, and a system of general instruction diffusing its blessings through every class. Women are uniting with men in the noble cause of banishing oppression, vice, and ignorance, from the earth—and with the blessing of heaven, intelligence and virtue will soon become triumphant.

In the present era of universal reform, the prejudices of preceding ages can scarcely be comprehended. We might portray a dark period of woman's history, and assert, that she had not become a sharer in the march of mind; that the 'tone of female society,' was still a 'focus of folly,'—'a court where fashion and personal vanity are the presiding deities.' But should we presume to utter such an unjust aspersion upon the character of our sex in relation to its present state in our country, who would believe us? An intellectual woman is no longer placed under the ban of prejudice. Let the names of More, Edgworth, De Sevigne, De Stael, Cottin, Opie, Sigourney, Hemans, and many others distinguished for genius and virtue, animate our hopes, and encourage us to imitate their high example; and let us honor with a pure and holy sentiment, that benevolent system of philosophy, which is elevating woman to the station in society, originally assigned her by Infinite Wisdom.

Much of the infelicity existing in the human family, has resulted from an inordinate desire to be distinguished, and admired; the consequence, frequently, of a faulty education. The system of emulation introduced into our seminaries of learning, by arraying the self-love of one individual, or party, against the self-love and interest of another, counteracts the sentiments of liberality and goodwill; and creates a feeling of rivalry, which is apt to remain and endanger our happinesss in after life. Could the spirit of humility, forbearance, and

affection, be substituted, the petulance and impatience excited by disappointed ambition might be avoided, and an improvement effected in female character. The minds of women should be stored with useful knowledge—not for the meed of applause—nor for the purpose of displaying our superiority over those who are appointed to rule over us,—but for the rational improvement and employment of our leisure hours; tranquility and content, being regarded as the ultimate reward. Thus the refining influence of literary pursuits, might be exerted throughout all the social and moral fabric. But exalted literary attainments, will never compensate for the absence of those feminine virtues which christianity enjoins.

As the sensibility of woman is greater than her judgment, her mind should be trained from infancy to calculate and reflect; and religion, refinement, and good sense, forming the basis, we might rear a harmonious superstructure of virtuous principles, with habits of order and application. A woman 'who would mingle in ambitious strife, and cherish dreams of power,' is not contented with rational affection, and approving love. Blinded by the dazzling hues of romance and imagination, and cherishing the fond hope that she will continue 'the beacon of man's course, his guiding star,' she seldom awakes from her delusive dreams until too late to profit by experience; not until, without a pilot—without a compass or helm, to guide her on the dangerous voyage—her peace of mind is wrecked. Ah! how greatly our progress in the pursuit of happiness is impeded by inordinate self-esteem. There are women, who have endeavored to attain a preeminence never yet accorded them, who have overstepped the boundaries assigned them as their proper sphere of influence and action, have forgot the retiring modesty which renders them lovely, and subjected themselves to the shafts of envy and the 'sneers of ridicule.' When vanity, preponderating over those feelings inspired by native diffidence, allures a female into the forbidden paths of pedantry and ostentatious display, a 'son' *may* blush, and a 'husband' feel the 'complimented cleverness of his wife a reproach.' Intrinsic excellence shuns display; and while seemingly unconscious of its merits, secures the esteem of the intelligent and virtuous. There are some occasions in life, when we are called upon to exhibit the independence of the sterner sex; but they are few. We should remember that gentleness is our ornament and shield; not even 'the bitter corrosion of feelings that meet no answering tone,' should be powerful to *destroy* it; but with true magnanimity we should bear with fortitude and serenity the trials of life, and never 'show a will most incorrect to heaven, a heart

unfortified, a mind impatient.' Let us summon to our aid the resources of the heart and mind, and the internal consciousness of disinterested discharge of duty will produce an adequate recompense in that peace the world can neither give or take away. Manners softened by courtesy and kindness, charity for the imperfections of others—that germ of a thousand virtues—complacency of temper, self-denial, integrity, and devotion—these, with the art of making our home the abode of peace and comfort, will ensure us the respectful attentions of society, and the tender affection of friends, long after the attractions of youth have fled.

We have said that religion and refinement should form the basis for the cultivation of female excellence. By refinement, we do not mean the exclusiveness of aristocracy, or the sickly sensibility of weak minds, but the instinctive perception of what is amiable, respectful, and delicate, in social intercourse. By religion, we do not mean attachment to some favorite system, sectarian scruples, or the observance of outward forms and ceremonies; but the mild forbearing spirit of christianity, teaching us to *deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly.* What has elevated woman from the state of servile dependence, in which uncultivated, uncivilized man has ever held her? Religion! And a woman uninfluenced by its pure, benevolent and perfect precepts—is a branch from which emanates no verdure, for the principle of life is wanting. A.

BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

Having devoted a large portion of our recent numbers to light literature, we may with propriety appropriate a few pages to a graver subject, and we hope that the gayer part of our readers will not be alarmed by the title of this article, and turn away from it as one too sober for their taste. They need not be alarmed, for we are not going to write a sermon; though we hope that what we shall say will be as true as preaching, and quite as engaging as an essay upon novel writing.

We often touch upon the subject of education, because we consider it, above all others, except that of practical religion, the one in which society is most deeply interested—that which lies at the foundation of our political institutions and social enjoyments, and supports the great edifice of civil subordination. There is no topic connected with the human mind, so

curious or so instructive, as its dawning beauty, the influence of its early associations, and the color given to its mature development, by the first rays of light or shade that fall upon its growth. In no department of knowledge has there been so many discoveries, and such rapid improvement, as those produced by the present age in the delicate art of training the young mind. A few years ago the whole secret was supposed to consist in the science of flogging, the office of the schoolmaster was precisely analogous to that of the negro-driver, and the amiability of the pedagogue was on a par with the tender mercies of the jailor. When it was said of a boy, that he had enjoyed the advantages of education, the meaning was, that he had been diligently whipped from his birth—affectionately flogged in childhood by the tenderest of parents, and in boyhood sedulously flagellated through Latin and Greek, by the best of masters. In this matter we are in the midst of a revolution. The rod is not yet entirely banished from the school-room, but remains a foul remnant of a savage custom; an abomination in the sight of the reflecting, and a disgrace to those who use and those who permit it. But its power is broken, and the day that shall see it forever excluded from the school-house, will be celebrated as one of the proudest in the annals of mental improvement.

Among the causes which have operated in bringing about this improvement, and substituting persuasion for coercion, none has been more effectual than the invention of Sunday schools. When these were first introduced, they were but little esteemed, and had to work their own way into public favor; the scholars were mostly volunteers, who went rather with the permission of the parents, than by their authority, and it was found necessary to the existence of the system that it should be made popular with the children. The rod was never introduced, nor has it ever been found necessary. Appeals were made to the affections and the intelligence of the child, and not to his fears; and it was found just as easy to rule by the exertion of a wholesome moral influence, as by brute force. The experiment was eminently successful. The Sunday school was conducted in the most perfect order, without any assertion of a power to compel obedience on the one hand, or any fear of punishment on the other. To effect this, however, it was obviously necessary, that these schools should be made attractive, and means were used to give them variety and interest, which should enlist the attention of the young mind. To effect this object, the conversational mode of instruction contributed greatly. The teacher became the companion and friend of the pupil, the

intellect of each was cultivated, and the colloquial powers improved, by the exercise of question and answer, and the amount of knowledge communicated, was vastly superior to any thing that had before been attempted. Little as the public may be aware of the fact, there is no doubt, that the rational and popular mode of instruction introduced into Sunday schools, and the complete success of the experiment, was one of the primary causes of the great amelioration which has taken place in the condition of children, and of the improvement of our elementary schools.

The amount, and the kind of instruction, given in these schools, place them on an elevation above the ordinary institutions of elementary learning. The sum of the knowledge communicated, is great, and it is of the most useful description. Setting aside the religious and moral truth which is inculcated—not because we think it of secondary importance, but because we propose to treat of another branch of the subject—we are not acquainted with any course of study so likely to improve the intellect, and imbue it with valuable information. In the usual routine of a classical education, it is the practice to teach the classics of Greece and Rome, and a person is considered as liberally educated, who is thoroughly versed in what is called ancient history and literature: acquainted with all the best writers in the Latin and Greek languages. Aside from the value of those dialects, as bearing upon the construction of our own, the importance of these studies consists in the amount of knowledge which they give us in relation to the Greeks, the Romans, and the various nations with whom they had intercourse. And there is certainly no kind of learning more to be desired, than that which makes us acquainted with the rise and fall of nations, the original and progress of the arts, the manners and modes of thought of mankind, in different countries and ages—in short, the *facts* which illustrate the operations of the human mind, under the variety of circumstances by which it is surrounded. Whether history *teaches* or *warns* by example, it is still the voice of experience, inculcating the matured results of actual experiment.

It is surprising that while the history of Greece and Rome has been so highly appreciated, that of the Jews has received comparatively so little attention. The learned have studied both: but the stores of practical knowledge contained in the Bible, aside from its doctrinal and moral precepts, have never been popularly embraced in systems of education, to the same extent as profane history. Yet, to claim no more for it, the Bible is surely equally important and interesting, as a series of

historical narrative, with any other record of past times. As a part of the great family record which traces the vicissitudes of human incident, from the creation to the present day, it forms a link, without which the chain is incomplete. The Hebrew nation was not less conspicuous in its day of power, than Rome or Greece in the meridian of their splendor; it possessed an influence which affected the destinies of all the nations around, and stamped its customs and opinions so indelibly upon the whole surrounding region of mind, that some of them are found among the Asiatic races of this day. History has no names more splendid than those of Joseph, Samuel, David, Solomon, and many other illustrious Jews. The whole range of literature affords nothing so rich in thought, or so effulgent in imagery, as some portions of the Scripture.

But we may with great justice place this study on higher grounds. Biblical history and literature are not only parts of the great mass of ancient lore, equally necessary and indispensable with the other parts, to the formation of a consistent whole; but they are the earliest records of human action, and mental ingenuity. They are even more, for they lead us back to events and periods, which could never have been reached by the evidence of the human senses, or the exertion of the intellect of man. Nothing less than inspiration was competent to tell of the creation of the world, and the events before the flood; and nothing less pure than the pens of inspired writers, could have traced the lineage, and adventures, of the descendants of Abraham, through all the vicissitudes of pastoral life, bondage, national glory, and dispersion, with the artless and consistent perspicuity, unmixed with prejudice or fable, which distinguishes the Bible from all other ancient histories. The character of Joseph is one of the brightest and most faultless presented in all the annals of human greatness: his integrity, modesty, amiability, and affectionate disposition; his prudence and fortitude in adversity, his wisdom and moderation in exalted station, place him foremost in the rank of illustrious virtue, and successful talent. Yet how simple is the relation of his eventful life—what a rare specimen of dignified unadorned biography! Had he lived in Rome or Greece, what a halo of glory would have been thrown around him—what fables would have been invented—what prognostics of future eminence would have attended his birth—what wonders would have marked his childhood—how richly would poetry and eloquence have poured out their bright imaginings! But the sacred biographer indulges in no comment, records none of the inferences of his own judgment, perpetuates none of the falacies which partiality

or superstition may have thrown around the fame of a revered statesman; contenting himself with a naked recital of facts of the most touching interest, yet of the highest grade of moral grandeur. Nor does profane history exhibit any character more noble than that of Abraham. His unsophisticated virtue, his undeviating excellence of principle, his benevolence, and his gentlemanly deportment, display a more than ordinary manliness of temperament—a soundness of judgment and purity of heart, but seldom found in combination. What a life was that of Jacob! One deception practised in his youth, seems to have colored the whole after period of his mortal existence. A fugitive from his home, a disappointed man, in many of his dearest hopes, he doubtless often repented in the bitterness of agony, this early aberration of rectitude. After seven years of servitude, when he fondly supposed that his constancy was about to be rewarded by the hand of his beautiful relative, he was cheated into wedlock with her homely sister; and the most cruel deceit was practised upon him by his own sons.

We might refer to the names of Moses, Jeptha, Saul, Absalom, and David, and point out incidents of affecting pathos or moral beauty, far superior to those recorded by Plutarch, to which the young mind is so often directed, and which the statesman and philosopher peruse with such avidity, in their researches into the springs of human action: but we have said enough on this point. It is proper to add, however, that not only do the scriptures record the history of the Jews, but its light is thrown out upon the surrounding nations, whose history had else been wrapped in profound darkness, and whose very existence would have been unknown, or merely conjectural.

But the most important particular in which biblical history excels all other, is, that *it is true;* which cannot be said with certainty of any profane writing. We know that a vast deal of ancient profane history is untrue; that much of it is deformed by an absurd mythology, colored by imagination, or distorted by prejudice; while the Bible gives a consistent narrative, which christians believe to be above all suspicion, and which infidels have failed to invalidate.

Such is the character of the Bible, as an ancient classic; and without stopping to examine the system of theology which it inculcates, we may add, that its precepts of morality and practical wisdom are above all praise, and infinitely above the competition of all other books.

In the Sunday schools, the Bible is familiarly and minutely explained. Commencing with the beginning, it is read through

regularly in course. On each successive Sunday, the chapter under discussion is carefully explained verse by verse; and where the teachers are expert, all its bearings, and all information contained in it, or connected with it directly or indirectly, communicated to the pupils, who are thus made acquainted with all that is desirable to be known of the times, countries, and nations that are brought under review. Not only does this include a regular course of historical research, but also a series of instructive inquiries into the manners and customs of the ancients, into the geography of the holy land, and the natural phenomena occasionally alluded to in scripture narrative.

To facilitate such studies, a series of auxiliary books have been prepared, which form a library more extensive, accurate, and intrinsically valuable, than has been appended to any other branch of juvenile attainment—one which few mature minds could read without profit, and from which the ripe theologian might glean instruction. It comprises maps; geographies; tables of chronology, coins, weights, and measures; dictionaries of scriptural names and events; selections from modern travels in the countries described in the Bible; and familiar treatises upon a variety of topics bearing upon the same general train of research.

SMALL MATTERS.

Miss Edgworth says, 'there are some men whose character for genius depends upon their doing every-day things badly.' She never made a more true remark. Look at Mr. A., and Mr. B. If they write horridly, it is because 'they think rapidly.' If they dance wretchedly, it is because 'some men can do nothing but dance.' If they are awkward in company, it is because 'they cannot be both great and little at once.' 'Daniel Webster has no small talk; the lion is a noble beast; he cannot sing, but he can roar. The crocodile and whale cannot turn rapidly, and whisk round like the eel, but they have a most elephantine rush forward.' If ever my character is handled in conversation, I pray they may begin with my defects, for then they will conclude that I am, on the whole, an uncommon person. 'I don't think much of Mr. Blank,' says one; 'he writes too neat a hand—he dances too well—he 's too fond of music—he dresses too fashionably—he has too much small talk for the ladies—he can't be a man of genius.' Now I

happen to know the said Mr. Blank's genius to be so vigorous, that it can march forward with all these common-place accomplishments clustering about it; they would have weighed down, and smothered up, the genius of the objector; and he arrives at the sage conclusion, that no other man's genius can exist under them.

I do not mean to deny that intellectual effort is absorbing, and that men engaged in grand objects are apt to neglect little things. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that Dr. Johnson was a bear, Shakspeare was a sloven, Jeremy Bentham was a beast, Byron was a reckless cast-away, and Dean Swift was both morose and dirty: that is not because they were *great*, but because they were not sufficiently great.

Hence it is that conversation is neglected. The Americans are deficient in this pleasing art: they either argue, or remain silent; they want amusing wit, playful repartee, agreeable humor; they are good writers, and reasoners. Perhaps in argument there is no nation except the Scotch, that excels them; but how rare to find a circle of elegant and instructive conversers! I had, the other day, the pleasure of conversing with a friend upon this subject; a friend who *always* talks well, and from whose society I always derive pleasure and profit. She remarked that people in conversation, ought to make it their aim to convey instruction in a pleasing manner, and as very few people will be instructed or pleased without being entertained, conversation ought to assume a humorous turn whenever it can be done happily and chastely. 'There is,' said she, 'no need of nonsense in conversation. The art of saying a great deal, without meaning any thing, is not at all so desirable as some beginners seem to think. On the contrary, the art of meaning a great deal without saying much, is the great charm of polite conversation.' Again, 'the art of being "*free*" in conversation to say whatever comes uppermost,' said she, 'is fit only for those superficial and indolent persons, who, conscious there are no pearls at the bottom of the current, endeavor to multiply the beautiful dead leaves which float upon the surface. Conversation without effort, is *babble*. In fact it is only those talkers to whom effort is a habit, who can talk easily; who can call from every occasion its happiest advantages and render the dryest subject interesting. The art of exciting others to talk, though of all others the easiest, and most pleasing, is, from our selfishness, so rare, that when you meet with a person who possesses it, you wonder what could have been the charm of his society.'

There is Miss B———, for instance. She does not dispute—

she does not dogmatize; she glides into conversation like a dove from the house-tops—just as easily, just as freely, just as beautifully. So adroitly does she lead the way from the stiffness of a first introduction, to the gentle excitement of familiar conversation, that you cannot believe you have ever been strangers. She knows *how* to listen, how to appreciate by a delicate and delightful sympathy, all you say, and even more, for she will discover ideas where your own heart tells you there are none, and thus surprise you at your own ingenuity. She will make you think she is building upon your conversation, while in fact you are building upon hers, and this by so miraculous a *tact*, that you praise her because you feel you are eulogizing yourself. Do you understand? True conversation is a medium between disputation and acquiescence: between a gale and a calm. It is an interchange of thought—or rather an intermingling, like the parts in a duet, where the performers make no harsh discords, and no tame unisons. It is where two persons walk side by side in some pleasant path, not following, as in Indian-file, or meeting in a tilt, as in an armed tournament. It is variety without incongruity—contact without collision—excitement without turbulence—music without noise. How few succeed well in this delightful art, even in the highest circle of *education*—for I will not say of *fashion*. To a man of taste and feeling, it is the highest luxury of polished society; nothing so refreshes the tired spirits, or so elevates the better principles of his heart, when it is worn and bowed by the cares of life. It is like 'the shadow of a rock in a weary land,' where the pilgrim reposes upon the fresh grass, and bathes his feet in a well-spring of coolness. A. C.

TRAVELS OF THE BODY.

Those who have the bump of inhabitiveness strongly developed, become very much attached to one particular spot, Spurzheim says—and have a strong indisposition to go about to see new places.

Upon reading this, I almost instinctively put my hand to my head, just above philo-progenitiveness—where I saw, by the plate, the bump was situated—and found quite a large protuberance. This, thought I, accounts for my instinctive dislike of stage coaches and canal boats, that crawling all over, which I feel at the reflection, how much suffering they are the means

of producing. It's like looking at a case of surgical instruments set forth in battle-array—which seem to be saying, with a sardonic grin, 'if you have any legs or arms to be cut off, just bring 'em on;'—the blood seems to rush instinctively back to the heart, to avoid the glittering battalia; and there is a strong disposition in the physical man to treat them with profound, but *distant* respect. For though Bishop Butler seems to think, that our legs and arms, &c., shifting and changing continually, in the progress of time, can form no part of ourselves—we preserving always our indentities—yet they form so much of a circumstance in our *get-along-ability* in this world, and are such near neighbors and connections—that no man of common benevolence and humanity, who had regard to the precept, 'love your neighbor as yourself,' would wish to see the poor things suffer if he could help it.

Besides, viewing this perishing body as a house merely, let to us for the residence of our immortal souls, which are essentially ourselves, yet according to all the principles of landlord and tenant, though we may not be answerable for accidental, we certainly are for permissive waste. Consequently, if my premises are correct, it is demonstrable upon the principles of common law, that though a man may be perfectly innocent for the damage to his soul's habitation, by the accidental falling of a brick-bat upon any portion thereof; yet he is responsible for breaking his own windows, or suffering any portion to be racked or ruined, for want of proper care and attention on his part. It is true, that this rule may operate rather hardly in some particular instances; as, for instance, if some patriotic well-wisher of his country, in drinking too deeply to the downfall of the 'greatest and the best,' should lose that perfect uprightness of intention, and that heed to his steps, which is requisite to preserve our standing in the rough and dark passages of life, and in consequence thereof, should meet with a downfall himself, costing him blood and treasure; still it would be just, and for the good of community, that he should suffer the consequences of the damage done, though he suffered in the best of causes. Knowing that it is the policy of the city corporation, in their care for the public good, to extend every facility to people for breaking their necks, by leaving the streets without a glimmering of light, and then digging holes and piling up earth and stones in the middle of them—I say knowing this, he should not have taken his habitation out with him, but left it at home by a good fire, where no harm could come to it, and sent his mind out alone on these mighty perambulations. The mind, by the assistance of the imagination,

which is kept on purpose to transport it about, can travel all over town without a candle, meeting with no serious accident, maugre the pitfalls, sticks, and stones. But, alas! for its frail tenement of clay, it has such a fondness for its kindred earth, that with the slightest excuse—such as meeting with a ditch, or a pile of wood or coal—it will frequently cast itself at full length in salutation of its mother earth, in spite of broken shins and noses, and to the great inconvenience and detriment of the spiritual habitant within, throwing it into a most unphilosophic mood. Now it is clear, and according to the experience of every one, that if we are present in the body, in some comfortable place, we can safely be absent in the mind, and with our feet before a good fire, travel all over the world in imagination, which, as I observed before, is the mind's stage coach. But if we reverse the proposition, what must be the result? If there is so much difficulty, even when the mind is present and vigilant, for it to keep its habitation right side up; to keep the material *sole* in its proper place, supporting the immaterial; what *must* be the consequence, if the mind stays at home, and the body goes out? or if the mind and body take walks in different directions? Imagine, for one moment, this frail and weak tenement, with all its proneness to earth, travelling about the streets of Cincinnati, of a dark night, without any owner—no one looking out at the windows to see that bones are not broken. It comes down the street, and meets a pile of bricks, and poor thing, unconscious of any harm, it falls over them upon its nose. The mind returns to its duty, to feel the mortification of a loud laugh at the misfortunes of its prison-house, and picks up the fragments in that not very enviable state which is produced by a consciousness of having done wrong, and the suffering which sympathy with the pain and distress of our intimate connections must necessarily bring on.

Here, then, I would make an application of all this long and severe course of reasoning. But first, I would ask, is this frail tenement of the soul, or mind, its prison-house? However much I might wish, for the benefit of some of my absent friends, that this was the case, yet truth and conviction compel me to say, that the very circumstance of my having so *many* absent friends, proves to my mind, that their frail tenements are *not* the prison-houses of their minds; but on the contrary, their minds are any where else but at home most of the time.

Now, then, we are liable, upon the principles of common law, for all permissive waste to our tenements; and though the question of what would constitute permissive waste, is a question—as the lawyers say—for the jury, yet *that* being determined, the

application of the law is inevitable. Inasmuch, then, as we are frequently subjected to this liability, would it not be the part of prudence and economy, to cultivate the propensity of inhabitiveness, and travel, like Peter Parley's little children, all over the world without moving from home, and avoid all the accidents, vexations, and trouble of stage coaches, canal and steam boats? I submit the question to you, asking you to bear in mind, that these tenements are not our prison-houses, and that the mind is perfectly free to go where it chooses. Should this reasoning not be sufficient, I propose, in a future number, to give you some of the miseries of travelling—till which time, I remain yours, &c.

PHILO-STAYING-AT-HOMEITIVENESS.

A LITTLE SPECIMEN OF WELSH LITERATURE.

THE Welsh poetical triads are part of a species of literature with which the reader may not be acquainted, as the Welsh is not taught in this country, either as a living or a dead language. The following specimen contains many valuable observations expressed with singular brevity.

'The three foundations of genius are, the gift of God, human exertion, and the events of life.

The three first requisites of genius: an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares to follow it.

The three things indispensable to genius: understanding, meditation, and perseverance.

The three things that enoble genius: vigor, discretion, and knowledge.

The three tokens of genius: extraordinary understanding, extraordinary conduct, and extraordinary exertions.

The three things that improve genius; proper exertion, frequent exertion, and successful exertion.

The three things that support genius: prosperity, social acquaintance, and applause.

The three qualifications of poetry: endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and felicity of thought.

The three pillars of learning: seeing much, suffering much, and writing much.' K.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE YOUNG LADY'S ASSISTANT IN DRAWING AND PAINTING. By Maria Turner, Author of Rudiments of Drawing and Shadowing Flowers. Cincinnati: Corey & Fairbank. 1833.

We omitted to notice this little work, as we should have done, in our last number. Painting is a delightful art: there is no accomplishment more appropriate or more graceful for young ladies; and its usefulness, not only as an aid but as an incentive to the study of natural history, is undoubted. The volume before us contains some of the simplest elementary rules in painting and drawing, and is highly spoken of by those who are conversant with the subject of which it treats.

SCENES IN OUR PARISH. By a Country Parson's Daughter. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The success of Miss Mitford's delightful sketches of country life in England, has called forth a host of imitators. This is one of the cleverest of them; and although too sentimental for our taste, will please those who have a fondness for this style of writing.

MEMOIRS OF BARON CUVIER. By Mrs. R. Lee, formerly Mrs T. E. Bowditch. New York: J. & J. Harper. 1833.

Until a more full and perfect memoir of Cuvier shall be prepared by some one competent to estimate the character and labors of the great naturalist, the little volume of Mrs. Lee will be read with curiosity. It is, as far as it goes, sufficiently accurate to serve the purposes of a popular biography.

Mrs. Lee was the wife of Mr. Bowditch, the traveller in Africa, who made some noise a few years ago, and died, if we mistake not, about 1824, while engaged in making surveys of the river Gambia. He had been employed in mercantile pursuits upon the Gold coast, long previous to that time, and in 1816 was entrusted by the British with a mission to Ashantee. Of this expedition he published a narrative, which was favorably received by the public, and gained him the reputation of a scientific traveller. He published some other works, the titles of which we have forgotten, and was engaged at the time of his death, in preparing some details illustrating the geology and natural history of Madeira. Mrs. Bowditch accompanied her husband on his second voyage to Africa. Shortly after their return, they proceeded to Paris, where Mr. B.'s fame as a successful African traveller, procured him the notice of M. Cuvier. 'We became intimates of the family,' says Mrs. Lee, 'with whom, for nearly four years, we were in daily intercourse.' She adds: 'My correspondence with M. Cuvier's daughter-in-law, and other branches of the family, has been uninterrupted since that period; I have paid them repeated visits at their own house; and for fourteen years not a single shadow has passed over the warm affection which has characterized our

intimacy.' With such means of information Mrs. Lee has formed a volume, which, until a more durable monument shall be erected to his memory, will be acceptable to the admirers of this great man—one of the greatest in an age prolific in gigantic specimens of human intellect—one, who throughout the revolutions of the last forty years, has found favor with all the different rulers of his country; and in the midst of the stirring vicissitudes of war and political strife, has been steadily employed in enlarging the boundaries of knowledge, maintaining a pure character, and achieving a fame which few may hope to rival.

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE; or A Journal of Travels in Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Prussia, and Saxony. By Charles B. Elliot, Esq. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle. 1833.

The northern part of Europe, is that which is least known to the English reader, but it is not the least interesting. If the countries through which the writer travelled have less to awaken classic recollections, if they have afforded fewer materials to the stock of history and romance, than Spain, Italy, and France, they have other claims to attention of high interest. Russia is advancing in power, and giving tone to all the countries around her. It will not be long before France and England will cease to sway the destinies of Europe, and Russia will be the dominant power. The other northern nations, who are too weak to dispute her supremacy, must join her, or quietly submit to her dictation. In a political point of view, therefore, the north of Europe, holds out an inviting field of study.

Russia is advancing rapidly in knowledge and civilization, and may be expected to begin soon to pour out the rich stores of a youthful and vigorous literature. Prussia has already taken a high stand in the cause of education; the government exercises a watchful guardianship over the common schools, and extends the elementary instruction to nearly the whole youthful population. The other states have all made some advance within the past century, and their institutions deserve to be attentively examined by the American citizen.

Mr. Elliot is an agreeable writer. His work is not profound, nor does it afford much minute detail; but it contains a good deal of popular information—of that sprightly gossip which gives a passing glance at the outside of things seen by the traveller, as he is whirled rapidly along through the country.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. Compiled from his correspondence, and other authentic sources of information: containing remarks on his writings, and on the peculiarities of his interesting character, never before published. By Thomas Taylor. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle. 1833.

Key & Biddle deserve the credit, not only of getting up their books in good style, but of publishing such as are of an useful character, and of a decidedly moral tendency. When we recollect how great is the influence of books, and how vast is the power over public opinion wielded by booksellers, upon whose will, uncontrolled, or controlled only by the reaction of that same public opinion, which they in a measure mould, depends the selection of the books to be read by the community, it is no small praise to say,

that this responsibility is, in a particular case, exercised with an eye to the public good. The bookseller that multiplies the copies of a pernicious book, sacrifices the morals of his country to his own avarice; while he who consults his conscience and his patriotism, and is careful not to increase the number of frivolous or pernicious books, deserves the respect of his fellow-citizens, and may, by persevering and high-minded efforts to sustain the purity of the press, become a public benefactor. It is to be regretted that this view of the case is not more frequently urged, and more constantly kept in the public mind. If critics and editors—if all who have the power of awakening public attention, would severely castigate all who multiply pernicious books, instead of confining their remarks simply to the approbation of those which they approve, the public might be brought to frown on those who poison the streams of knowledge. Unfortunately, the present style of criticism in this country is, to praise every thing; and the editor who has independence enough to condemn a volume of ineffable trash, is accused of ill-nature, or if he happens to be an author himself, of jealousy. All fashions change, and we hope that this one will change soon.

There have been several biographies of Cowper. There are few men whose life and character have occasioned so much comment. His genius is undoubted. He wrote a good deal, and all his productions display an original cast of thought. He had a vigor of imagination, hardly consistent with his bodily infirmity and despondency of character. His poetry is admired and read, while that of other men is admired and not read. His piety, amiability, and sensitiveness, render him engaging, while his melancholy and deep despondency of mind, awaken feelings of sympathy. With all his weaknesses and defects, he is instructive—his melancholy is not misanthropic nor querulous.

It is curious to see how much curiosity is awakened by eccentricity of character. Cowper was a christian, a poet, a man of principle. But how many have written with equal fervor and purity, and have been suffered to sleep almost in oblivion! Had he been blessed with common sense, and gone quietly through the world, like other men, his poetry would not have been less admired, but none would have cared for his biography. But a little tinge of insanity—a morbid sensitiveness that unfitted him for this world—a waywardness that showed that reason sometimes tottered on its throne, has thrown a kind of mysticism around him, that excites curiosity, and one biographer after another has essayed to give new views of his character, and to repeat facts 'never before published.' It is happy for his memory that nothing can be said of Cowper, which can depreciate his worth, and that every new effort to depict his character, but serves to place a man of piety and genius in a light which shows some new virtue, and gives additional lustre to his bright example.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS, FROM FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN. By Emma Willard. Troy, N. Y.: N. Tuttle, Printer; 225 River street. 1833.

Mrs. Willard is extensively and favorably known in the United States, as a writer, and the principal of a female school at Troy, N. Y. Besides some elementary works on education, she has written a history of the United States, which enjoys considerable reputation; and a volume of poems, which contains any thing but good poetry. She is undoubtedly a lady of vigorous mind, much energy of character, and

varied intellectual attainments. Her devotion to the cause of female education, is the result of choice alone. Placed beyond the necessity of teaching as a means of support, she nobly devotes her powers to the best interests of her sex—the elevation and cultivation of the female character. With this object in view, to which was superadded the restoration of an impaired constitution, Mrs. Willard, in the year 1830, visited France and Great Britain. She made it a point to examine the principal female institutions in those countries, that she might, upon her return, make her own still more useful in the great cause in which she is embarked. The volume before us, made up of letters written to her friends in the United States, and of parts of her daily journal, runs through a period of about ten months. The style is not very sprightly, but it is unambitious, and free from evidences of having been originally designed for publication. The captious reader will probably pronounce that the author makes herself too conspicuous in the narrative, and that her pages abound by far too much with minute details and trivial incidents. In answer to the first, it may be replied, admitting the objection to be well taken, that it is at most but a venial fault: and in regard to the second, we are disposed to think the great merit of the book consists in its details. We care but little about the geography and chronology, statistics and government of France, but we have a laudable curiosity to learn something of the domestic manners—the social relations—in short, we want to know what people think and do and say, in Paris, and Havre, and London, and Liverpool. It is only, by doing what to an agreeable extent Mrs. Willard has done, that we can be gratified. The saloons, the bed-chambers, the dining-rooms, and the kitchens must be thrown open to our view, and the journalists must tell what is said therein, and how their inmates look and carry themselves, if we are gratified. A single panoramic view of the interior arrangements of a French family, and a page or two of badinage, will do more towards affording an insight into the character and mode of life, of a foreign people, than a volume of stately historical and philosophical disquisitions upon the same subjects.

We subjoin a few brief passages, as specimens of the work:

'Although my first object is to learn the state of education in France, particularly that of my own sex, yet no species of information seems so difficult of attainment. In our country the education of the young, is one of the primary subjects of conversation in the parlor; and one of the first mentioned in the public prints. Here, you are told of theatres, balls, concerts, and politics, but not of schools. Every one knows the names of public singers, dancers, actors and actresses, but no one speaks of teachers; unless occasionally of learned and distinguished professors. When, in conversation, a lady is described, I frequently hear the expression—she is *parfaitement instruite*, (perfectly educated,) followed by the assertion, that she can speak a certain number of languages, play on so many instruments, and perhaps to this list it is added, that she understands mythology and history, and is mistress of drawing. This is evidence to me not only of the defective, but of the wrong views here entertained of female education.'

'Mr. Cooper is esteemed in France, as a better writer than Sir Walter Scott, by a majority of those with whom I have conversed on the subject. In fact, they place him here quite at the head of the novel writers of the day.'

'We may make many valuable improvements from the instructions of French women, in regard to dress, which after all is no unimportant affair to a woman. They

certainly observe economy in some things, beyond the women of our country. Their nice things are not put on in the morning, or worn in patrolling the streets. They regard a grand toilette in the morning, as decidedly vulgar; at the same time I must exonorate them from the charge of wanting neatness. A plain dress of calico, or of some cheap material, made close, a kerchief of plain jaconet muslin or *tulle*, furnished at the neck with ruffles, exquisitely quilted or plaited, and a cap of *tulle*, complete the morning costume of a French lady.

Whatever they may have been in times past, the French women, at this day, are more simple and natural in their dress, in many respects, than the American. They dress their own hair without false curls; and this is considered (truly, I think,) more becoming, even when their locks are partially changed by age.

7th. 'Last evening I was caught with a French custom, something after the manner of a raw sailor at the tropics. We were told of the king's days, which must be duly attended to, before the twelfth. Some of us being every evening from home, the fete was deferred until this time. A cake was handed round with a bean in it; if a lady got it, she must be queen and choose the king; if a gentleman, then he must be king, and select a partner to the regal dignity. They manœuvred to give me the bean. I immediately was declared queen, and Madame B—— was ready at my elbow to say "choose Mr. ——; choose Mr. ——. So I chose Mr. ——; and like other kings and queens newly inaugurated, we little knew what was before us. Having been jointly proclaimed with more than three cheers, tea was served according to due precedence. We went to drink, and immediately all cried out, "Le roi boit! la reine boit!"* and roared into a laugh. The same again, whenever we put our cups to our lips; and if we laughed with the rest, they cried out, "Le rois ris! la reine ris!"† If we rose from our seats, "La reine se leve! le roi apporte la musique!"‡ And so whatever we did was audibly announced by the whole company; and then all roared again. Thus we were the observed of all observers. Our dignity held on, making occasional merriment, until we purchased the next cake for another fete, which we did not do until the Wednesday following.

'When the French have a turn of their own to serve, look out for them. They probably tell more lies of interest than some other nations; but I honestly believe as few of cowardice as any people whatever. When self does not shake the balance, no people express their thoughts more freely and fully, exactly as they rise.

'Custom has regulated the time for mourning in Paris in the following manner: For a parent, six months; for a grand parent, four months and a half; for a husband, one year and six weeks; for a wife, six months; for a brother or sister, two months; for an uncle or aunt, three weeks; for first cousins, fifteen days.

'We never hear characters scanned in Paris, as with us, as to the moral tendency of their actions. The standard of good society has nothing to do with such trifling circumstances; and it is the height of impertinence to inquire into them, or make any remarks concerning them. Not that a French woman does not take into consideration respectability—right and wrong; but respectability concerns a person's connexions, style of living, &c.; and right and wrong relate to the right and wrong of caps and hats, dresses and ribbons.

* The king drinks! the queen drinks! † The king laughs! the queen laughs!
‡ The queen rises! the king brings music!

'As a specimen of the principles one may chance to be edified with in Paris, I will tell you what I heard said by a French lady, who was perhaps piqued by the rude remarks of a gentleman, who, after praising the American females, said he would not dare to trust French women as wives. The lady, whose own correctness I never heard impeached, observed: "Well, I own I am no friend to marriage. How absurd, to make one promise to love the same person for ever! Why, it is impossible. Give me nothing to eat but a leg of mutton all my days, and I should starve to death!"

'There is less resemblance in the manner of educating young men in our country and in France, for civil than for military occupations. The term academy, which is here used in reference to the very highest grade of education, has, by some means, been brought into use in America, as the name of a grade of institutions, just above our common schools; while the word college, both here and in England, is used to designate institutions, on the whole inferior to those of the same name with us. There are several colleges in Paris, where youth are received at an earlier age, kept longer, and learn the dead languages more thoroughly, than in ours. But they look to other sources for completing their literary education, if they expect to be accomplished scholars.

'Paris shines preeminent above all other cities, for the facilities afforded to these; and hence it is the place of resort for students from every part of the civilized world. In the various branches of natural history and natural science, in medicine and surgery, the French professors stand unrivalled. And they are supported too by public munificence: so that the student can come to their learned lectures without money or price. Nor are the facilities of the student less in the libraries, apparatus, natural and artificial specimens, provided for his use, than in the instructions given him. The royal library contains 700,000 volumes. There is nothing so complete in the world, in its kind, as the cabinet of natural history at the Garden of Plants. The living animals of every region, and vegetable productions of every clime, are spread out before the student, arranged to suit the principles both of science and taste.

'The ladies in France dress less to receive company than to visit. They hold it more polite to show no disposition to outshine their visiters.'

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS IN ILLINOIS COLLEGE, 1833–34.

We have received with pleasure a pamphlet with the above title. Having a warm side for Illinois, the infant growth of whose institutions we witnessed for so many years, we see with unmingled gratification every indication of her rapidly advancing prosperity. It is but five or six years since we attended a meeting in Jacksonville—then a hamlet of log-houses—held in an unfinished building, where the company stood among the carpenter's chips and shavings, and where an institution was organized and called *Illinois College*. From this small beginning has arisen a valuable institution, having a faculty consisting of a President and four other gentlemen, and a list of eighty-two students. Their buildings are commodious, and their prospects cheering.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

NOTICES OF EMINENT PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

WILLIAM WIRT was born at Bladensburg, Maryland, on the 8th of November, 1772; and was the youngest of six children. His father (a Swiss,) died while William was an infant; and his mother (a German,) when he was 8 years old. Being thus an orphan, he was received into the family of his uncle, who, (with his wife,) was also a native of Switzerland. He appears to have been kindly treated and encouraged by his aunt, who, divining his talents, had him continued at the grammar school at Georgetown, despite the pittance left for his education by his parents. Here was also educated Richard Brent, late a member of Congress from Virginia.

Wirt was thence removed to a classical school in Charles county, Maryland, kept by Hatch Dent, in the vestry house of Newport Church, where Alexander Campbell of Virginia was educated—of whom Mr. Wirt subsequently said, 'some of the most beautiful touches of eloquence I have ever heard, were echoes from Campbell which reached us in our mountains.'

From Dent's school, Wirt (in his eleventh year,) removed to that kept by the Rev. James Hunt, a Presbyterian clergyman in Montgomery county, Maryland—of whose kindness, learning and affability, his pupil ever retained a grateful remembrance. Wirt had free access to the library of his tutor, of which he made a good use. Having read that Pope constructed sentences and stanzas at twelve years of age, Wirt became as emulous to rival him, as Pope himself had similarly been stimulated to rival Cowley. A poetical effort was his first attempt. But an incident occurring whereby he became embittered against the usher of the school, who had unjustly chastised his pupil—the latter to be revenged wrote an essay on anger, which a school-mate recited as a scholastic exercise, to the amusement of the scholars and the master, but to the annoyance of the usher. This pedant having left the school immediately afterward, was subsequently involved in difficulties, from which Wirt partly extricated him.

While Wirt was at the school of Mr. Hunt, a circumstance occurred which controlled his destiny. Wirt with his schoolmates was permitted occasionally to attend the pleadings at the Montgomery Court-house. Wirt became so fascinated with the eloquence displayed—particularly by a young gentleman, since well known as William Dorsey—that he suggested to his school-fellows to have a juvenile court of their own: of which he prepared a constitution and a body of laws, prefacing them in his report by an apologetic letter for himself. In this Lilliputian Court, he shone proudly eminent.

When Wirt arrived at his fifteenth year, Mr. Hunt died. He was subsequently compelled (from his straitened circumstances,) to idle an interval at Bladensburg, till a late schoolmate of his, Ninian Edwards, since Governor of Illinois, showing the letter and constitution to his father—he was induced by Judge Benjamin Edwards, to act as tutor to his family. In youth particularly

————teaching teaches,
And by giving we retain.

Wirt promptly accepted the offer, and received from the father more instruction than he gave to his son. Under Judge Edwards, Wirt laid the foundation of the knowledge of the law. But having formed an unhappy artachment with a lady in the neighborhood, who did not reciprocate his love, it filled his soul, fired his muse, and fretted his constitution.—Being advised, he therefore travelled South to Augusta, to restore his health and spirits.

On his return he studied law under William Hunt, the son of his old preceptor; and afterwards under Mr. Thomas Swann in the District of Columbia, where he was admitted to the bar in 1792.—Immediately after his admission, he removed again to Culpepper Court-house, in Virginia, and commenced his practice when 20 years of age.

The first case in which he was engaged was divided with him by a brother debutant. It arose from assault and battery, by three persons, two of whom had been by writs liberated; but the third was continued in prison, because taken immediately in execution. To liberate him without a formal writ, but on motion, was the object of the young pleaders; and Wirt acquitted himself so well as to acquire the patronage of the late General John Miner, then attending as a lawyer.

In '96 he married the eldest daughter of Dr. George Gilmer, of Charlottesville, which introduced him to the best society in the neighborhood,—and among others to Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. But it introduced him into a scene of life with

which he became intoxicated; and through means of which he was plunged into the depths of dissipation and debauchery. From this untoward course he was singularly ransomed by a sermon which he adventitiously heard from the blind preacher, James Waddell, whom he has so celebrated in his British Spy. The sketch there given is often placed in enviable juxtaposition with those of Le Fevre and La Roche.

This dark period in his life was caused by imbibing the visionary theories of Godwin, to which he thus alludes in the 'British Spy.' 'It is at this giddy period of life, when a series of dissolute courses have debauched the purity and innocence of the heart, shaken the pillars of the understanding, and converted her sound and wholesome operations into little more than a set of feverish starts, and incoherent and delerious dreams—it is in such a situation that a new fangled theory is welcomed as an amusing guest, and deism is embraced as a balmy comforter against the pangs of an offended conscience.'

At that period he wrote a farce, called the County Court Lawyer, which was never acted, nor (we believe,) published. It represented a late member of Congress under the name of Blunderbuss. It was at that period, also, that he was prevailed upon to accompany a friend to the rural church of Waddell, where for a time he heeded not the speaker or auditors; but was fast sinking into the arms of the drowsy deity, till instinctively aroused, as if by divine electricity, he was among those 'who came to scoff, but remained to pray.' The change in his life was immediate and important, so much so that when his wife died in 1795, and he had removed to Richmond, he was appointed clerk of the House of delegates, as successor to John Stewart, which situation he held in 1802. He was then appointed chancellor of the eastern district of Virginia, though only 29 years of age. But during his Chancellorship, to which a very small salary was attached, having married the daughter of the late Colonel Gamble of Richmond, he was obliged to resign and resume his professional practice, more adequately to support his change of domestic life.

Through the persuasion of Mr. Tazewell, the late elected Governor of Virginia —he was induced to settle at Norfolk in that State, where he remained reaping emolument and fame till 1806. In that year he returned to Richmond; and in the following year, he was retained (by the special direction of Jefferson,) as Attorney for the government in the celebrated case of Aaron Burr—of his eloquence, &c. in this prosecution, Chief Justice Marshall, (the presiding judge) remarked—'The question has been argued in a manner worthy of its importance. A degree of eloquence seldom displayed on any occasion, has embellished solidity of argument and depth of research.'

One passage of his speeches has been so popular as to have nearly palled by familiar repetition, else might it be quoted.

In 1808 he was elected a member for Richmond to the Virginia Legislature; and was soon after elected as a privy councillor by Mr. Monroe, the then Governor of the State. In 1806 he was appointed United States Attorney for the district of Virgina by Madison, and in 1817 he was appointed United States Attorney General by Mr. Monroe; an office which he sustained with eminence and efficiency, during the administration of Monroe and Adams.

It was during his chancellorship, that he wrote the letters called 'The British Spy'—in 1801, he wrote the essays in the Richmond Enquirer, subscribed One of the People—in 1812 he wrote those, signed 'The Old Bachelor'—and in 1817, he published his 'Life of Patrick Henry.' In 1826, he pronounced an eulogium on the deaths of Jefferson and Adams—in 1830 he delivered an address to a literary society at Rutger's College—and another in the same year, in Baltimore, on the celebration of the French Revolution, when Charles the Tenth was dethroned.

During the last election he was nominated as a candidate for the Presidency, by the Anti-Masonic Convention, assembled in Baltimore, in October, 1831. During the present session of the Supreme Court, he was engaged in several causes pending.

He was 62 years of age, and has left behind him his wife and a numerous family. He died at Washington.

As soon as his death was announced, the members of the bar convened, and resolved to go in mourning for him. On that occasion, Mr. Webster pronounced the eulogium due to the memory of the distinguished deceased.

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LORENZO DOW.—Few men, of the same humble origin and attainments, have made more noise in both hemisphers than Lorenzo. Gifted with a share of plain 'mother wit,' he made it subservient in his sermons, addresses and printed

books, and seldom in the course of any one has that quality been more potent—sometimes against its author and his cause, but as often, perhaps, in favor of both.

The history of Dow is every way curious and useful. It was his lot to find a wife of like character with himself; and they plodded the journey of life long together, with congenial hopes and feelings. It seems to have been the opinion of both, that the world was all going wrong, and that they were born to set it right and restore to integrity the disjointed times. Their marriage was singular. Lorenzo saw his future spouse in a room, at a meeting; he stepped up to her, and asked if she could fancy him enough to take him for a husband? She replied yes, very promptly, and the knot was tied. After this, they traversed the wilds of the west, preaching glad tidings, sleeping at night by the wayside, and in the fields and forests. Their own hands invariably ministered to their necessities, and to those that were with them. Finally, Lorenzo fancied that the Lord called him across the Atlantic; and thither he went. His ministrations in Ireland were attended by crowds; insomuch that the edifices where he preached were guarded by a door-keeper, and admittance money demanded. In this tour, if we mistake not, his wife—who rejoiced in the beautiful name of Peggy—accompanied him. They encountered numerous trials and privations with christian fortitude and patience. Shortly after their return to this country, we believe, Peggy died—not, however, before she had written a book containing much that is valuable and curious, in a plain and homely style. She was, in many respects, in courage, devotion, and perseverence under hardship, an extraordinary woman.

Lorenzo Dow was an oddity of the oddest kind. His sayings, for a time, like those of the celebrated Rowland Hill, filled the newspapers, and pleased the public from Maine to Louisiana. Dow was known in all parts of the Union; and it is probable that not a town or city of any note in the boundary of the states was left unvisited by him. The story of his raising the devil, and the way he did it, is well known. The best anecdote of him is, that being one evening at a hotel, kept by one *Bush*, in Delhi, (the residence of the celebrated general *Root*) he was importuned by the latter gentleman, in the presence of the landlord, to describe *Heaven*, 'You say a great deal of that place,' said the general, 'tell us how it looks.' Lorenzo turned his grave face and long waving beard towards Messrs. Bush and Root, and replied with imperturbable gravity: 'Heaven, friends, is a vast extent of smooth, rich territory; there is not a *root* nor a *bush* in it, and there never will be.'

Take Dow all in all, the country will not soon look upon his like again. Few who have seen him, will forget his outlandish exterior, his orang-outang features, the beard that swept his aged breast, or the piping, treble voice, in which he was wont to preach what he called the gospel of the kingdom.

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HANNAH MORE.—The celibacy of this excellent lady, which gave her so much time to bend the powers of her mind to the interests of humanity, has been a subject of surprise.

Rumor, with its busy tongue, ventured in its explanation, to assail her spotless character: but the truth is now made known, and a writer in a recent Scottish periodical relates as authentic the following circumstances.

She was early engaged to be married to a gentleman of family and fortune. The wedding day was fixed. The bride and her party moved off gaily to the church, where the ceremony was to be performed, and the groom was to make his appearance. The lady was first upon the ground. Her lover was not there. 'The laggard comes late,' thought the attendants. They miscalculated. He never came at all!

A horseman rode up to the church door, and handed Miss More a letter, written by her faithless swain, declaring, with many apologies, he could not 'take the responsibility' of making her his bride. At the same time he offered her any pecuniary remuneration in his power!

Whether the lady fainted, or only pouted, is not mentioned; but her male relatives followed the business up with such promptness and spirit, that the 'dastard in love' made a settlement upon the slighted lady of £400 sterling a year for life.

If we chose to moralize on this anecdote, perhaps we could attribute to the circumstance related, something of her conduct in after life. The apple that bumped the head of Newton, gave him a painful idea of the doctrine of gravitation—the loss of a lover may have led Miss Hannah More thence forward to bestow her affections upon mankind.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

Taken at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the month of FEBRUARY, 1834; *by* D. LAPHAM, *Civil Engineer.*

The thermometer hangs under a roof, sheltered from the direct influence of the sun and winds; in latitude 39° 6′ N.; longitude 84° 22′ W.; and at an elevation of 554 feet above the ocean. Times of observation, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and at 1 and 9 P. M. Fahrenheit's scale.

DATE. Feb. 1834.	Thermometer. V.	I.	IX.	Mean of each day.	Course of the Wind. A.M.—P.M.	Character of the Weather.	Character of the Wind.	Miscellaneous Remarks.
1	31.00	38.00	31.75	32.91	N–N	Fair.	lt. bre.	Well water 55.50°.
2	27.00	46.25	32.00	34.75	N W–W	fair.	lt. bre.	
3	25.00	44.50	41.75	38.25	W–W	fair.	lt. bre.	
4	32.00	50.00	42.00	41.33	W–W	fair.	lt. bre.	
5	32.00	65.00	44.50	47.16	S W–S W	fair.	lt. bre.	
6	32.00	64.50	44.25	47.41	S W–S W	fair.	lt. bre.	snow disappeared.
7	35.00	55.00	38.00	42.16	S W–N	fair.	str. bre.	foggy at morn.
● 8	32.00	49.00	44.50	43.79	N E–N E	fair.	lt. bre.	well water 55.75°.
9	43.75	49.00	44.25	45.21	N E–N W	cloudy.	lt. bre.	rain in the night.
10	41.00	48.00	41.00	42.00	N W–N W	cloudy.	str. bre.	clear at night.
11	33.00	59.50	51.50	48.25	N W–N W	fair.	lt. bre.	cloudy at night.
12	34.50	36.25	34.25	35.16	N E–N E	cloudy.	lt. wd.	rain in night, and str. wd.
13	35.50	47.00	46.00	44.25	N E–N E	vari.	lt. bre.	cloudy at morn.
14	44.00	65.00	61.00	58.58	N E–S E	vari.	str. wd.	smoky; rain at evening.
15	55.50	52.75	42.00	46.66	S W–S W	vari.	str. wd.	light'g. & thund. rain in nt.
◑ 16	35.00	48.00	41.00	40.83	S W–W	fair.	lt. wd.	cl'dy at mor. water 55.50°.
17	32.00	58.00	42.00	43.83	W–W	fair.	lt. bre.	frost.
18	31.00	60.00	47.50	49.66	W–S E	fair.	lt. bre.	frost; halo round moon.
19	52.00	60.00	54.50	54.50	S E–S	vari.	lt. wd.	cloudy at morn.
20	46.00	58.00	53.00	53.50	S–S	vari.	lt. wd.	foggy A.M.; cl'r at eve.
21	53.00	70.00	56.00	60.66	S–S	fair.	str. bre.	grasses begin to vegetate.
22	59.00	63.50	58.50	59.83	S–S W	cloudy.	str. bre.	rainy P.M.; water 55.75°.
○ 23	56.00	59.00	54.00	55.50	S–S	cloudy.	lt. wd.	leaf-buds of lilac expand'g
24	51.00	46.25	42.00	43.75	S–N E	rainy.	lt. bre.	rain in the night.
25	35.00	33.00	31.00	31.50	N W–W	cloudy.	str. wd.	
26	26.00	39.00	36.00	33.83	N W–S W	fair.	lt. wd.	
27	27.00	46.00	45.00	41.21	S W–S	fair.	lt. wd.	frost; cloudy at eve.
28	38.25	46.00	41.25	41.50	S W–S W	vari.	lt. wd.	well water 55.50°.
Mean	37.77	52.39	44.59	44.92	mean temperature of the month.			

Mean temperature for the month 44.92°; Maximum 70°, on the 21st, at 1 P. M.; Minimum 25°, on the 3rd, at 5 A. M. Range of the thermometer 45°. Mean temperature of well water at the court-house, for the month, from four observations 55.625°—half a degree higher than in January. This month is distinguished for the *early* part being warm and pleasant, and the *latter* part cold and variable.

Fair days 15—cloudy 6—variable 6—rainy 1. Prevailing fair.

Wind N. 1½ day—N. E. 4½ days—E. 0 day—S. E. 1½ day—S. 5 days—S. W. 6½ days—W. 5 days—N. W. 4 days. Prevailing wind, S. W. and W.

The mean of the observations at 5 o'clock, A. M. for the whole month is 37.77°; at 1 o'clock, it is 52.39°; the mean of these numbers differs .49° from the mean at 9 P. M.; and differs .16° from the mean of the month.

THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1834.

ON NOVEL WRITING.

(*Continued from p.* 201.)

Of the German fiction I shall speak briefly. The Germans have been prolific in works of imagination, but have produced little that we should highly appreciate. A vein of extravagance and exaggerated feeling, runs through all their imaginative compositions, which is not in accordance with our taste. They delight in the terrible and the supernatural—in tales of ghosts and robbers—in recitals of dreadful mystery or atrocious crime. The traditions of their country abound in wild and gloomy incidents, which have been wrought up into narratives of thrilling horror. They seem to have no perception of simple nature, and only forsake the wonderful and the miraculous, to plunge into the perversions of exaggerated passion and mawkish sentiment. One of the most astonishing instances of the latter kind, is the 'Sorrows of Werter,' the production of one of the most voluminous and distinguished writers of the age. In this sentimental performance, over which so many of the younger individuals of susceptible human nature have cried themselves to sleep, we have the affecting history of a promising young gentleman, who fell in love with a married lady, who is all that is pure, and good, and lovely, but who yet manages to grant him just sympathy enough to keep his love alive through the whole volume. The poor young gentleman takes to playing the flute, and wandering about in the night air, and writing love-letters, while the fair object of his idolatry is nursing her children, and darning her husband's stockings at

home—and after playing a thousand mad pranks, blows out his brains, because he could not marry another gentleman's wife. All this may be very fine in Germany, but we should pronounce it unnatural—false in taste, and pernicious in principle; yet it is a fair sample of the tumid sentiment, and flimsy morality, of the novels of that nation.

The French school of romance commenced, as we have seen, with the legends of chivalry. They delighted chiefly in depicting the adventures of Charlemagne and his warriors; for there is in every nation a conservative instinct which exerts itself in embodying the traditions connected with national glory, and romance is continually gathering those bright fragments of history, which neglected by the more stately annalist, are floating loosely down the current of time. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, this kind of writing was again revived in France; but the genuine romance gradually passed over into the *historical*, which, in turn, degenerated into narratives of intrigues, and court anecdotes. Towards the middle of this century, the *satirical* romance was introduced by Rabelais, and afterwards *pastoral* romances became popular. About the year 1650, Mdelle Scuderi and others, composed a series of long-winded novels, in which Louis XIV, and the distinguished persons around him, are figured out under classical names borrowed from Greek and Roman literature. We find here the events, characters, and spirit of those times—the brilliant court of Versailles, its gallantries, its chivalrous spirit, its false and affected wit, its mixture of much that exalts with more that degrades human nature, spread before us; and it is possible even now to discover the portraits of distinguished individuals, masked under classic names, and in the costume of antiquity. I pass over a long list of writers that succeeded, from which it appears that the ladies had a special calling for the cultivation of this field. The Gil Blas, and other novels of Le Sage, have been universally admired. The Persian Letters of Montesquieu, serve merely as the vehicle of philosophical satire. The genius of Voltaire and Rousseau appear in splendid, but malign exhibition; and the later writers of that country have indulged in a voluptuousness of description, and a depravity of morals, which destroy in the well-regulated mind, all desire to make extensive researches into French romance.

I have glanced very hastily at the literature of continental Europe, because it is not that in which we are most nearly interested. It will be more profitable to come at once to our own language and to recent times. The French preceded the

English in novel writing, and the first essays of the latter in this branch of composition were chiefly confined to the track of translation.

It is observable alike in the history of literature and in the history of man, that a newly-discovered territory is explored at once by a number of adventurers; the spirit of enterprise is excited and communicated almost in the same moment, and each in the confidence of his own powers, or in the exhaustless wealth of the new region, looks upon his competitors without fear.

Thus almost the same period produced those English novelists who have by courtesy been called classical, and previous to whose time, there is nothing worthy of attention in the novels of that country—Fielding, Richardson, and Smollet. Of these writers public opinion has long been formed; their fidelity to nature has been deemed unquestionable; but fidelity to nature is not always compatible with decorum, nor with a proper respect for religion and morality. And it may well be doubted whether either of them possessed that intimate knowledge of human nature, for which they have received credit, and whether their drawings are not coarse caricatures of some of the prominent peculiarities and vices of the national character. From their writings we may draw one conclusion, consoling to our own age—that if the present times are equally vicious, they are at least more ashamed of being so, which is a great advance towards virtue.

The path of novel writing, once laid open, was imagined easy by all, and for about forty years, the press was deluged with works, to which, we believe, the press of no other country could produce a parallel. The most of them seem to have been produced by milliner's apprentices, who were equally expert in the handling of silk and sentiment, and fancied a congenial sympathy between ribbons and romance. These sentimental dealers in finery, who expended their furtive hours in poring over tales of kneeling lords and ranting baronets, vowing eternal constancy at the feet of fair sempstresses, fair as they believed themselves to be, soon learned to imitate that which they admired, and found it easy to blot whole quires of paper, and store the shelves of circulating libraries, with flimsy creations of their own. A syllabus of these writings may be given in a few words: they would not deserve so many, had not every phenomenon in the literary world a claim on our curiosity.

The heroine must be exquisitely, *unimaginably* beautiful; and though her charms are perfectly inexpressible, two chapters are usually devoted to a minute description of her 'transparent

loveliness.' Whether her eyes ought properly to be black or blue, we find a division of authorities, and shall not presume to decide on a subject of such delicate importance; but with the consent of all copies, we venture to read for figure, 'tall and slender'—towering, like a beautiful but fragile plant, above the ordinary stature of her sex. Her fairy waist must be tapered down to an almost invisible attenuation; her foot must be small, and her delicate fingers of snowy whiteness. She must be an orphan, left mysteriously to the care of some noble family, who, most unaccountably, considering their character for prudence, suffer her to board and lodge with them, and water her geraniums, to the decisive age of sixteen, though conscious all the while, that the noble and enamoured heir of the family honors has been in love with her from their mutual cradles, which by a malicious contrivance of cupid, were placed next to each other in the nursery. Now comes the trying part of the business: the heroine is distracted, on the one hand, by the tears and fidelity of her lover, who is predestinately resolved that she shall be a countess, against her own consent, and in opposition to a host of obstacles, physical, moral, and miscellaneous; and on the other, by the ambition of the father, the pride of the mother, and the jealous insults of the sisters—not forgetting a snug misery of her own, arising from the excessive delicacy of her too susceptible bosom, and aggravated by the unremitting persecutions of some desperate baronet, who every night leaps the garden wall, for the cold comfort of seeing the farthing candle twinkling in his mistress' garret, where she weeps over the indignity of matrimonial proposals from the steward's nephew in the castle, or the grocer's son in the village, to whom all the family, lineal and collateral, are determined to unite her, as a merited punishment for her presumption and her beauty. This pretender to the throne of her affections, must be as treacherous as Blifil, as deformed as Richard, and as selfish as Lucifer: most copies agree in his having a squint, and red hair, but in any case, he must be short and bandy-legged, and especially deficient in the fine arts—the accomplishments of playing extemporaneous airs upon the flute, and drawing miniatures from memory, being appropriated exclusively to the interesting heroes of romance.

Persecuted by love and hatred, she flies—flies on foot over mountains, in the night, without a stain upon her white satin slippers, or a spot upon her snowy reputation; and is then jolted for hundreds of miles in stages, carts, wagons, and all sorts of locomotive machines, without a rent in her gossamer drapery, or the slightest derangement of her magnanimous

affection. She must be run away with five or six times before she reaches the end of her journey—a trifling interruption, as she happens not to have the least idea where she is going—and it is on these occasions that she displays that extraordinary concatenation of physical debility and mental independence, of fragility and hardihood, of unsophistical nature and consummate wisdom, that constitutes the very essence of a heroine. Intoxicated with the perfume of a lilly, fainting in ecstacy at the murmurs of an eolian harp, mourning in elegy over a dying linnet, and weeping over the untimely demise of a fallen leaf; she can yet feed for a month together on bread and water, lest some horrible soporific should be mingled in her food; lies down in her clothes, which never require washing or mending in spite of being made to do double duty; watches through long nights and weeps through weary days, without the least diminution of the lustre of the eye, or the slightest symptom of catarrhal affection; and after all this, she has the resolution to hold a loaded pistol at the head of the persevering baronet; to jump out of windows, scale walls, scramble through thicket, forest, fence and swamp; sleep in barns, without a night-cap, and put up at inns without a penny in her pocket—her fear, famine, delicacy, loveliness, and satin slippers, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Dropped in the midst of London, she scarcely knows how, the fair stranger tramps through a labyrinth of unkown streets, in her silk stocking-feet—her satin slippers having stuck in the mud—with her whole wardrobe in a cambric handkerchief, that has never been washed but in her tears, followed by every gentleman that sees her—her loveliness still glowing in full effulgence, in spite of fatigue, sorrow, mud, tangled ringlets, and deranged attire. At last sinking under the consciousness of beauty, misfortune, susceptibility, and wet feet, she begins to recollect that she may catch cold, or meet with the baronet, or be taken up by a watchman, and thereupon totters into the back parlor of a shop; finds a congenial soul in the interesting shopkeeper, who with incredible liberality offers her a gratuitous asylum; and, lovely and humble as Lavinia, she takes possession of an obscure room, where half the peerage crowd to peep at her through some convenient lattice. Here she maintains herself by her marvellous talents in embroidering, or painting fan-sticks, the sale of which not only exceed possibility, but even her own expectations, which, it may be reasonably inferred, were never regulated by possibility in the slightest degree. At length the interesting shopkeeper turns out to be a tenant of the uninteresting baronet, and she is sadly

shocked at being the inmate of a person, who is tenant of a person, who is in love with her own pretty person. The plot thickens; offers of marriage come so thick that the lady's whole time is occupied in sending veto messages to her numerous lovers, and she determines to remove her bundle to a safer place of deposit. Her enemies find out her intention—for the fairest of ladies have enemies, as well as the greatest and best of men—and she is arrested for her board and lodging, or charged with theft, dragged before a magistrate, and just as she is about to be fully committed, the hero enters, clasps her to his constant bosom, in spite of the bailiffs, swears that nothing shall divide them, and in proof of his assertion draws his sword. In the scuffle her handkerchief, or her wig, no matter which, falls off, and a scar or a mole, or something equally conclusive, is discovered, which proves her to be a duke's daughter, or a peeress in her own right. Her noble family, who are opportunely at hand, recognize her in a twinkling, and consent to her marriage. The last ten pages are devoted to a brief description of the wedding dress; much honorable mention is made of white satin and pearl necklaces, and due notice of hartshorn; and for the style of describing the marriage ceremony, *vide* Miss Edgeworth's incomparable description in her tale of Manœuvring, where, 'the interesting and almost fainting lady, is lifted out of the arms of her alarmed bridemaids, and supported up the aisle, with the marked gallantry of true tenderness, by her happy bridegroom, Sir John Hunter.'

Nugatory and contemptible as all this may seem, it is truly 'very tragical mirth,' to those who consider it as a minor history of the manners and taste of the age. Such novels would not have continued to be written, had they not been relished and devoured by the novel reading public. Such were the literary delicacies which our worthy grandmothers hid under the pillows, to be devoured with secret delight, while their parents were snoring. They would not deserve notice but for the lesson they teach, that at this period female education must have been in a very imperfect state, and the feminine mind immersed in a laxity and frivolity, at once alarming and contemptible.

Amid these dark middle ages of novel literature, Miss Burney's Evelina strikes us with the first beams of 'rescued nature and reviving sense.' Her novel—*all her novels*—impress us with an indescribable sense of their nationality; her sense, her humor, her characters, are all English, and her works are the best pictures of the times in which she wrote. They have

a fault common to their predecessors and to all English novels up to the time of Miss Edgeworth: the heroines could not pass quietly through the world without being insulted with proposals to which a modest woman could not listen, and the making of which presupposes a total absence of principle in the party to whom they are addressed, and a lamentable depravity of taste and opinion in the community for whose amusement they are recited.

The novels of Mrs. Lenox, Mrs. Sheridan, and Cumberland, may be mentioned together. They are dull, didactic, and prosy; intended to be very sensible and moral, and at all events are innocent.

The transition from the rapid sentimentality of the novel of sixty years ago, to the goblin horrors of the Radcliffe school, is so sudden that it puzzles us to find the connecting link. The contrast between heroines who, reclined on silken sofas, are courted by prostrate peers kneeling on Brussells' carpets, and heroines who, immured in haunted towers, are menaced, not with love, but murder; between being comfortably carried off in a coach and six, and snugly lodged in an elegant villa, on the one hand, and being dragged over Alps by whiskered banditti, and thrust into noisome dungeons, on the other—between ladies, who at their utmost need are allowed at least six wax candles on their dressing-tables, and those fair sufferers who are glad to put up with a sorry lamp that has the inveterate trick of going out in every chapter just as the mysterious door of the southern tower is opened for an exploration which has been judiciously deferred until the Castello clock has struck one—between heroines of such attenuated fragility that they stumble over a spider and 'die of a rose in aromatic pain,' and those who, with equal pretensions to delicacy, live in air that would poison a toad, sleep on wretched pallets, sup on night air, and tramp the livelong night through suites of deserted apartments, peeping into old chests, and chasing ghosts from turret to foundation-stone—the contrast between these tastes is among the widest oscillations of human folly.

The only appearance of a connecting link, is found in the novels of Charlotte Smith, Walpole, and Clara Reeve—the 'Orphan of the Castle,' the 'Old Manor House,' the 'English Baron,' and the 'Castle of Otranto,' stand midway between the extremes we have noticed, and partake the peculiarities of both.

Mrs. Radcliff was, no doubt, an extraordinary female, and her style of writing must be allowed to form an era in English romances. Her ignorance was nearly equal to her imagina-

tion—and that is saying a great deal. Of the modes of life on the continent—where the scenes of all her romances, except one, are laid—she knew little or nothing. Her monks and nuns always inhabit the same convent—and her allusions to national character, are full of the grossest mistakes. Historical truth was to her a mystery, as great as those she invented, and which she never pretended to unravel. With all this, and more, her romances are irresistably and dangerously delightful. The very light under which she paints every object, has something painfully indulgent to an indolent and visionary state of mind. Her castles and her abbeys, her mountains and her valleys, are always tinged with the last rays of the setting sun, or the first glimpses of the rising moon; her music is made to murmur along a stream, whose dim waves reflect the gleam of the star; the spires of her turrets are always silvered by moonlight, and the recesses of her forests are only disclosed by flashes of the palest lightning; a twilight shade is spread over her views of the moral as well as of the natural world: her heroines are 'soft, modest, melancholy, female fair;' they have no struggles of energy, no bursts of passion; they are born to tremble and to weep; their love, from its very commencement has a tinge of despair, and susceptibility is the strongest trait of their nature. They are employed in extracting melancholy from the scenes around them; they hang delighted on the parting beauties of an evening landscape, and their tears fall in solemn unison with the dews of heaven; they are revived only by the toll of the sepulchral bell, and wander among the graves of their departed friends, as if the intercourse of human existence were suspended, and the living were to seek not only recollections but society among the dead. The works of this writer lead us frequently to the tomb; but the wand that she bore was gifted only to call up the milder and unalarming spirits: we listen to her charms as we would to the incantations of a benevolent enchanter, whose 'quaint apparitions' may soften and solemnize, but neither terrify nor hurt us.

The most extraordinary production of this period, was the powerful and wicked romance of the Monk. The spirits raised by the pupils of the enchantress of Udolpho, compared to those evoked by Lewis, are like the attendants of Prospero, in his enchanted island, filling the atmosphere 'with sound, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not,' contrasted with the imps summoned by the mewing of the brindle cat to muster and hurtle round the cauldron of the weird sisters. The license of imagination is wildly and wantonly abused in this bad book; but it is sometimes powerfully and awfully displayed.

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ON NOVEL WRITING.

(*Continued from p.* 201.)

Of the German fiction I shall speak briefly. The Germans have been prolific in works of imagination, but have produced little that we should highly appreciate. A vein of extravagance and exaggerated feeling, runs through all their imaginative compositions, which is not in accordance with our taste. They delight in the terrible and the supernatural—in tales of ghosts and robbers—in recitals of dreadful mystery or atrocious crime. The traditions of their country abound in wild and gloomy incidents, which have been wrought up into narratives of thrilling horror. They seem to have no perception of simple nature, and only forsake the wonderful and the miraculous, to plunge into the perversions of exaggerated passion and mawkish sentiment. One of the most astonishing instances of the latter kind, is the 'Sorrows of Werter,' the production of one of the most voluminous and distinguished writers of the age. In this sentimental performance, over which so many of the younger individuals of susceptible human nature have cried themselves to sleep, we have the affecting history of a promising young gentleman, who fell in love with a married lady, who is all that is pure, and good, and lovely, but who yet manages to grant him just sympathy enough to keep his love alive through the whole volume. The poor young gentleman takes to playing the flute, and wandering about in the night air, and writing love-letters, while the fair object of his idolatry is nursing her children, and darning her husband's stockings at

home—and after playing a thousand mad pranks, blows out his brains, because he could not marry another gentleman's wife. All this may be very fine in Germany, but we should pronounce it unnatural—false in taste, and pernicious in principle; yet it is a fair sample of the tumid sentiment, and flimsy morality, of the novels of that nation.

The French school of romance commenced, as we have seen, with the legends of chivalry. They delighted chiefly in depicting the adventures of Charlemagne and his warriors; for there is in every nation a conservative instinct which exerts itself in embodying the traditions connected with national glory, and romance is continually gathering those bright fragments of history, which neglected by the more stately annalist, are floating loosely down the current of time. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, this kind of writing was again revived in France; but the genuine romance gradually passed over into the *historical*, which, in turn, degenerated into narratives of intrigues, and court anecdotes. Towards the middle of this century, the *satirical* romance was introduced by Rabelais, and afterwards *pastoral* romances became popular. About the year 1650, Mdelle Scuderi and others, composed a series of long-winded novels, in which Louis XIV, and the distinguished persons around him, are figured out under classical names borrowed from Greek and Roman literature. We find here the events, characters, and spirit of those times—the brilliant court of Versailles, its gallantries, its chivalrous spirit, its false and affected wit, its mixture of much that exalts with more that degrades human nature, spread before us; and it is possible even now to discover the portraits of distinguished individuals, masked under classic names, and in the costume of antiquity. I pass over a long list of writers that succeeded, from which it appears that the ladies had a special calling for the cultivation of this field. The Gil Blas, and other novels of Le Sage, have been universally admired. The Persian Letters of Montesquieu, serve merely as the vehicle of philosophical satire. The genius of Voltaire and Rousseau appear in splendid, but malign exhibition; and the later writers of that country have indulged in a voluptuousness of description, and a depravity of morals, which destroy in the well-regulated mind, all desire to make extensive researches into French romance.

I have glanced very hastily at the literature of continental Europe, because it is not that in which we are most nearly interested. It will be more profitable to come at once to our own language and to recent times. The French preceded the

English in novel writing, and the first essays of the latter in this branch of composition were chiefly confined to the track of translation.

It is observable alike in the history of literature and in the history of man, that a newly-discovered territory is explored at once by a number of adventurers; the spirit of enterprise is excited and communicated almost in the same moment, and each in the confidence of his own powers, or in the exhaustless wealth of the new region, looks upon his competitors without fear.

Thus almost the same period produced those English novelists who have by courtesy been called classical, and previous to whose time, there is nothing worthy of attention in the novels of that country—Fielding, Richardson, and Smollet. Of these writers public opinion has long been formed; their fidelity to nature has been deemed unquestionable; but fidelity to nature is not always compatible with decorum, nor with a proper respect for religion and morality. And it may well be doubted whether either of them possessed that intimate knowledge of human nature, for which they have received credit, and whether their drawings are not coarse caricatures of some of the prominent peculiarities and vices of the national character. From their writings we may draw one conclusion, consoling to our own age—that if the present times are equally vicious, they are at least more ashamed of being so, which is a great advance towards virtue.

The path of novel writing, once laid open, was imagined easy by all, and for about forty years, the press was deluged with works, to which, we believe, the press of no other country could produce a parallel. The most of them seem to have been produced by milliner's apprentices, who were equally expert in the handling of silk and sentiment, and fancied a congenial sympathy between ribbons and romance. These sentimental dealers in finery, who expended their furtive hours in poring over tales of kneeling lords and ranting baronets, vowing eternal constancy at the feet of fair sempstresses, fair as they believed themselves to be, soon learned to imitate that which they admired, and found it easy to blot whole quires of paper, and store the shelves of circulating libraries, with flimsy creations of their own. A syllabus of these writings may be given in a few words: they would not deserve so many, had not every phenomenon in the literary world a claim on our curiosity.

The heroine must be exquisitely, *unimaginably* beautiful; and though her charms are perfectly inexpressible, two chapters are usually devoted to a minute description of her 'transparent

loveliness.' Whether her eyes ought properly to be black or blue, we find a division of authorities, and shall not presume to decide on a subject of such delicate importance; but with the consent of all copies, we venture to read for figure, 'tall and slender'—towering, like a beautiful but fragile plant, above the ordinary stature of her sex. Her fairy waist must be tapered down to an almost invisible attenuation; her foot must be small, and her delicate fingers of snowy whiteness. She must be an orphan, left mysteriously to the care of some noble family, who, most unaccountably, considering their character for prudence, suffer her to board and lodge with them, and water her geraniums, to the decisive age of sixteen, though conscious all the while, that the noble and enamoured heir of the family honors has been in love with her from their mutual cradles, which by a malicious contrivance of cupid, were placed next to each other in the nursery. Now comes the trying part of the business: the heroine is distracted, on the one hand, by the tears and fidelity of her lover, who is predestinately resolved that she shall be a countess, against her own consent, and in opposition to a host of obstacles, physical, moral, and miscellaneous; and on the other, by the ambition of the father, the pride of the mother, and the jealous insults of the sisters—not forgetting a snug misery of her own, arising from the excessive delicacy of her too susceptible bosom, and aggravated by the unremitting persecutions of some desperate baronet, who every night leaps the garden wall, for the cold comfort of seeing the farthing candle twinkling in his mistress' garret, where she weeps over the indignity of matrimonial proposals from the steward's nephew in the castle, or the grocer's son in the village, to whom all the family, lineal and collateral, are determined to unite her, as a merited punishment for her presumption and her beauty. This pretender to the throne of her affections, must be as treacherous as Blifil, as deformed as Richard, and as selfish as Lucifer: most copies agree in his having a squint, and red hair, but in any case, he must be short and bandy-legged, and especially deficient in the fine arts—the accomplishments of playing extemporaneous airs upon the flute, and drawing miniatures from memory, being appropriated exclusively to the interesting heroes of romance.

Persecuted by love and hatred, she flies—flies on foot over mountains, in the night, without a stain upon her white satin slippers, or a spot upon her snowy reputation; and is then jolted for hundreds of miles in stages, carts, wagons, and all sorts of locomotive machines, without a rent in her gossamer drapery, or the slightest derangement of her magnanimous

affection. She must be run away with five or six times before she reaches the end of her journey—a trifling interruption, as she happens not to have the least idea where she is going—and it is on these occasions that she displays that extraordinary concatenation of physical debility and mental independence, of fragility and hardihood, of unsophistical nature and consummate wisdom, that constitutes the very essence of a heroine. Intoxicated with the perfume of a lilly, fainting in ecstacy at the murmurs of an eolian harp, mourning in elegy over a dying linnet, and weeping over the untimely demise of a fallen leaf; she can yet feed for a month together on bread and water, lest some horrible soporific should be mingled in her food; lies down in her clothes, which never require washing or mending in spite of being made to do double duty; watches through long nights and weeps through weary days, without the least diminution of the lustre of the eye, or the slightest symptom of catarrhal affection; and after all this, she has the resolution to hold a loaded pistol at the head of the persevering baronet; to jump out of windows, scale walls, scramble through thicket, forest, fence and swamp; sleep in barns, without a night-cap, and put up at inns without a penny in her pocket—her fear, famine, delicacy, loveliness, and satin slippers, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Dropped in the midst of London, she scarcely knows how, the fair stranger tramps through a labyrinth of unkown streets, in her silk stocking-feet—her satin slippers having stuck in the mud—with her whole wardrobe in a cambric handkerchief, that has never been washed but in her tears, followed by every gentleman that sees her—her loveliness still glowing in full effulgence, in spite of fatigue, sorrow, mud, tangled ringlets, and deranged attire. At last sinking under the consciousness of beauty, misfortune, susceptibility, and wet feet, she begins to recollect that she may catch cold, or meet with the baronet, or be taken up by a watchman, and thereupon totters into the back parlor of a shop; finds a congenial soul in the interesting shopkeeper, who with incredible liberality offers her a gratuitous asylum; and, lovely and humble as Lavinia, she takes possession of an obscure room, where half the peerage crowd to peep at her through some convenient lattice. Here she maintains herself by her marvellous talents in embroidering, or painting fan-sticks, the sale of which not only exceed possibility, but even her own expectations, which, it may be reasonably inferred, were never regulated by possibility in the slightest degree. At length the interesting shopkeeper turns out to be a tenant of the uninteresting baronet, and she is sadly

shocked at being the inmate of a person, who is tenant of a person, who is in love with her own pretty person. The plot thickens; offers of marriage come so thick that the lady's whole time is occupied in sending veto messages to her numerous lovers, and she determines to remove her bundle to a safer place of deposit. Her enemies find out her intention—for the fairest of ladies have enemies, as well as the greatest and best of men—and she is arrested for her board and lodging, or charged with theft, dragged before a magistrate, and just as she is about to be fully committed, the hero enters, clasps her to his constant bosom, in spite of the bailiffs, swears that nothing shall divide them, and in proof of his assertion draws his sword. In the scuffle her handkerchief, or her wig, no matter which, falls off, and a scar or a mole, or something equally conclusive, is discovered, which proves her to be a duke's daughter, or a peeress in her own right. Her noble family, who are opportunely at hand, recognize her in a twinkling, and consent to her marriage. The last ten pages are devoted to a brief description of the wedding dress; much honorable mention is made of white satin and pearl necklaces, and due notice of hartshorn; and for the style of describing the marriage ceremony, *vide* Miss Edgeworth's incomparable description in her tale of Manœuvring, where, 'the interesting and almost fainting lady, is lifted out of the arms of her alarmed bridemaids, and supported up the aisle, with the marked gallantry of true tenderness, by her happy bridegroom, Sir John Hunter.'

Nugatory and contemptible as all this may seem, it is truly 'very tragical mirth,' to those who consider it as a minor history of the manners and taste of the age. Such novels would not have continued to be written, had they not been relished and devoured by the novel reading public. Such were the literary delicacies which our worthy grandmothers hid under the pillows, to be devoured with secret delight, while their parents were snoring. They would not deserve notice but for the lesson they teach, that at this period female education must have been in a very imperfect state, and the feminine mind immersed in a laxity and frivolity, at once alarming and contemptible.

Amid these dark middle ages of novel literature, Miss Burney's Evelina strikes us with the first beams of 'rescued nature and reviving sense.' Her novel—*all her novels*—impress us with an indescribable sense of their nationality; her sense, her humor, her characters, are all English, and her works are the best pictures of the times in which she wrote. They have

a fault common to their predecessors and to all English novels up to the time of Miss Edgeworth: the heroines could not pass quietly through the world without being insulted with proposals to which a modest woman could not listen, and the making of which presupposes a total absence of principle in the party to whom they are addressed, and a lamentable depravity of taste and opinion in the community for whose amusement they are recited.

The novels of Mrs. Lenox, Mrs. Sheridan, and Cumberland, may be mentioned together. They are dull, didactic, and prosy; intended to be very sensible and moral, and at all events are innocent.

The transition from the rapid sentimentality of the novel of sixty years ago, to the goblin horrors of the Radcliffe school, is so sudden that it puzzles us to find the connecting link. The contrast between heroines who, reclined on silken sofas, are courted by prostrate peers kneeling on Brussells' carpets, and heroines who, immured in haunted towers, are menaced, not with love, but murder; between being comfortably carried off in a coach and six, and snugly lodged in an elegant villa, on the one hand, and being dragged over Alps by whiskered banditti, and thrust into noisome dungeons, on the other—between ladies, who at their utmost need are allowed at least six wax candles on their dressing-tables, and those fair sufferers who are glad to put up with a sorry lamp that has the inveterate trick of going out in every chapter just as the mysterious door of the southern tower is opened for an exploration which has been judiciously deferred until the Castello clock has struck one—between heroines of such attenuated fragility that they stumble over a spider and 'die of a rose in aromatic pain,' and those who, with equal pretensions to delicacy, live in air that would poison a toad, sleep on wretched pallets, sup on night air, and tramp the livelong night through suites of deserted apartments, peeping into old chests, and chasing ghosts from turret to foundation-stone—the contrast between these tastes is among the widest oscillations of human folly.

The only appearance of a connecting link, is found in the novels of Charlotte Smith, Walpole, and Clara Reeve—the 'Orphan of the Castle,' the 'Old Manor House,' the 'English Baron,' and the 'Castle of Otranto,' stand midway between the extremes we have noticed, and partake the peculiarities of both.

Mrs. Radcliff was, no doubt, an extraordinary female, and her style of writing must be allowed to form an era in English romances. Her ignorance was nearly equal to her imagina-

tion—and that is saying a great deal. Of the modes of life on the continent—where the scenes of all her romances, except one, are laid—she knew little or nothing. Her monks and nuns always inhabit the same convent—and her allusions to national character, are full of the grossest mistakes. Historical truth was to her a mystery, as great as those she invented, and which she never pretended to unravel. With all this, and more, her romances are irresistably and dangerously delightful. The very light under which she paints every object, has something painfully indulgent to an indolent and visionary state of mind. Her castles and her abbeys, her mountains and her valleys, are always tinged with the last rays of the setting sun, or the first glimpses of the rising moon; her music is made to murmur along a stream, whose dim waves reflect the gleam of the star; the spires of her turrets are always silvered by moonlight, and the recesses of her forests are only disclosed by flashes of the palest lightning; a twilight shade is spread over her views of the moral as well as of the natural world: her heroines are 'soft, modest, melancholy, female fair;' they have no struggles of energy, no bursts of passion; they are born to tremble and to weep; their love, from its very commencement has a tinge of despair, and susceptibility is the strongest trait of their nature. They are employed in extracting melancholy from the scenes around them; they hang delighted on the parting beauties of an evening landscape, and their tears fall in solemn unison with the dews of heaven; they are revived only by the toll of the sepulchral bell, and wander among the graves of their departed friends, as if the intercourse of human existence were suspended, and the living were to seek not only recollections but society among the dead. The works of this writer lead us frequently to the tomb; but the wand that she bore was gifted only to call up the milder and unalarming spirits: we listen to her charms as we would to the incantations of a benevolent enchanter, whose 'quaint apparitions' may soften and solemnize, but neither terrify nor hurt us.

The most extraordinary production of this period, was the powerful and wicked romance of the Monk. The spirits raised by the pupils of the enchantress of Udolpho, compared to those evoked by Lewis, are like the attendants of Prospero, in his enchanted island, filling the atmosphere 'with sound, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not,' contrasted with the imps summoned by the mewing of the brindle cat to muster and hurtle round the cauldron of the weird sisters. The license of imagination is wildly and wantonly abused in this bad book; but it is sometimes powerfully and awfully displayed.

The host of imitators that followed, without imagination or taste, without knowledge of manners or of mythology, ignorant of history, and innocent of any perception of the workings of the heart, of the operations of fear upon the human mind, and of the manner in which its gradations should be sketched and shaded, soon brought this species of writing into contempt. They knew that their business was to terrify, but they mistook quantity for quality; their terrors were the puerilities of the nursery, and the vulgar conceptions of abject ignorance, grovelling in utter imbecility; they forgot that it is 'only the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil;' and the public quickly recovering from the fright, tore off the mask in sober indignation, and laughed at the imposture. Authors can harden themselves against any species of hostility but ridicule: the writers of terrible tales were driven from the field by ludicrous imitations of their own wonderful imaginings. The magic wand has been discarded forever, and the hand that should presume to wield it now, must have more than mortal nerve, or less than ordinary judgment. An interdict, which will probably never be repealed, hangs over the desolated regions of romance. Bells may ring on lonely heaths, without attracting notice; ghosts may glide and glare, with as little effect; suits of armor may fall, and daggers with blood upon the blade, may be paraded without alarming the most delicate nerves; and old chests may remain forever in deserted apartments, and not a lady shall have the slightest curiosity to peep at the contents, or the least desire to remove the deposit. The days of trap-doors, and sliding panels, and rattling chains, and sulphurous flashes, and mysterious housekeepers, and heroines who appear at their windows to watch the slow stealing shades of twilight and chant their vesper hymns, are passed away, and can no longer be,

'And overcome us like a summer cloud.'

All this has passed away, and it is well that it has, for it was only evil, and that continually.

We come next to the writings of Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. West, Mrs. Opie, Miss Hamilton, the Misses Porter, and Hannah More—all of which are composed with a decidedly moral aim. The Cœlebs of Mrs. More has been pronounced 'too pure and too profound, to be ranked with novels,' and the other ladies are among the most rigid moralists of the age.

Contemporary with these, but widely distinguished from them, stands dear little Lady Morgan, with her affectation, her ideality, and her long sentences spangled all over with French

and Italian words—who calls dancing the 'poetry of motion,' and landscape 'the physiognomy of nature.'

Our latter times have engendered one more phenomenon in this species of writing, to which I shall only allude, for the purpose of inviting towards it the keenest indignation, and for which, while I force myself to notice it, I wish for words, 'big with the fiercest force of execration.' I allude to the tribe of infamous and ephemeral scribblers, who pander for the public lust after anecdotes of private biography, and who profess to interweave with their fictions the secret history of living characters—who villify the great, debase the illustrious, and expose the unfortunate. The temporary popularity of their trash, as it is founded on the basest passions that defile the soul, is secured by the most flagitious means that can pollute the character. Under a taking name, such as a Month at the Metropolis, or a Peep at Almack's, or a week at some fashionable place of resort, these works contain a nauseous concoction of the idle gossip of the day—a little truth mingled with a putrid mass of slander—a mixture of fiction and personality, such as is not permissible in the conversation of the social circle, and is never tolerated as a legitimate part of literature, by the moral or the intellectual. These are European productions; they have as yet no prototype on this side of the Atlantic. But those who peruse them here, with all the avidity of diseased appetite, should not be deceived into the belief that they contain faithful representations of the events and manners described. The style of these writers is the idiom of the English servant, aping the gentility of his master; the dialogue is the sentimental gossip of the chambermaid, and their characters are distorted libels.

That Miss Edgeworth is superior to all her contemporaries, is granted, not by verdict, but by acclamation: how that superiority has been attained, may form a subject of inquiry not uninteresting. One of her most obvious causes of advantage is her habitual acquaintance with those modes of life, which others are compelled to take upon trust, or copy from report. This is an accidental, but a most important advantage. Our solicitude to become acquainted with the higher modes of life, is, under certain restrictions, a pardonable, and even a laudable feeling. The great and the wealthy of every country have much in their power: their influence on the literature, the manners, and the habits of the age in which they live, cannot be questioned; and it is a natural curiosity that prompts us to inquire how that influence is exercised; we know and feel every day, that what they say is repeated with eagerness, that

what they do is copied with avidity, and our wish to come to the fountain-head of those streams which are diffused through all the declivities of society, can hardly be censured as idle or presumptuous. Nor are such delineations less interesting, or less important to us, than to the people of Great Britain: if we have no hereditary distinctions, we have those which are created by wealth, by office, and by intellect; and while some will always waste their time in declaiming for or against such distinctions, the philosophic mind will be engaged in watching their operation, and in inquiring into their effect upon the business of life, and the best interests of society.

The next obvious cause of the merit of Miss Edgeworth which occurs to us, is the extent and diversity of her knowledge. The accumulations of her mind are not only extensive and valuable, but her knowledge is of that kind which Dr. Johnson recommended and possessed—it is general knowledge. She can converse with every class in its own dialect, and on its appropriate habits, and peculiar occupations; as it was said of Cleopatra, that she could converse with the ambassadors of seven different nations, in their own language. Her works are enriched with images, natural and artificial, distant and familiar, classical and common; nothing escapes her, that can be gathered from books, or collected from life; and there are few minds that can become familiar with her pages without adding to their own stores of useful information.

In the works of this lady, knowledge is made instrumental in effecting the great and ulterior object of moral instruction. She never writes idly or without purpose; she never pours out the treasures of her mind for the mere amusement of her readers, or exerts the strength of her intellect merely to acquire fame. She is always actuated by a pure and elevated benevolence, an energetic public spirit, which impels her to keep the great business of communicating instruction continually in view. Her morality imperiously pervades even those parts of her writings, which are usually supposed to be exempt from its severer restraints; her very lovers give us lessons of morality, and 'beget a temperance' in their readers, in the very 'hey-day of their blood,' and whirlwind of their passion. Dr. Johnson said of Milton, 'whatever is to be done, the poet is always great;' and it may with equal truth be proclaimed of Miss Edgeworth, 'whatever is to be done, she is always moral.'

I have not time to do more than mention the name of Scott. And perhaps no more is necessary—for who is there, who has not read his works—who has not pored with intense curiosity over every production of his splendid genius—who is

not intimately acquainted with his unquestioned merit, with his wisdom, his knowledge, his fancy, his vast stores of historical information, his intimate knowledge of the human heart, his pure morality, his high sense of honor, his direct, strong, manly common sense? He stood alone, the giant of his age, wielding a pen which, like the sword of Douglass, no other hand could have directed:

> I never knew but one,
> Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
> A blade like this in battle field.

An English critic has said, that it may be affirmed of Scott, on a review of all the volumes in which this author has related the adventures of some fifty or sixty heroes and heroines, (without counting second rate personages,) that 'there is not an unhandsome action, or degrading sentiment, recorded of any person who is recommended to the full esteem of the reader. To be blameless on this head, is one of the strongest proofs a writer can give of honorable principles implanted by education and refreshed by good society.'

Of the distinguished living novelists in Great Britain, we might name Bulwer, Lockhart, Morier, D'Israeli, and others; or as they choose to be styled, the author of Pelham, the author of Adam Blair, the author of Hadji Baba, the author of Contarini Fleming. These are all men of undoubted genius. They are practised writers and accomplished scholars—men who have distinguished themselves in other walks of literature. Their productions are witty and sparkling—some of them betray an intimate knowledge of the human heart, and an extensive acquaintance with the business of life. But they are generally defective in morality, loose, and even profligate, in principle.

It will be perceived that in this hasty narrative, I have made many omissions. I have confined myself to novels, strictly so called—the novels of the circulating library—and have not touched upon many bright anomalous productions, whose transcendent merits defy the critic and silence the denunciations of the moralist—such as Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels, Don Quixotte, Gil Blas, the adventures of a Guinea, Telemachus, and I do not know that I might not add, the Pilgrim's Progress. These are works which would not disgrace the imagination of Shakspeare or Milton, and which will probably never become obsolete.

I close with a single remark. If there is much in novels that is worthless, there is much also of the highest order of merit. The names of Johnson, Goldsmith, Cervantes, Hannah More, Edgeworth, and Scott, were there no others of high merit, are

sufficient to give dignity to this class of writing. Its deficiencies are great—but may not the same objection be applied to every other department of literature? Is all history true? Are all moral treatises safe guides? Are scientific works universally accurate? Are all sermons orthodox? If these questions be answered in the negative, we may aver that the same verdict which would condemn novels, would apply with equal propriety to the gravest and most labored productions of the human intellect, and that it is the *abuse* of this delightful department of letters alone, which can ever bring it into merited disrepute.

THE BLIND ARTIST.

Those who were anchored in the Tagus on the night of the 4th of August, 18—, were witnesses to a spectacle they cannot soon forget. The city of Lisbon, through the whole extent, from the broad stone steps at the upper town to the castle of Belèm, far down the river, was in a blaze of festivity; guns were thundering from the many batteries along the shore, rockets streamed up at intervals throwing long trains of light athwart the sky, and ever and anon amid the merry peals of bells and bursts of martial music, the hoarse shouts of thousands arose with deafening roar. The promenades, squares, and gardens, with the green arbored alleys contiguous to the palace of Braganza, were hung with lamps; the fountains threw out their waters in scintillating jets, and even the tall church spires and lantern-like domes were blazing in the universal illumination.

But to him who has trodden a deck through the long night-watches, listening with sea-wearied ear to the sullen dash of the waters as they alternate with the tide, those shores have worn a scarcely less 'magnetic aspect,' as the grey twilight has struggled amid the shadows into dawn. At first, a dark outline of rounded heights reposes against the sky with an irregular mass of walls, towers, and windmills in profile; then a dim penciling of clustering turrets and roofs, with dense masses of verdure scattered here and there, occupies the fore ground; 'till by degrees, the intermediate and less prominent parts which fancy has been busily filling up, assumes the coloring of reality—the veil is withdrawn, and the whole glorious prospect stands revealed. The blue peaks of Cintra, looming in the

distance; the near and swelling uplands of green velvet contrasted with the dark mould of tilled land, and dotted with orchards of olive; the valley of the great aqueduct of Bemfica; the suburb of Ajuda, with the new imperial palace, like a coronal on the hill; the congregated roofs and rotundas of the upper town, with its mazes of gardens and marbled heights; and the broad and yellow Tagus dashing before it with a world of hulls and spars, from the little latine craft to the leviathan three-decker afloat—altogether compose a picture of mingled beauty and magnificence rarely equalled. On the opposite side, the dark heaths of Alemtejo stretch grimly away to their mountain boundaries; while farther up the river, a chaos of white ruins half merged in the waters, mark the site of the ancient city which went down in the earthquake. As the eye wanders down the stream, it rests on the magnificent but time-stained church of San Geronimo, with its costly carvings in the mingled taste of Goth and Moor—the sepulchre of a long line of kings; while beyond, leans an old castle which bears marks of a still higher antiquity, its batteries looking over into the waters as if in quiet anticipation of a plunge below. A long bar of sand stretches partially across the river at its mouth, crowned with fort Bugio which looks out on the Atlantic. Such are the prominent outlines of a capital, whose history, from the dark romances of dreamy ages, has figured in the annals of flood, fire, earthquake, and blood; a capital which cradled Camoens into song; which sent forth Vasco di Gama, the twin spirit of Columbus, to his discoveries, and the valiant Albuquerque to his conquests; and which for long years, couching herself in the spoils of two hemispheres, spread out the arms of her grasping dominion to Goa and the Brazils.

Perhaps something of all this is metaphorically shadowed forth in the tracery of one of the noblest squares of the city. It opens directly on the river, and is flanked on either side by the immense piles of the arsenal and the exchange; while the two notable streets which, from the congregation of jewellers and their display of precious metals and stones, are denominated 'silver' and 'gold streets,' lead from the upper part of it to the inquisition and the public gardens in long vista beyond. In the centre of this square, supported on a noble pedestal of marble, are two sculptured groups. The one represents a winged Genius, leading a rearing war-horse, which in the midst of standards and arms, is trampling a struggling wretch beneath his feet: the other is Fame, blowing her trumpet blast before an elephant surrounded with the spoils of the east. The huge beast, with a cruelty characteristic of its new master, is in the

act of crushing a disarmed and supplicating Indian. A central column arises between these groups, ornamented with figures in bas-relief, emblematical of the sciences of anatomy and navigation, with a line of battle-ships floating on a bronze sea beneath the crown and escutcheon of Portugal. The whole is surmounted by the figures of a colossal black horse with a knight in full armor. Their bold and dark outlines, relieved by their elevation in gigantic proportions against the sky, render these objects of striking prominence; and the stranger in Lisbon experiences a feeling akin to awe as he is for the first time ushered into the SQUARE OF THE BLACK HORSE.

The reader of history will call to mind that train of events which secured the independence of Portugal, when all Europe rang with the singular revolution, which freed her from the yoke of her peninsular sister, and raised the duke of Braganza to the throne of his fathers. The subsequent prosperity of the kingdom under his healthful and vigorous administration, enkindled again a splendor which had gone out with the ill-starred Sebastian and his chivalry on the plains of Africa; and again she rivalled the days of her by-gone glory, from its dawn under Alfonso, to its wide spread under the great Emanuel. The period to which we are about to refer, was during the reign of Joseph, the fifth of his line, and only three years after the great earthquake had heaped palace, convent and hovel, with sixty thousand of their occupants, in a mass of unsightly ruins. But art, though stricken, was not palsied, nor ambition crushed. The wail of the mourner was soon drowned amid the clatter of the artisan—the stillness of desolation echoed once more to the din of busy throngs—the hushed chant arose with incense from the extinguished altar—pomp began once more to walk forth from his lordly threshhold—beauty beckoned to the midnight masquer from her balcony, and bereaved avarice again hugged himself in his thrift. Long rows of marble, with tower and spire, threw back, as of old, the glitter of the sun; wild groups of many lands and many tongues huddled the mart; the Greek met there with the fair-haired son of the north; the wily Jew haggled with the scowling Moor; the Italian, all pantomime, gesticulated to the courtly Spaniard; the brown peasant shouted to his weary beast, burdened from the vineyard; and nobility hushed the cry of the dying beggar in the tramp of his horses and the rattling of his wheels.

An autumn day had passed amid scenes like these, and at nightfall the thick groups began gradually to disperse, as one by one the citizens betook themselves to their homes. Suddenly a new and strange panic seemed to have stricken the city.

Scattered individuals, in the vicinity of Belèm, were seen running in agitated haste in various directions; the fisherman, bundling his nets at hand on the beach, stood leaning forward with staring eye and half open mouth, as if struck aghast; horsemen were seen galloping onward to the upper town, where a low rumor already began to spread itself among little knots collected here and there, whispering and exchanging terrified glances; and at length, as a trumpet sounded, files of soldiery hastily swept the streets and formed in the public squares and in front of the palace. The report now became universal, that the royal carriage had been intercepted on its return from Cintra, by a party of masked assassins, its guards and attendants pistolled and poniarded to a man, and his most faithful majesty dragged from his seat, covered with a hundred wounds, and literally hewn and trampled into pieces. It was soon added, by way of summing up the atrocity, that one of the hands together with the mutilated head, had been recovered, and brought in sad solemnity to the palace. Such was the first intelligence which enlightened the public upon the explosion of the conspiracy of the duke d'Aviero; a conspiracy which expended itself in a futile attempt upon the life of the king, who was wounded by a ball fired through the back of his carriage, as he returned one evening through the suburbs of his capital.

There resided at that time in Lisbon a celebrated artist, by the name of Anghostino. From an origin unrecognizable in the heraldry of the land, he had won for himself notoriety, and what was more, a tolerable competency, by his genius and the untiring labors of his chisel. The earthquake, however, had visited him also in its desolating sweep, and his professional skill and three motherless daughters were all that was spared him by a catastrophe which had made wide breaches in many a happy family, and beggared thousands. It was not the least remarkable part of this man's history, that though blind, he had been known as a successful competitor for certain prizes, offered by the royal approbation, for ornamental statuary, in both marble and bronze. But rivalry is dangerous business. Few men are awake to the honor of a defeat, even where their antagonist is deemed invincible; and the winner in the strife not unfrequently secures to himself with the palm, the envy of the vanquished. The success of Anghostino was like the many-colored coat which made Joseph hated of his brethren. He had thwarted, if not humbled, an opponent as artful as he was aspiring; he had all unwittingly stung to madness an ambition which could brook no rival; he had robbed another of a victory for which he had alternately hoped and wept long days and nights

of watching and of toil—he, and a blind man: and while admiration was loud on every lip, and spoke from every eye, Gil Vicente cursed him in his heart: That day, which saw the pale and toil-worn artist hailed by nobility itself, meekly bowing to the voice of praise, and greeted by smiles and beauty, which alas, he might no more behold; that very day begat for him an enemy that knew not to forget or to forgive, and who was ever after to be like a viper in his path.

Gil Vicente was indeed no ordinary foe. Whether he was, as his name might imply, a descendant of the great dramatist, history has not seen fit to inform us; but certain it is, that he lacked neither the talent nor the intrigue of a profound and calculating villain. The bitter malignity which his defeat engendered, is scarcely to be conceived, and was only equalled by the inveteracy with which he pursued the object of his hate. At home or abroad, in the thronged street or at the holy mass, one object seemed to stand between him and the light; it came upon him even in his slumbers, and he often awoke from visions of triumph with a sigh at their illusion. He had at one time succeeded in fastening upon Anghostino the suspicions of the inquisition; but on confronting that dreadful tribunal, after languishing for a season in their dungeons, those men of blood found nothing for which they might, in pious horror, devote him to the great adversary of men's souls. And when the blind sufferer came forth once more to the day, leaning on the arms of those who were all joy at their parent's deliverance, Gil Vicente was by no means the last to grasp his unsuspecting victim by the hand, and to congratulate him on his escape from that tomb which, he had fondly prayed, might close over him forever.

Many were the arrests which soon followed the outrage upon the person of the monarch to which we have alluded; and Anghostino was again indebted to the secret and untiring machinations of that villain in mask, who had once before so nearly accomplished his ruin, for being implicated among the rest. Joseph was a tyrant, and in his wrath he determined to make a sweeping example of both instrument and abettor, which should cause the ears of future conspirators to tingle; and hundreds, in consequence, among whom were many of the nobility and priesthood, were put to death without mercy. The blow fell with peculiar severity upon the order of the Jesuits, and those of them who escaped the scaffold and the rack, were banished in a body from the land. It is recorded in the annals of those days, that in the eagerness of the exasperated king to punish the guilty, many an innocent man suffered

miserably; the summary proceedings in many instances, leaving little opportunity for that careful investigation which should have elicited the truth, and drowning the voice of remonstrance and of defence in the death-doom. Gil Vicente, with really cunning, seized on an opportunity so favorable to his purposes, and secretly proffered an accusation, charging the artist with being leagued with the heads of the conspiracy. It wore some semblance of truth, inasmuch as it had indeed happened, that sundry of those who had already suffered, were in the habit, among others, through motives of curiosity, of paying Anghostino an occasional visit, as he was employed in certain extensive works for the ornament of the reviving city. The event justified the anticipation of the accuser, who well knew, that he who is stung by the ingratitude of one whom he has deemed his friend, is, in the first moments of exasperation, perhaps even more unrelenting than an open enemy. Jealousy at once takes the alarm, lest in some moment of weakness, the chidings of reviving friendship should drown the sterner whisperings of duty. 'The dog of a chisel,' said the king, 'whom we have raised from the kennel to a place among his betters, has grown drunk with the honor, and dared to lift his heel against us. But the blind plotter shall rue the day when he groped his way beyond his proper handicraft into the councils of traitors. I will crush him, as the gardener annihilates the mole that burrows in his pleasure grounds. His own art should have taught him, that the hand that makes, can mar.'

It was then a time when every man regarded his neighbor with distrust and alarm, and was content quietly to insure his own safety, without exciting too much attention by interfering in the concerns of others. Among the whole circle of Anghostino's friends, there was only one who dared to make a movement to arrest his fate. This was an old physician and alchemist, who mingled a smattering of pharmacy with a great deal of delusion about the universal elixir and the philosopher's stone; but who was nevertheless tolerably sane and shrewd, beyond the sphere of his vials and crucibles. His experiments were never so near being crowned with success, as on the day when, with unprecedented good fortune, he stumbled on a medicine which actually arrested a disease of the king, that others had pronounced incurable. It was the grandest of his discoveries. The transmuter of metals was in turn transformed into a courtier, and being honored with a place near the king, was thought to possess some little influence, especially where none was exerted against him. He began, not by hinting a doubt as to the guilt of the condemned, for that he wisely took for

granted, since such was the royal pleasure; but by suggesting that the talents of such a man were indispensable at a time when the capital required all the skill of all her artists to restore her from her ruins. He remarked on the beggared and exposed condition in which his orphans would be left, abandoned as they would be to the tender mercies of the unpitying and the unprincipled; carelessly adverted to the little influence which a blind artist, ever busy at his labors, could be supposed to possess in political affairs; and finally ventured to suggest a plan which he hoped would arrest, if it did not prevent, his fate. It was, that the king should tax the skill of the artist on a masterpiece, which should be the price of his life if he succeeded, and which should perpetuate the remembrance of the monarch and his reign in monumental glory to posterity. Whether the latter suggestion weighed with more than its due preponderance with royalty, we cannot now pretend to decide; but whatever was the motive, Joseph thought proper to consider the matter yet again. 'By the saints! Ramuzez,' said he, 'that word was all in good time, and has done more for the life of the doomed, than ever a healing drug in all your laboratory.'

The more the king thought upon the proposition of the leech, the more it found favor in his sight; and it is said that a dream of his that night, in which he saw himself represented as a horseman mounted on a superb black barb, inspired him with the idea of a model for the proposed work. The next morning he ordered the artist to be brought before him. The old man—for a few gray hairs sprinkled among his locks, showed him to have passed the vigor of his prime—came modestly forward and knelt, as was the custom, before the royal chair. 'We had thought,' said the king, in a tone that lacked not of severity, 'to have made you, too, an example of the detestation in which we hold an ungrateful and perjured traitor. But at the suggestions of friendship, and in consideration of former services, we have extended to you that clemency to which you have forfeited all claim; and if within the period of a twelvemonth, you shall have executed a piece of statuary according to a model that shall be furnished you, which five of our most competent judges shall pronounce faultless, but which shall, notwithstanding, embody a fault, you shall thereby have redeemed your head, if you may not redeem your honor. You have now the alternative before you. Choose, then, at once; for by the holy saints, old man! if you reject the conditions as they are offered, your blood be upon your own head, for you die before the vespers!'

A dead pause, for a few moments, succeeded this startling menace, and the awed courtiers gazed on the bewildered and horror-stricken being at the feet of the king, in anxious and breathless silence. 'Sire,' he at length replied, 'if an acquaintance with many sorrows presupposes an acquaintance with guilt, then I have deeply sinned. I know not how else I have had the misfortune to awaken your majesty's displeasure. For myself, though life be sweet to all, it has been to me for years like a cup drugged with bitterness; nor has the world a single bright prospect for these eyes from which God has shut out the light forever. I would live, sire, not to prolong my sufferings, but that those whose voices of affection and caresses of love have soothed me amidst all, should not succeed to the bitter heritage of infamy, and that the public executioner should not palsy that hand which should have given bread to my despised and penniless orphans. I accept the conditions,' he continued, as the tears rose in his clouded eyes, 'stern though they be to one gifted with both skill and the blessing of vision. It may be the holy virgin will aid an innocent man in this seemingly hopeless task to wipe away the stain upon his honor; and may God forgive him, whoever he be, that has thus wantonly sought my destruction!'

But we will pass over the weary months appointed to the artist, for the accomplishment of his task. What he suffered, and with what bitter anxiety he toiled against the seeming hopelessness of destiny, none may know. It was marvellous with what devotion the three beings for whom he had desired to prolong life, strove to requite parental love, alternately soothing him with the caresses of affection and the whisperings of hope; and we may well believe that no voices were so sweet in his ear, as those which reminded him of better days, and recalled, though mayhap with sorrowful contrast, the visions of his youth. Old Ramuzez had in the meantime discovered his accuser, and fortuitously learning that the same person had previously implicated him with the familiars of the inquisition, he determined in due time to lay the matter before the king, and ever after watched Gil Vicente with the eye of awakened suspicion.

The work was at length completed, and it was a day of no small interest to thousands, when the statue was submitted to the inspection of the assembled judges. It was a bronze representation of a knight, armed and accoutred as if for a tournament, and mounted on a superb black horse with fitting caparison—the whole in gigantic proportions. The horseman wore his vizor up, and rode with an air of majesty like the

bearing of royalty, perfect in all his proportions, from the plumed head to the armed heel. But the noble beast was perhaps even a happier effort; a model of symmetry and strength with his well-knit limbs, prancing and proud as if he already snuffed up the battle. But notwithstanding the skill lavished in its execution, and which seemed to bespeak a workmanship in which other than mortal hands had been concerned, criticism was neither to be hoodwinked nor dazzled by its beauties. One placed the imaginary blemish in the neck of the steed, which he pronounced too arching; another fancied one of the raised hoofs slightly awry; a third looked for the sin in omission rather than in commission, and discovered that the cunning artist had not furnished the knight with his gauntlets; a fourth, more nicely critical, detected the error in a knot of ribbands; while the fifth, in mingled admiration and incredulity, hesitated not to pronounce it the work of magic. But with whatever conviction each dwelt upon his own discovery, no one could coincide in the opinion of his fellow; and since they could not agree in what point the artist had erred, it was finally, though somewhat hesitatingly inferred, that he had not erred at all. When this judgment had been formally announced, all eyes were bent in eager curiosity on Anghostino, as he advanced towards the statue, at the direction of the king. 'It would ill befit me,' said he, 'to claim for the work a faultlessness in all points, save one, though *that* should belong neither to the horse nor his rider. Look!' he added, laying his hand upon the strap connected with the stirrup, 'it is many years since I have seen a gallant vault into his saddle, but methinks he were but an awkward squire, who should present the stirrup thus awry to his master.' The fault was indeed a palpable one, for in turning the stirrup inward, the artist had given to the strap connected with it, a twist precisely contrary to custom, and the wonder now was, why so glaring a blunder had escaped the eyes of all. The triumph of Anghostino was complete. He had not only exceeded expectation, but surpassed even the hopes of the most sanguine. Kings, from policy, are not wont to be loud in their approbation, however public they may be in their munificence. But Joseph had been long convinced that he had acted hastily at least, if not unjustly; and he determined that the honors and rewards of the wronged should be increased in proportion to the tardiness of the reparation. He ordered that the statue should be raised on that very spot, and that it should lend its name forever to the proudest square of his capital. And the flattering commendations of royalty were buzzed among the courtiers, bruited among the attend-

ants, and echoed with a shout by the crowd in the high pulse of popular excitement, ever less circumspect in their expressions of discontent or of joy. It was the proudest day of the artist's life.

But there was still an act of retributive justice to be performed, and with a voice that thrilled to the very marrow of the base and terrified wretch, the king ordered Gil Vicente to stand forth. Baffled, self-condemned, he would have shrunk into nothingness—annihilation. There was no escape, no refuge of lies; all eyes seemed bent on him in horror and in cursing, as Old Ramuzez, by order of the king, unfolded the darkly woven web of his treachery. As he concluded, Joseph beckoned to the officer to whom were entrusted all criminals for execution. 'Is there ever a voice in all Lisbon,' said he, 'to plead for such implacable and cold-hearted villany? Away with him, and let the priest shrive him at once; for I will not hear him speak—no, not a word.'

But there was a voice raised in his behalf, and that too, the only one which might have plead successfully. Anghostino, the blind, the wronged, he who of all men had cause for rejoicing, improved the first sunshine of returning favor, to beg the life of his most bitter enemy. He entreated, the just for the unjust; he urged his petition at the feet of the king. He would have no blood shed for him. He had prayed for the forgiveness of his persecutor in the hour of his calamity, and when he knew him not; and now, thanks to the blessed virgin! should he be less merciful in the moment of his success? And would his majesty darken the happiest day of his life, a day which had restored him to his royal favor, by a capital punishment? It was his first, his only request. Gil Vicente was respited; but only upon the very conditions which had been prescribed to the artist.

Our history now draws to its close. In compliance with the terms allotted him, the miserable man commenced his labors. He was now contending not merely for honor; life itself had now become the prize, and the stake was a fearful one. For some months he had wrought at his task, when late in a clear, vernal evening, a figure was seen lurking among the shadows in the great square, and apparently reconoitering the bronze figures which ornamented its centre. As it emerged from the obscurity of the pedestal and the moon fell full on his upturned face, there was no mistaking its ghastly expressions. A lurking malice and deep mortification were graven in its furrowed lines, but there was over all, a deeper shade of despair. The next morning, Gil Vicente was found suspended to a bar of his

own workshop, a stiffened corse. His unfinished sculpture stood before him. It was the group of the elephant with the trampled Indian, which other hands have completed, and raised upon the base of the ornamented pedestal, which still sustains the KNIGHT OF THE BLACK HORSE.

ON THE REVIVAL OF LETTERS.

IN the following essay we shall endeavor to bring together a few facts gleaned from the records of the dark ages, illustrative in some measure, of the earlier history of *the revival of letters in western Europe.** To attempt even the most condensed history of a subject of such importance, already much controverted, within the compass of this paper, would be like striving to force the world into a nut-shell. We shalltherefore endeavor merely to trace an outline of its geographical progress, with some historical and chronological data.

Most writers, in treating of the history of the revival of letters, have confined themselves to a few prominent points, which have been handed down from author to author, as heir-looms of the fraternity in perpetuity; ever amplyfying without extending. Leaving with them, as standing subjects for declamation, the crusades, gunpowder, the compass, the art of printing, the discovery of America, the circumnavigation of the Cape of Good Hope, &c. &c., we should look far beyond these great events, which were only the *effects* of long past antecedents, for the causes and influences which, by slow degrees, have gradually transformed the unlettered barbarian into a sentient and intelligent being; and which, enlarged and modified as they become deeper and broader in their foundations, are still acting with accelerated force, in bringing mankind to a nearer approximation to their true destiny, the image of their Creator! But however interesting the theme, our limits forbid us from entering upon it in this enlarged view.

The literature of the Romans reached its culminating point in the same age which witnessed its declension—the age of Augustus. If the sack of the 'Eternal City' by Alaric, A. D. 410, be considered the knell of her departing glory, the expulsion of the last of her emperors, the unfortunate Romulus Augustulus, by Odoacer, A. D. 476, is admitted to be the period

* For most of the authorities cited in this article, the reader is referred to Sismondi, Gibbon, Hallam, &c.

of the final extinction of her ancient name and power. After eight centuries of degradation and calamity, the fire of her long-lost genius was rekindled in her own Italy, and Florence, the modern Rome, gave her Danté to mankind. These, therefore, we shall denominate the 'dark ages;' during the earlier part of which, the mass of learning that had been accumulated by the master-spirits of antiquity, had fallen into general neglect, and lay mouldering in cloisters, or sinking to decay amid the ruins of the splendid works of art their genius had reared. Yet the immortal spark, though well nigh smothered, was not utterly destroyed, but even in these disastrous times, occasionally manifested itself in fitful flights, then with a flickering delay, seemed to fall yet deeper towards extinction. While the late arbitress of the world, the 'Niobe of nations,' sate thus shrouded and desolate among the monuments of her fallen greatness, Philosophy, for a season, struggled to maintain her seat in the academies and porticoes of Athens; but when, by the imperial command, her schools were closed, the Muses fled—Minerva forsook her altars, already desecrated by the contact of despotic ignorance, and the world was left to Nox and Erebus. Primeval Chaos resumed her doleful empire, and men roved to and fro, debased by superstition, maddened by the sense of injuries given and received, by turns the conquerors and the vanquished—the tormentors and the oppressed—who, while they bore on their front the impress of the Deity, in their actions more resembled fiends let loose from pandemonium to avenge upon a debased race the rights of outraged humanity.

The address to Aëtius, the Roman consul, A. D. 448, in that memorable production called the *Groans of the Britons*, may be considered as of general applicability during the space of several successive centuries. 'We know not even which way to flee. Chased by the barbarians to the sea, and forced back by the sea to the barbarians, we have only the choice of two deaths: for we must either perish by the sword, or be swallowed up by the waves.'

Among the various and combined causes which for ages continued, with little variation, to maintain this degradation, of what is now the fairest portion of the globe, we shall endeavor to trace out one, which is too generally slighted, if not overlooked; viz. the disruption, if we may so call it, of the only vehicle by which thought, expression, or sentiment, can be transmitted or acquired, *all cultivated language*. We shall not here enter upon a digression, to show the vast influence upon society of the neglect or cultivation of this distinguishing attribute of 'the lord of creation'—suffice it, that no surer test of

civilization need be required. Without it, man is but little removed above the inferior animals; in its highest perfection, he approaches the Divinity. The barbarian conquerors were too proud and too ignorant to adopt the despised, because highly cultivated tongue, of a captive and enervated people. Besides, so various were the dialects of the many nations and hordes, who, in the space of three centuries overran the most polished provinces of the south, that without a metaphor, 'Babel was come again;' and the distraction which ensued, was, as of yore, the sure harbinger of that long period of blind and infatuated barbarism into which the finest countries of the known world were plunged. Promiscuously thrown together, the Roman and his masters, whether the Heruli, the Goth, or the Hun—ever the haughty conqueror, and his vanquished vassal, contempt on the one side,* hatred on the other, without trust or confidence, they mutually disdained to learn the language of their enemies,† and from necessity alone, at length accumstomed themselves to a rude jargon of words taken from either language, so as to form a sort of conventional dialect for the purposes of indispensable intercourse.‡ The want of ideas, the consequence of universal ignorance, left no temptation to augment the number of words of which this jargon was composed; and the absence of communication between village and village, deprived it of all uniformity. Varying from year to year, it was not used as a written language. Scorned as the offspring of ignorance and barbarism, by the very few who had the power of polishing it, the gift of speech, which was granted to man for the purpose of extending and enlightening his ideas by communication, multiplied the barriers which before existed between them, and was only a source of confusion.

Thus, during the five centuries which preceded the rise of modern languages, it was impossible for Europe to possess any literature. Added to the existing causes, parchment was enormously expensive; and since the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens, papyrus had ceased to be imported, and paper was yet unknown. Tradition chiefly preserved the memory of passing events; and to engrave them on the memory, a metrical

* 'When we would brand an enemy,' says a chronicler of these times, 'with disgraceful and contumelious epithets, we call him a *Roman*; a name which comprehends whatever is base, cowardly, avaricious, luxurious—in a word, falsehood and all other vices.'

† The barbarians prohibited their children from acquiring a knowledge of literature and the elegant arts, because they concluded, from the dastardly behavior of the Romans, that 'learning enervates the mind.'

‡ Later times, from a similar necessity, have invented the lingua franca of the Levant, and the Creole of the West Indies.

form was resorted to. At distant intervals the rude chronicles were registered in imperfect Latin. During this period, we hear of the names of Paul Warnefried, Alwein, Luitprand, Eginhard, even yet universally respected, as philosophers and theologians, who had learned to appreciate the beauties of the models which antiquity had left them. They do not belong to their age—they should be considered rather as the last survivors of a noble race, the latest monuments of civilized antiquity, which became extinct in them.

Under Charlemagne, A. D. 800, a priest was considered qualified, if he were able to read the Gospels, and understood the Lord's Prayer—and yet a *royal academy* existed at Paris! In the same age, not one priest of a thousand, in the neighboring kingdom of Spain, could write a common letter of salutation to another. Nearly two hundred years later, it is recorded that scarcely a single person was to be found in Rome itself, who knew the first elements of letters. Alfred, A. D. 900, declares that he could not recollect a single priest south of the Thames—then the best part of England—who understood the ordinary prayers, or could translate Latin into his mother tongue. In short, for many centuries it was rare for a layman of any rank to know how to sign his name.

Some traces yet remain of a class of poetry which existed at a very early period in the North. Preserved in oral traditions, its materials were furnished in the dogmas of their faith, and in the most brilliant events of their annals. Charlemagne, with a view to illustrate the history of his monarchy, caused many of these songs to be collected; while his son, on the other hand, endeavored to consign them to oblivion. The Germans have within the last century discovered an epic poem, the composition of which they date as far back as the first conquest of the Roman empire by the barbarians—the 'Lay of the Niebelungen.' The scene is laid at the court of Attila, about the year 430 or 440. Among the heroes who figure in this epic, are Theodoric the Great, founder of the kingdom of the Ostrogoths in Italy; Siegfried or Sigefroi, an ancestor of the Merovingian race of France; a Margrave Rudiger, the ancestor of the Austrian house of Hapsburgh; in short, the heads of all the conquering dynasties which overturned the Roman empire. Barbarous as are these lays, they cannot be regarded as giving any evidence of improving taste—they are interesting only as showing the prevailing manners of the hordes whence they emanated. In pursuing a continuous chain of events which prove a regular progression and improvement in the condition of the human mind, we must turn to the East, the

father-land of our race, whose beautiful Eden witnessed the first sad declension of frail humanity from the purity of the Creator. While all was gloom and thick darkness in the west, this favored region was destined to renew the mental, as it had already given birth to the physical creation.

Sated with success, the Mohammedan conquerors at length yielded to the charms of luxury and repose. The chief of the house of Ommijah, A. D. 661, having acquired the caliphate of Damascus, continued and enlarged the protection which his predecessor and rival, Ali, had extended to men of letters. After the extinction of this house, and the accession of that of Abbas, a still more powerful patronage was bestowed on learning. Al Mansour, the second of this race, invited to his court George Backtishwak, a Greek physician, who was the first to present to the Arabians, translations of the learned medical works of Greece, A. D. 760. Christian bigotry and intolerance* lent their powerful aid to the designs of the followers of Islam, and thousands of Nestorian exiles transported to the banks of the Euphrates all the rich inheritance of Grecian literature, which a wretched superstition had banished from its native climes. The famous Haroun al Raschid, the hero of Arabian romance, A. D. 786–809, acquired a glorious reputation by the protection he afforded to letters. To every mosque he attached a school. But directed and encouraged, doubtless, by the example of his illustrious parent, Al Mansour, A. D. 813–833, the son of Haroun was the true father and protector of Arabic literature. When this caliph dictated the terms of peace to the Greek emperor Michael, the tribute he demanded was a collection of Greek authors. He conceived the grand design of measuring the earth, which was accomplished by his mathematicians, at his expense. In all parts of his dominions, in every town, schools, academies and colleges were established. Bagdad, Ispahan, and Samarcand, in the East, were equally the homes of science; while Cairo, Alexandria, Fez, and Morocco, claimed a literary fraternity.

†When the Ommiades were expelled from Damascus, (757) a royal youth, of the name of Abdalrahman, alone escaped the rage of his enemies, who hunted the wandering exile from the banks of the Euphrates to the valleys of mount Atlas. In this

* The christian bishops forbade, under the severest penalties, the study of Greek and Roman classics—especially the poets; ostensibly, because their constant allusions to the heathen mythology, it was supposed, militated against the purity of the christian faith.

† The writer has not considered it necessary to refer to the authorities from whom these details are derived.

extremity of his fate he fled to Spain, then the most distant western province of the empire, over which his proud ancestors once bore undisputed sway. Here the servants of the proscribed family still held, by a precarious tenure, the inheritance of their lands, and the offices of government. Prompted by gratitude, indignation and fear, they invited the descendant of their caliphs to ascend the throne of his ancestors. The acclamations of the people saluted his landing in Andalusia, and after a successful struggle, Abdalrahman established the throne of Cordova, and was the progenitor of the Ommiades of Spain, who reigned above two hundred and fifty years from the Atlantic to the Pyrenees. Under the munificent protection afforded by this dynasty, Spain was more especially the seat of Arabian learning. Cordova, Granada, Seville, rivalled each other in the magnificence of their schools, colleges and academies. In various cities of Spain above seventy libraries were open for the instruction of the public. Alhakem, founder of the academy of Cordova, presented six hundred volumes to the library of that town. The number of Arabic authors which Spain produced was astonishing, in mathematics, history, poetry, rhetoric, philosophy, the natural sciences, and agriculture. Paper, so necessary to intellectual advancement, was introduced at Samarcand, about the year 649. Gunpowder was known to the Arabians at least a century before any traces of it appear among the Europeans. The compass was known to them in the eleventh century. The numerals, which we call Arabic, without which none of the sciences in which calculation is employed could have been carried to their present degree of cultivation, were communicated to Europe by the Arabians. The number of their inventions of which we enjoy the benefit without suspecting it, is prodigious; and I therefore dwell the longer on this part of my subject, because few are at all aware of the extent of our obligations to a people so widely different from us in religion, manners and morals, that we are willing to refer these benefits to any other cause than the true one. It is not denied, that in the libraries of the Arabians, as in those of the present day, the far greater part possessed only local and temporary value. They were crowded with orators and poets, partial histories, polemics, mystics, scholastics, and moralists, suited only to the transient taste of the day. Neither does it appear, although it is allowed that their progress in the exact sciences was highly respectable, that they made any important advances in astronomy; since, with the exception of the correction of some minute errors, they continued to support the hypothesis of Ptolemy respecting our solar system. In the science

of medicine, they are deservedly applauded. A sentiment, early adopted among them, might serve even now as a model: '*They* are the elect of God, his best and most useful servants, whose lives are devoted to the improvement of their rational faculties.' To the Arabians is due the honor of preserving and restoring to us the literature of the ancients, to which they added many of those arts which have since so materially contributed to improve the condition of mankind. The age of their prosperity continued about five hundred years, and was coeval with the darkest and most slothful period of European annals.

Abdalrahman I. he who, as it has already been stated, detached Spain from the empire of the Abassides, commenced his reign at a period when the religious fanaticism of the Mussulmans had become considerable weakened. A complete toleration had been granted to the christian Goths, who, under the name of Mocoarabians, (mixed Arabians) lived unharmed in the midst of the Mussulmans. Abdalrahman, surnamed 'the Just,' respected the rights of his christian subjects, who diligently studied the Arabic language as the only means of developing their genius. John of Seville wrote an exposition of the scriptures in Arabic for the convenience of those of his countrymen who were better acquainted with the Arabic than the Latin. Throughout the whole of the Arabian dominions in Spain, both languages were familiarly spoken; and the colleges and universities founded by Abdalrahman and his successors were frequented by all the learned of Europe. The transition to the neighboring countries, therefore, of the literature of Spain, was easy. It is now time to follow its onward course.

A train of events, of which the history may be found in the records of the feudal ages, and which it is not now necessary to explain, led, at length, to the consolidation in the south of France, of a kingdom destined to enjoy a brilliant but brief period of literary renown. Having enjoyed, for more than two hundred years, the blessings of a paternal government, and exemption from foreign invasion, the kingdom of Arles presented a consolidated government, with laws, language and manners. In 1092, the line of heirs male of the royal house became extinct; and Douce, coheiress of Arles and countess of Provence, in giving her hand to Raymond Berenger, founded the kingdom of Provence. The language of the Catalans, of whom Raymond was count, was almost entirely similar to the Provençal; and through them was introduced the spirit both of liberty and chivalry, with all the sciences of the Arabians. Hence arose a new species of poetry, that of the troubadours. Of this poetry, little has survived the wreck of time. It was cotem-

poraneous, though entirely unconnected in its origin, with the crusades; which no doubt contributed both to its popularity and celebrity. The compositions of the troubadours were entirely lyrical. They sang, but they did not recite; and chivalry among them existed rather in sentiment than in the imagination. On the most solemn occasions, in the disputes for glory in the games called tensons, when the troubadours combatted in verse before illustrious princes, or before the courts of love, they were called on to discuss questions of the most scrupulous delicacy, and the most disinterested gallantry—such, for instance, as these: How a king may excel all his rivals? by what qualities a lover may render himself most worthy of his mistress? and whether it be a greater grief to lose a lover by death or infidelity?

In France, the fountain of chivalry, women were present at festivals, at tournaments, and sat promiscuously in the halls of their castles. The romance of Percy Forest, (and romances are deemed good witnesses as to manners) tells of a feast, where eight hundred knights had each of them a lady eating off his plate—for to *eat off the same plate* was a usual mark of gallantry or friendship. In Launcelot du Lac, a lady, who was troubled with a jealous husband, complains, '*that it was a long time since a knight had eaten off her plate!*'

It would scarcely be suspected that our cold and phlegmatic English tongue could have been in any way connected with this beau-ideal of fairy land; yet some authors insist that the spirit of Provençal poetry had, at one period, no small influence on the formation of the English language; and that it furnished Chaucer, the father of English literature, with his first model for imitation. The language was adopted at the same time by one half the sovereigns of Europe. We find Provençal verses composed by the emperor Frederick Barbarossa, Richard I. of England, Alfonso II. and Peter III. of Arragon, Frederick of Sicily, the Prince of Orange, and the Marquis of Montserrat, king of Thessalonica. As my present purpose is to trace the rise, and not the decline of literature, I must reluctantly cease to pursue my observations on this language, which may be ranked among the literary phenomena. Whether the genius of the troubadours would ever have been capable of loftier flights of intellect, must forever remain problematical. Imprudently provoked by the free satire of the Provençals, Superstition, too soon and too fatally, cast her gloomy pall over the sunny regions of Languedoc! The hospitable halls, which late reechoed with songs of 'knightly tournament, and ladye-love,' now resounded with the clang of hostile arms; and the lan-

guage and the poetry of Provence were extinguished in blood! Chased from their native mountains, and guided by the flames of their long-loved homes, the unhappy Waldenses, in flying from the fire and faggot, found a slower death by cold or famine. Hunted from cavern to cavern; deceived by treachery, or destroyed by violence; their language and their literature faded as suddenly as they arose: leaving many vestiges of a delicate and refined taste, to reveal to future ages their early promise and untimely blight. Becoming finally the subjects of a rival nation, under Charles of Anjou—during whose reign, 1260, the courts of love were abolished—in their servitude a few plaintive strains of grief were heard; but the voice of song fled from a soil polluted with carnage.

Cotemporary with the troubadours were the trouvères; poets who differed from the former in almost all respects. The latter were clearly epic in their compositions, while the former were lyric. The language of the trouvères was also more nearly allied to the modern German, while the former bears some similarity to the French. From the trouvères our Anglo-Norman literature is descended; and in their languages, called the Romans Walloon, was written the old romances of 'The Knights of the Round Table,' 'Amadis de Gaul,' Sir Tristram de Leonois,' 'Launcelot of the Lake,' &c. &c. The Minnesirgiers were another race of poets, of German extraction, and coeval with the former.

We now approach the age of Danté, in whose majestic allegories we shall recognize the spirit of the trouvères; and who has adopted the Walton Romance of the Rose, for his model. The tales of Boccacio are ancient fabliaux, also drawn from the same source; yet we must trace the origin of the *Italian* literature, as well as the Spanish and Provençal to the Arabians.

In the south of Italy a degree of civilization had been preserved in the earlier part of the middle ages elsewhere unexampled. Early in the twelfth century, the court of Palermo abounded in riches, and consequently indulged in luxurious habits. Then, the Arabs acquired a degree of credit and influence unknown at other christian courts. Hence we may clearly deduce the effects produced on the Sicilian, or more properly the Tatian poetry by the Arabians. The form of their versification was modelled upon the Provinçal, or more probably derived its origin from the same source. As the taste for Arabic literature became general among the Italians, they were quickly imbued with a nicer perception of the beauties of the ancient models; while every thing around, conspired to awaken in them a long dormant admiration for those works of

consummate art, which, after the lapse of so many ages, are yet the pride of the civilized world. Ancient manuscripts were sought after with eagerness and avidity. Commerce, freed from the shackles which the belligerent attitude of all Europe during the crusades, had imposed upon it, lent a ready aid in the collection and transmission of the treasures of ancient literature and art. A new spring seemed infused into human energies; men began to arouse themselves from the torpor of centuries, and with a covetousness proportioned to their former apathy, to seek after the decayed remains of antiquity. Modern language, although beginning to evince much improvement, fell into disrepute; and poets, philosophers, historians, sacrificed their lives and their genius in the pursuit and transcription of ancient manuscripts. A distinguished scholar is related to have died of the mortification and chagrin he experienced at the shipwreck of a vessel which contained a collection of antique parchments consigned to him.

The superior taste of the Florentines caused them to be early distinguished for the purity of their dialect, and among them appear the first truly great names in modern letters. For elegance and gracefulness of style, Ricordano Malaspina, who wrote the history of Florence, about 1280, is pronounced in no degree inferior to the best works now extant. With Danté, born at Florence, 1265, justly styled the father of modern poetry, we close the record of the (strictly so called) 'dark ages;' since the age which was capable of giving birth to such a mind, must have been already far removed from barbarism.

It may not be uninteresting here to remark, that this year offers a memorable epoch in the history of our English representative government. During the preceding reign, the Magna Charta had been wrung from the reluctant hands of a weak and despotic prince, by his indignant barons; and in this reign (Henry III.) an equally great advancement was made towards freedom. In 1265 a new parliament was summoned; when, in addition to the two knights from every shire, returns were ordered to be made of deputies from the boroughs—a class of men hitherto considered unworthy of any share in the administration of government. In this country, where the right of suffrage is considered the most precious and inalienable right of freemen, it would scarcely be credited that the elective franchise was at first considered neither a privilege nor a blessing, but an intolerable grievance, by our English ancestors. Up to the time of Henry II. it was common among the English to export slaves (children and other relations) to Ireland. During his reign, the Irish in a national synod agreed to eman-

cipate all the *English slaves* in Ireland. Tempora mutantur! About this time lived Roger Bacon, and in the succeeding century, Petrarch, Boccacio, and Chaucer, flourished. The human mind was rapidly developed; and its most signal triumph was soon after achieved in the invention of the art of printing—an art, the most stupendous for the elevation and maintenance of moral power, ever devised by finite intellect, and which would seem to have placed mankind beyond the power of events, or the danger of retrogradation.

REVERIE.

BY A LADY.

'Tis an essay upon human nature—I get my labor for my pains—'tis enough.' In the 'good old times,' authors were persons of notoriety; their original traits of character were detailed with avidity and listened to with interest; and the difference between the slow-moving composer of endless sentences, of the last century, and the hop-skip-and-jump maker of phrases, of our own, is characteristic of the manners of their day. Authors do not now compose; they only *talk on paper*—and 'what does it signify if we are amused,' silences all controversy. A writer of *views* and *travels*, informs us, 'there are no snakes in Lower Canada, but in Upper Canada there are snakes enough.' I should think *one* was enough. So in this scribbling age, we have *authors enough*. Every subject is exhausted. Indeed such is the difficulty of finding original topics for the exercise of our scribbling mania, one of our very witty authors, in despair, has been heard to exclaim, 'Oh, for another caliph Omar to burn all the libraries!' A new idea in our day, would be as great a novelty, as a new sense; how it would be *encored!* and from the daily to the weekly, the monthly and the novel, repeated in every variety of form, until it would be fairly worn out! But to sit down quietly, and say there is nothing new under the sun, is not the way to 'get on.' Those who cater for the public taste—who provide food for the mind, must write; 'thoughts that breathe,' will not always come—bright exhalations of the mind are not always amusing—and the public must be amused, or they will not read; *fortunately*, there are certain subjects—woman, for instance—the imbecility and folly of poor human nature, and a few others, that are always pleasing, and the same ideas, with a slight variation of

expression, invariably delight. We moderns, fly to ridicule, as a refuge against sentiment and philosophy. In this age of 'double quick time,' who would read, if ponderous volumes of wisdom were written, and authors would express themselves thus,

> 'At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,
> Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
> At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
> Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
> In all the magnanimity of thought,
> Resolves and reresolves, then dies the same.'

But this is nothing to my essay. How shall I begin? Why is it, with our boasted reason, of all created beings, none err so constantly as man? Each kind pursues its proper food, pleasure, and rest; we, only act in opposition to our nature, and in the wild chase of false felicities, giving the homage of our hearts to perishable objects, wander like a herd bewildered in the vale! I can never 'get on' in this strain—try another. We know liberality of sentiment, virtue, christianity, and science, have made greater progress in the last century, than in any three that preceded it. We have heard that our forefathers, *the pilgrims*, had firm faith 'in the existence of old witches, when the country was young'—and we know their descendants acknowledged the power of young witches, now the country is old; but no one is banished or burnt in our day for difference of opinion, or for witchcraft, as they were formerly; and we hope to continue improving, until we arrive at the summit of human perfectability. Apropos. The reflection that this luxuriant and beautiful portion of our country, *the West*—the land of my birth—has never been contaminated by a spirit of intolerance and persecution, falsely called religious, makes it more lovely to my eyes, and more dear to my heart. Now I have lost my train of thought, and will have to make a fresh start.

I remember conversing with a gentleman, who had called, as he said, 'to interrupt by an argument, the monotony of his hours.' I inquired, 'how do you manage to get over the evenings, when you complain your mornings drag heavily.'

'When I have no friend, with whom to share the feast of reason and the flow of soul, no engagement abroad, or nothing new to read, I stir my fire, place my feet upon the table and *think*.'

'Very unprofitable employment, according to my notions.'

'For most men it is; but mine are very profound thoughts!'

'Then you should send them to the Magazine; and request

the editor "to correct the ideas, grammar, spelling, and punctuation, and give them a place in his valuable miscellany." '

'It shall be an open warfare with received opinions, when I assume such a position; but I will never impose upon the editor, or myself, the trouble.'

'Why should you not? To be doing something for the improvement, or even the amusement—in a rational way—of our fellow-mortals, is an honor to an intelligent being. It is not the man wrapped in metaphysical subtleties, the recluse living in selfish solitude, or those engaged in amassing wealth, who are the permanently useful men. Those who inform the mind, refine the affections, enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, or facilitate its acquisition, hold the most honorable rank in the scale of existence; and may lay claim to the title of public benefactors.'

'The *public* have ever been ungrateful to their benefactors; I am not ambitious of the distinction. I consider myself unfortunate in belonging to the human race, who have voluntarily placed themselves under the government and guidance of a grovelling demon, and become his tool, his slave, his victim! They need not complain that their reason is impaired, their passions inflamed, their judgment perverted. But I leave them to their fate.'

'Their fate should excite the deepest sympathy and compassion in every benevolent and reflecting mind.'

'I would pity mankind, were they conscious of their degradation, was it not for their unaccountable unconcern, and preposterous self-conceit. Man has been informed, there are bright messengers of heaven, glorious and perfectly created beings, invisible to mortal eyes; he views innumerable suns and solar systems, so far as he can pierce into the obscurity of boundless space; filled, no doubt, with living and intelligent creatures; he finds himself inhabiting one of the *smallest planets*, revolving around our centre of attraction. Ingenious I admit, in using the materials provided to his hand, but incapable of creating the minutest insect, or simplest herb. Although he beholds the stupendous and varied wonders of creation, he vaunts his own importance, and swelled with pride, exclaims, "an honest man's the noblest work of God!" Honest men must have been scarce, when that line was written.'

'Something has happened to depress your spirits; to-morrow you will be more charitable. The human race has been improving, for the last few centuries.'

'Improving! Are there not millions in Asia this moment sacrificing themselves and their helpless infants, in the vain

hope of future reward; inflicting upon their persons the most shocking self-tortures, and practising odious and degrading ceremonies, in honor of beastly images of wood? Are there not millions in Africa, adoring every phantom of a depraved imagination, and prostrating themselves before the reptile that crawls in their path?'

'Go to them on a mission of mercy and peace, and teach them better things. Set an example for all others to imitate, of piety without superstition, and morality without ostentation.'

'Those should go who can weep over the degradation they witness; I should lose my temper.'

'To assist you in keeping it, you might reflect, that were it not for the accident of being born in another hemisphere, the advantages of education, and the protecting care of a power superior to your own, you would be as they are.'

* * * * * * * * * *

'Oh, Life!' exclaims a popular writer of the day, 'what enables us to surmount your obstacles, and endure your disappointments, but your illusions!' We strew our own path with thorns. The illusions of life, are the greatest obstacles to our progress, and the most difficult to overcome; by representing every object, through a false or exaggerated medium, they constantly produce disappointment and discontent, and we blame the soil, which produces results so unbearable, when we should only blame the culture. Our thoughts roll impatiently over the future, and we feel a spirit within, convincing us 'this earth is our dwelling place, but not our home;' yet we suffer the body to hold our mind, our nobler self, in inglorious bondage; we debase the dignity of its moral and intellectual emanations; and life, 'the sacred and beautiful gift,' we waste in vain conceits, and ignoble pursuits. Magnificent cities lying in ruins; powerful empires past away—crumbling, moss-grown monuments of pride—the man-destroying hero, and the lovely female who has been the object of idolatrous love, mouldering in dust—all, read us bitter lessons of humility and wisdom; and would we banish the illusions of thought and sense that obscure our path, curb our flights of fancy and imagination, at variance with the realities of life, and suffer *reason* to maintain its dominion, the tumults of life, would break like harmless waves at our feet, and excite our compassion without disturbing our peace. The fervent aspiration of every one's heart should be,

> 'Father of light and life! thou good supreme!
> O, teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
> Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
> From every low pursuit.'

Would we study and obey the wise and sacred moral code of laws, given us for our rule of action; constitute its precepts and promises, the guide and comfort of our life, and consolation in death; we might look forward patiently and calmly, to that period when the splendors of an eternal world will be unveiled to our eyes; and death—who is only the king of terrors to the mistaken and irreligious—would appear 'with burnished plumes divinely fair.' The flight of time, which is to reveal all things to us, is silent, and its path tracless; let us not like faithless sentinels, slumber on our guard.

The physical and moral nature of the human mind, is a subject of intense interest; and notwithstanding the time devoted to its study and investigation, and the speculations, more amusing than profitable, of men of science, its varied combinations are yet mysterious. We know the body is its dwelling-place; that they sometimes—not always—sympathize; that the mind often retains its powers, active and intelligent, acquiring new force and elegance of expression, when the body, debilitated with pain, is sinking in death; we know the mind is sometimes impaired and lost, when the body enjoys health and vigor, and we believe it will exist

> 'Unhurt amid the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.'

* * * * * * * * * *

We hear persons, even in this comparatively enlightened age, discouraging projected improvements, and benevolent enterprise: their strain is, 'we need not aim at impossibilities—perfection is a thing unattainable in this world—and every thing human must partake of the imperfection of human nature.' The determination, or wish, to arrive at a state of perfection, is so excellent, we should be careful to repress any argument, calculated to prevent a generous and energetic exertion to attain it. Are we not commanded, by authority we dare not controvert, to *be perfect?* Our opinions are often mere prejudices; and we shut our ears to every argument, however rational, mild, moderate, or liberal, that opposes them, and hold fast the impressions of education, whether false or true. The importance of implanting correct ideas and principles in the season of youth, is not sufficiently evident to most parents. The young mind is left to imbibe and copy, from surrounding circumstances; the seeds which bear fruit are sown by chance; and slighting the precious kernel, we spend our time in polishing the exterior which covers it. But until equal portions of intelligence and knowledge have been diffused, we must not expect a uniformity of belief or practice.

The rapid progression of human improvement, in the present century, cannot but astonish the rational and reflecting, and convince, that a power, superior to our own, has given it an impulse. When we contemplate the condition of christian nations, as represented in the history of that period, justly denominated the 'dark ages' of ignorance and superstition, when the human race, trampled on and oppressed by *lordly fellow-worms*, groaned beneath a vassalage equally vile and cruel, our hearts must swell with gratitude for the blessings we enjoy, when we 'sit under our own vine, and there are none to make us afraid.' To resist oppression, and the usurpation of ambitious and selfish men in power, is the duty of every intelligent being; but the boasted virtue of *patriotism* will never be worthy of respect, until it takes a wider range, and more liberal form. The invocation of Madam Roland, to liberty, when she laid her head upon the block, could, with equal truth, be made to patriotism. 'Oh, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!' This revolving planet, is *our country;* and every human being inhabiting it is our brother; no longer led by prejudice or deceived by life's illusions, every faculty of our soul, expanded by universal benevolence, and strengthened by moral discipline, should be directed to the great object of enlightening the still benighted portions of our race, and securing the virtue, freedom and happiness of the whole human family.

IDA.

PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT MADE SCIENCE IN EARNEST.

'You should not, my Rosalie, look in the eyes
Of the men, as you do when they hover around you,
As if you were reading the lore of the skies,
Or they in a spell of enchantment had bound you.'

'And where is the harm, dearest mother?' replied
The maiden; 'for did you not read, from the book
Which you told me was called the *Philosopher's guide*,
That *to its original each thing should look!*

'Now man, that is born of the dust of the earth,
May look on the ground till his eyeballs grow dim,
But we, who in Eden from him had our birth,
Why we, dearest mother, should look straight at him!'

P. P. C.

FRANKNESS.

BY A LADY.

THERE is one kind of frankness, which is the result of perfect unsuspiciousness, and which requires a measure of ignorance of the world and of life: this kind appeals to our generosity and tenderness. There is another, which is the frankness of a strong but pure mind, acquainted with life, clear in its discrimination, and upright in its intention, yet above disguise or concealment: this kind excites respect and awe. The first, seems to proceed simply from impulse; the second, from impulse and reflection united. The first proceeds, in a measure, from ignorance; the second, from knowledge. The first is born from an undoubting confidence in *others;* the second, from a virtuous and well-grounded reliance on *one's self.*

Now, if you suppose that this is the beginning of a sermon, or of a fourth-of-July oration, you are very much mistaken; though I must confess, it hath rather an uncertain sound. I merely prefaced it to a little sketch of character, which you may look at, if you please, though I am not sure you will like it.

It was said of Alice H——, that she had the mind of a man, the heart of a woman, and the face of an angel: a combination that all my readers will think peculiarly happy.

There never was a woman, who was so unlike the mass of society in her modes of thinking and acting, yet so generally popular. But the most remarkable thing about her, was her proud superiority to all disguise in thought, word and deed. She pleased you; for she spoke out a hundred things that you would conceal, and spoke them with a dignified assurance, that made you wonder that you had ever hesitated to say them yourself. Nor did this unreserve appear like the weakness of one who *could* not conceal, or like a determination to make war on the forms of society. It was rather a calm, well-guided integrity, regulated by a just sense of propriety; knowing when to be *silent*, but speaking the *truth* when it spoke at all.

Her extraordinary frankness often beguiled superficial observers into supposing themselves fully acquainted with her real character, long before they were; as the beautiful *transparency* of some lakes is said to deceive the eye as to their depth; yet the longer you knew her, the more variety and compass of character appeared through the same transparent medium. But you may just visit Miss Alice for half an hour, to night, and judge for yourselves. You may walk into this little parlor. There sits Miss Alice on that sofa, sewing a pair of lace sleeves

into a satin dress—in which peculiarly angelic employment, she may persevere, till we have finished another sketch.

Do you see that pretty little lady, with sparkling eyes, elastic form, and beautiful hand and foot, that is sitting opposite to her? She is a belle: the character is written in her face—it sparkles from her eye—it dimples in her smile, and pervades the whole woman.

But there—Alice has risen, and is gone to the mirror, and is arranging the finest auburn hair in the world, in the most tasteful manner. The little lady watches every motion, as comically as a kitten watches a pin-ball.

'It is all in vain to deny it, Alice—you are really anxious to *look pretty*, this evening,' said she.

'I certainly am,' said Alice, quietly.

'Ay, and you hope you shall please Mr. A. and Mr. B.,' said the little accusing angel.

'Certainly, I do,' said Alice, as she twisted her fingers in a beautiful curl.

'Well, I would not tell of it, Alice, if I did.'

'Then you should not ask me,' said Alice.

'I *declare!* Alice!'—

'And what do you declare?'

'I never saw such a girl as you are!'

'Very likely,' said Alice, stooping to pick up a pin.

'Well, for *my* part,' said the little lady, '*I* never would take any pains to make any body like me—*particularly* a gentleman.'

'I would,' said Alice, 'if they would not like me without.'

'Why Alice!—I should not think you were so fond of admiration.'

'I like to be admired very much,' said Alice, returning to the sofa—'and I suppose every body else does.'

'*I* don't care about admiration,' said the little lady. 'I would be as well satisfied that people should'nt like me, as that they should.'

'Then, cousin, I think it's a pity we all like you so well,' said Alice, with a goodhumored smile. If Miss Alice had *penetration*, she never made a severe use of it.

'But really, cousin,' said the little lady, 'I should not think such a girl as you, would think any thing about dress or admiration, and all that.'

'I don't know what sort of a girl you think I am,' said Alice; 'but for my own part, *I* only pretend to be a *common human being*, and am not ashamed of common *human feelings*. If God has made us so that we love admiration, why should we

not honestly say so. *I* love it, *you* love it, every body loves it; and why should not every body say it?'

'Why, yes,' said the little lady, 'I suppose every body has a—has a—a *general* love for admiration. I am willing to acknowledge that *I* have; but'—

'But you have no love for it *in particular*,' said Alice, 'I suppose you mean to say; that is just the way the matter is commonly disposed of. Every body is willing to acknowledge a *general* wish for the good opinion of others; but half the world are ashamed to own it, when it comes to a *particular case*. Now, I have made up my mind, that if it is correct, in general, it is correct in particular, and I mean to own it, both ways.'

'But somehow, it seems mean!' said the little lady.

'It *is* mean *to live* for it, to be selfishly engrossed in it; but not mean to enjoy it when it comes, or even to *seek* it, if we neglect no higher interest in doing so. All that God *made* us to feel, is dignified and pure, unless we pervert it.'

'But, Alice, I never heard any person speak out so frankly as you do.'

'Almost all that is innocent and natural, *may* be spoken out; and as for that which is *not* innocent and natural, it ought not even to be *thought*.'

'But *can* every thing be spoken, that may be thought?' said the lady.

'No; we have an instinct which teaches us to *be silent* sometimes: but if we speak at all, let it be in simplicity and sincerity.'

'Now, for instance, Alice,' said the lady, 'it is very innocent and natural, as you say, to think this, that, and the other good thing of *yourself*, especially when every body is telling you of it; now would you speak the truth, if any one asked you on this point?'

'If it were a person who had a *right* to ask, and if it were a proper time and place, I *would*,' said Alice.

'Well, then,' said the bright lady, 'I ask you, Alice, in this very proper time and place, do you think that you are handsome?'

'Now I suppose you expect me to make a curtsey to every chair in the room, before I answer,' said Alice; 'but, dispensing with that ceremony, I will tell you fairly—I think I am.'

'Do you think that you are *good?*'

'Not entirely,' said Alice.

'Well, but don't you think you are better than most people?'

'As far as I can tell, I think I am better than *some* people; but really, cousin, I don't trust my own judgment in this matter,' said Alice.

'Well, Alice, one more question. Do you think James Martyrs likes *you* or *me* best?'

'I do not know,' said Alice.

'I did not ask you what you *knew*, but what you *thought*,' said the lady; 'you must have some thought about it.'

'Well, then, I *think* he likes *me* best,' said Alice.

Just then, the door opened, and in walked the identical James Martyrs. Alice blushed—looked a little comical, and went on with her sewing, while the little lady began,

'Really, Mr. James, I wish you had come a minute sooner, to hear Alice's confessions.'

'What has she confessed?' said James.

'Why, that she is handsomer and better than most folks.'

'That's nothing to be ashamed of,' said James.

'Oh, that's not all—she wants to look pretty, and loves to be admired, and all'—

'It sounds very much like her,' said James, looking at Alice.

'Oh, but besides that,' said the lady, 'she has been preaching a discourse in justification of vanity and self-love'—

'And next time you shall *take notes* when I preach,' said Alice; 'for I don't think your memory is remarkably happy.'

'You see, James,' said the lady, 'that Alice makes it a point to say *exactly the truth*, when she speaks at all, and I've been puzzling her with questions. I really wish you would ask her some, and see what she will say. But, mercy! there is uncle C. come to take me to ride. I must run.' And off flew the little humming-bird, leaving James and Alice *tete-a-tete*.

'There really is one question,' said James, clearing his voice—'

Alice looked up.

'There is one question, Alice, which I wish you *would* answer.'

Alice did not inquire what the question was, but began to look very solemn; and just then, I went out of the room, and shut the door—and so I never knew what it was that Alice's friend James wanted to be enlightened about.

EDUCATION AND SLAVERY.

The reader will perhaps be surprised at finding two subjects so apparently unconnected as those of the education of youth and the abolition of negro slavery, brought together in the same

article. We should have been glad to have been spared from the unpleasant duty of thus discussing them; but we have fallen upon times when the rancor of party, and the injudicious zeal of controversy, too often break over their proper barriers, and involve in their angry billows, those interests or institutions, which had been thought to be the most secure from their invasion. When the false reasoning, the invective, or the inflated sophistry of the demagogue, find their way into our halls of legislation, or creep under some insidious disguise into a deliberative religious assembly, we feel alarmed for the interests of our country, and mortified for the momentary degradation of its character. But reflection teaches us that these are unavoidable evils, which must be borne with patience; that so long as the human mind continues to be constituted as it is, it will be liable to excitement, and prone to be swerved from its holiest purposes by the collisions of popular exasperation. In a republican government where discussion is free, and where all great measures are decided by popular suffrage, there will often be violent conflicts of opinion; nor will any department of society, or class of men, escape the occasional visitation of the storm of passion.

If such are the tendencies of human nature under free institutions, and if those tendencies are unpropitious to the peace of society, and the best interests of the country, it follows that a counter influence should be thrown into the opposite scale, and that the efforts of good men should be used, not to increase, but to allay, the irritability of the public mind. There certainly ought to be some spot hallowed from the contests of party, sacredly protected from the contamination of the malignant passions, where the mind might be imbued with the lessons of truth, and peace, and honor, unalloyed with prejudice. Such sanctuaries should all our seminaries of learning be. Youth should be a season of repose to the passions, and improvement to the mind; all inflammatory excitement and corroding prejudice should be carefully removed from contact with the young intellect.

We are led into these remarks, from having recently perused in a public newspaper, the 'Preamble and Constitution of the Anti-Slavery Society of ——— Seminary.' We do not give the name of the college, because we intend that our remarks shall apply to the *measure*, not the *individuals*. We have but little acquaintance with the latter, and certainly no desire to do them any unkindness; in the former, we feel a deep interest, as we consider it discreditable to the institution, and calculated to inflict a deep wound upon the great interests of education—

the highest interest, as we conceive, of this nation. On the subject of slavery we have little to say. Upon the abstract question, all good men are agreed, in viewing it as a national misfortune—all are willing to see it gradually melt away, until no trace of its existence shall be left; but no honest and reflecting man is willing to see it broken up, like the snows of the spring, by a sudden change, which shall inundate the land, and spread devastation and distress over the whole country. We have no fear that such a revolution will ever occur; and we leave such discussions to those who luxuriate in contention, and find delight in the excitement of useless controversy. But when the higher interests of education are threatened with harm by this or any other cause, we shall promptly express our opinion.

The document before us is the preamble and constitution of a society 'of which any member of —— Seminary may become a member;' it is of course composed of the students of that institution, and may include the gentlemen who compose the faculty.

These gentlemen set out with the following very modest declaration of their intentions:

'1. *Object.* Our object is the immediate emancipation of the whole colored race within the United States: the emancipation of the slave from the oppression of the master: the emancipation of the free colored man from the oppression of public sentiment, and the elevation of both to an intellectual, moral, and political equality with the whites.'

We have seen boys at school wearing paper caps, flourishing wooden swords, and fancying themselves, for the moment, endued with the prowess of Hector and Achilles—we have seen them declaiming the harangues of Cicero and Demosthenes, until they caught the fire of eloquence, and imagined themselves the orators they mimicked: but this is the first instance, that we have ever known, of a set of young gentlemen at school, dreaming themselves into full-grown patriots, and setting seriously to work, to organize a wide-spread political revolution; to alter the constitution of their country; to upset the internal policy of a dozen independent states; and to elevate a whole race of human beings in the scale of moral dignity. The scheme is one of stupendous magnitude, and certainly well fitted to afford full display to the energies of an entire college of precocious under graduates! It is one with which the patriots of the revolution dared not to interfere: after braving the armies of the most powerful empire in the world, they shrunk with pious horror from the contest with each other, which would have convulsed and torn assunder the whole of the newly-

erected political fabric. Subsequent patriots have felt the same delicacy in approaching this complicated topic, as the judicious surgeon hesitates before he attempts to perform an operation which would oblige him to press the point of his knife upon a vital spot. But that which sages and patriots, grown grey in their country's service, considered dangerous or impracticable, is about to be undertaken by the promising young gentlemen of this remarkably patriotic seminary, under auspices which they doubtless esteem propitious, and with a confidence in themselves which presupposes an opinion on their part, that there is nothing very difficult or dangerous in the business. The calm wisdom of the nation has long since settled down in the opinion that this subject should be left to the providence of God, to the matured decision of time and public sentiment: but the seniors of the college differ from the seniors of the nation; and the congregated intellect of the seminary, including, we suppose, the unfinished preparations of the preparatory department, have determined upon '*the immediate emancipation of the whole colored race*'!

Our objections, however, to these proceedings, are of a grave character, and we shall proceed to discuss them in a temper becoming their importance, addressing ourselves rather to those who control the institution, than to the misguided young men, who would destroy its usefulness, by the untimely propagation of their idle theories.

Colleges are public property: they are intended for the general good, and are parts of a great system of beneficent institutions, the objects of which are the education of youth, the dissemination of useful knowledge, and the creation of a pure and elevated public sentiment. We aim at becoming, through the operation of such means, an enlightened and virtuous people. To effect these purposes, such institutions must possess the public confidence. They must be patronized, in order to obtain the opportunity of being useful; and they must then throw out useful knowledge upon society. But whenever such an institution becomes perverted to party purposes, or even renders itself suspected of nurturing party schemes within its bosom, its sphere of operation will be limited, and its usefulness diminished. It is immaterial what the question be—whether it relates to banking, tariff, or slavery—whether it be political or theological; if it be of sufficient interest to excite the attention of the public and awaken antagonist feelings, the adoption of one side or the other, in reference to it, by the students, must have the effect of producing the withdrawal of the confidence of those who hold different opinions; and the institution, instead

of being sustained by the whole public, will be supported only by a party. Such a course is therefore impolitic, because it decreases the patronage, and lessens the usefulness of the institution.

It is also *unfair*. The institution in question was endowed with munificent donations from individuals, and founded for specific objects, among which the inculcation of peculiar sentiments in reference to political economy, is not included—much less the particular subject under discussion. It is a theological seminary, with a literary and a preparatory department, founded for the specific purpose of rearing up young men for the ministry, in one denomination of the christian church; and it was intended to be open to the citizens of different states. When, therefore, certain political opinions are maintained and published, at variance with those of the great body of the people in some of the states, and the tendency of which publication will be to exclude the citizens of these states, the charity becomes limited, and is perverted from its original design. If it be objected, that neither the faculty nor the trustees, have made any such publication, and that the act alluded to is not that of the college: we reply that it is publicly announced to be the act of 'the members of —— Seminary,' and that its *tendency* will inevitably be that which we have pointed out, namely, to deprive the institution of the confidence of parents in the slaveholding states.

But the evil does not stop here. Very few of the reflecting minds in the nonslaveholding states, assent to the doctrine of immediate emancipation. The pernicious dogmas of Garrison have few advocates; and we hesitate not to say, that the experiment of announcing them *ex cathedra*, under the sanction of a college, will meet the decided and prompt rebuke of public sentiment, even on this side of the Ohio. However slavery may be disapproved of here, there are few who are prepared to procure its extermination by a sudden disruption of the social ties and civil institutions of our country; and still fewer who are willing to be tutored into the arcana of political economy by the students of a theological seminary.

If it be objected that we are giving too much importance to this subject, we reply, that we consider the purity of our public schools of every grade, as a matter of the highest interest. Whatever else may crumble under the withering touch of party spirit, let us preserve our schools. If our other institutions shall be polluted by the schemes of ambition, let us keep the *fountains* of public sentiment pure, and not suffer the poison to be poured into the springs at which our children must drink, and

our young men imbibe intellectual vigor. No good can be gained by the discussion of such questions by students, or by the establishment of political clubs in colleges. But we can see much injury which may be done to the minds, even of theological students, by anticipating the season of reflection, and predisposing their minds to peculiar dogmas, in relation to this or any other political question. It would be much better to leave them unprepossessed, and free to act according to the unbiassed judgment of their minds and the dictates of their consciences, when they shall have acquired the privilege of acting as men, and voting as freemen.

The literary societies of our colleges are productive of great benefit to those who are members of them. They afford an agreeable recreation, and promote friendly intercourse, while they exercise and improve the mind. But any thing beyond this is, in our judgment, inadmissible. Nothing should be admitted within the walls of such an institution, which might be calculated to disturb its harmony, to prevent the most amicable intercourse among its members, or to distract the attention of the pupil from his main purpose, which is the acquisition of knowledge. The simple process of imbuing the mind with learning, teaching it to think, and giving it the right train of thought, should be carried forward with all the purity, and singleness of purpose, which could possibly be given to it; and we cannot see how this can be, if the young men assembled in such a place are to be engaged in schemes for emancipating negroes, and in discussions which involve so many complicated relations and delicate interests. There are few subjects so difficult as the one in question. It connects itself with religion and with government—it involves the industry and prosperity of the country—it has a near relation to the public morals—it concerns the consciences and the pecuniary interests of many of our fellow-citizens—it affects our politics, and gives tone to the manners of a portion of our population. Surely a topic of such grave magnitude, thus widely ramified, and connected with the whole scheme of civil subordination, is not one to be made the theme of sophomoric declamation—or one on which any judicious parent would wish to see the opinions of his son biassed, before his mind has acquired sufficient maturity to comprehend its bearings.

We object to the precedent. If it is proper that the pupils of a seminary be organized into a society for the immediate abolition of slavery, it is equally allowable that they should organize societies to regulate the currency, to extend or contract the right of suffrage, to ameliorate the discipline of

prisons, or to operate on public opinion in relation to any department of politics, industry, or conscience—any thing which concerns the public—and which *does not* concern the minors, who are at school. We hope that no such fashion may obtain countenance. The idea of perverting seminaries of learning into political debating clubs, is preposterous—and especially should a theological seminary be kept pure from the contamination of irritating topics, and the influence of peculiar doctrines in politics.

Another point is worthy of a moment's attention. The plan of colonizing free blacks, has been justly considered one of the noblest devices of christian benevolence and enlightened patriotism, grand in its object, and most happily adapted to enlist the combined influence, and harmonious cooperation, of different classes of society. It reconciles, and brings together some discordant interests, which could not in any other plan be brought to meet in harmony. The christian, and the statesman, here act together, and persons having entirely different views from each other in reference to some collateral points connected with the great subject, are moved towards the same point, by a diversity of motives. It is a splendid conception, around which are gathered the hopes of the nation, the wishes of the patriot, the prayers of the christian, and we trust, the approbation of Heaven. The *immediate emancipators*, are known to be inveterately hostile to the American Colonization Society, and to be now using the most active exertions to impugn its motives, and cripple its usefulness. It would be useless to disguise the fact, that there is such a party, and that such is its character. Now let the question be suggested, whether the measure which we have condemned in this article, is one of the devices of that party? Is it intended to forestall the opinions of young men in theological seminaries, in relation to colonization? Are the sympathies of these young gentlemen to be worked upon in reference to the abstract question of slavery, while a cunning agent is enlisting their prejudices, and preparing them to divulge the doctrines of his party? Truly this is *one way* of spreading party principles; the idea of inoculating them upon embryo clergymen, and thus preparing a trained band of missionaries, to traverse the land and to inculcate a particular creed in reference to the *mode* of getting rid of slavery, is a cunningly devised scheme, which would have been creditable to the ingenuity of a college of Jesuits. The only objection to it as a strong party measure is, that it is impracticable; the indignation of the public will put it down, and the united voice of all moderate and reflecting men, who prize the ornament of

a meek and quiet spirit, who love peace, and who desire to see the schools of our country kept free from all irritating causes, vain disputings, and heresies, will be raised to admonish these gentlemen, to mind their own business, and their books.

THE POPE AND THE SULTAN.

[Translation of a popular German song.]

The pope, he drinks the best of wine,
He quaffs the goblet's foam;
I wish his joyous luck was mine,
And I was pope at Rome!

But, no—there is a thing forgot,
No wife can cheer his home;
Ah, that must be a cheerless lot—
I'd not be pope at Rome.

The Turks, they have the prettiest wives,
The custom just suits me;
Their sultans lead such glorious lives,
A sultan I would be!

But, no—for thus the prophet says,
'Believers drink no wine;'
The Mussulman the law obeys,
Their creed can ne'er be mine.

Not sultan, nor the pope, alone,
Can know what pleasure is;
Oh, could I but be both in one,
That would be perfect bliss!

HANS.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Recollections of Persons and Places in the West. By H. M. Brackenridge; a native of the Ohio. Philadelphia: James Kay & Brother. Pittsburgh: John J. Kay & Co.

Those who have lived long in the world, and have been attentive observers of the scenes which are passing around them, cannot fail to have remarked that the romance of real life often exceeds, in the novelty and unexpectedness of its incidents, the wildest of those creations of fancy which profess to be true to nature. We occasionally witness scenes, the recital of which by another, we should suppose to be exaggerated; as the ocean is continually heaving up from the treasures of her hidden caverns, those anomalous productions that lie concealed in her depths in rich exuberance, but which the eye of man has not seen before, so the turbulent waves of time often expose to view the singular events in human life, which exist in sufficient abundance, but usually float quietly along beneath the surface of society, unmarked, except by the eye that penetrates into the arcana of human action, and searches out the secret springs of thought and motive. The pages of autobiography exhibit many of these curious specimens of singular adventure, and original thought.

The volume before us possesses this character in a high degree. The writer is a man of genius, with much strength of character, and a marked peculiarity of mind, which is not so discernible in his style, as in the views which he takes of life. He has seen more of life than most men, and has told more of his own experience than the pride of most men would permit them to divulge. His father, the author of 'Modern Chivalry,' was a distinguished lawyer, and one of the judges of the supreme court of Pennsylvania. He was a man of genius and eccentricity, but who said of himself, that he was the only man of his own acquaintance who was not eccentric. A variety of singular stories, in relation to him, are preserved in the traditions of western Pennsylvania, where he practised law successfully for many years, and left behind him a reputation for shrewd common sense and caustic wit, by which he is better known in that region than by his writings. He was one of the choice specimens of scholastic learning so common in the past history of the bar, and of whom few, if any, representatives are to be found among the practitioners of the present. Like the erudite dominie of Scott, 'he had a gigantic intellect, fit to grapple whole libraries,' and he had grappled them with such lusty courage, that he not only knew the ancient tongues familiarly, but was thoroughly imbued with the treasures of classical thought and imagery, and had pored with intense application over all the dusty volumes of antiquity.

With such a parent on the one side, Brackenridge describes himself as the offspring of indigence and obscurity on the other. He lost his mother in his infancy, and found himself at the date to which his earliest recollections extend, a neglected orphan, living under the charge of a cobbler's wife, and faring, he says, 'as well as might be expected; that is, I was half-starved, half-clad, and well scorched and meazled in the hot ashes and embers.' He makes honorable mention of Joe, the cobbler's lady's son, who by his own showing was a sad rogue. While he was yet a child, his father married, the boy was acknowledged, and might have tasted the

sweets of protection and kindness, had not the whimsical idea presented itself to the learned parent, of sending him to the French villages on the Mississippi, for the purpose of learning to speak the French language vernacularly, by being reared up among the people of that nation. At seven years old he was placed under the charge of a French trader, and sent to Ste. Genevieve. This was in 1793, and he speaks of seeing Wayne's army encamped at Hobson's choice, now a part of the city of Cincinnati. The shores of the river Ohio were then, for the most part, unsettled. The little boat in which they were embarked, passed as silently as possible, keeping near the Kentucky side of the river, from apprehension of the Indians. 'How deep a solitude at that day reigned along the beautiful banks of the Ohio! The passage to Louisville from Pittsburgh was dangerous, and frequent murders were committed by Indians on whole families descending the river, a danger which was not sufficient to repress emigration.'

From Louisville, they passed on five hundred miles farther, without any settlements, to the mouth of the Ohio, and thence proceeded to New Madrid, a small Spanish military post on the Mississippi. Here they were mounted on horses, and travelled through the wilderness, ten days, to Ste. Genevieve. The only French words he had picked up on his voyage, were *oui* and *non;* and when the boys, whom curiosity drew around him, asked him questions, all his answers were drawn from this limited vocabulary. 'Where have you come from?' inquired the French boys. 'Yes.' 'What is your name?' 'No.' The author makes the following comment on the conduct so characteristic of the French. 'To the honor of these boys be it spoken—or rather to the honor of their parents who had taught them true politeness—instead of turning me into ridicule, as soon as they discovered I was a strange boy, they vied with each other in showing me every act of kindness.'

The author gives a graphic description of this ancient French village, the people, the balls, and particularly of M. Bauvais, at whose house he lived; a tall, dry, old French Canadian, dressed in the costume of the place, which was odd enough, but which is still in fashion in that pleasant region. 'He was a man of a grave and serious aspect, entirely unlike the gay Frenchmen we are accustomed to see; and this seriousness was not a little heightened, by the fixed rigidity of the maxillary muscles, occasioned by having his pipe continually in his mouth, except while in bed, or at mass, or during meals.' Madame Bouvais was a large fat lady, with an open cheerful countenance, and a most excellent lady. We have seen couples in the French villages who might have sate for their portraits—the wife laughing and growing fat, and the husband smoking tobacco and waxing lean; but both preserving the gaiety and benevolence of the national character in admirable purity.

He spent three years here in happiness, such as readily flings its sunshine over the young heart which is tenderly cherished, and surrounded only by the gay and the amiable. The object of his residence was attained—he could speak French, and had learned to be as polite as a French dancing-master; but another effect had been produced, which his father had not anticipated—he had forgotten his native tongue! He declared that he had forgotten it so entirely, as not to be able to speak a word of English—and how could it be otherwise, mingling only with those unsophisticated villagers, who were as ignorant of the English language, as some of our statesmen are of banking, or most of our geographers of the topography of their own country. Mr. B. says of the French:

'The time now approached when I was to take my departure from the place where I had passed nearly three happy infantile years; my recollections of my father had more in them of terror than of love, and my affections, like the young tendrils of the vine, had fastened on nearer objects, from which they could not be separated without being torn. The same gentleman who had before brought me here, came to take me away; and with many tears, I left the kind people to whom I owed so much. I owed them much for the care they had taken of my person, and still more for the pains with which they had preserved the health and purity of my mind. I left them with a heart innocent and virtuous, and with impressions which, if not indelible, were sufficient to carry me a long distance through the temptations of vice and folly. I was taught to reverence my parents, to respect the aged, to be polite to my equals, and to speak the truth to every one. I was taught to restrain my temper, to practise selfdenial, to be compassionate to man and beast, to receive without murmur or complaint what was provided for me, and to be thankful to God for every blessing.'

He was now to return to Pittsburgh—a voyage of fifteen hundred miles, two hundred down the Mississippi, the remainder of the distance against the current of the Ohio. The boat in which he went was small, and laden with lead and peltries. On the way, they fell in with Power—the same person who figured in the annals of the west, at that day, and who was employed by Spain, to bring about a separation of the western country from the rest of the union. He was a remarkably handsome man, and a gentleman in his manners. He had a handkerchief full of dollars in his hand, which he allowed young Brackenridge to amuse himself with, by jingling them on the rock: ours was then a hard money government.

In ascending the Ohio, as the shores were uninhabited, and there were no boats going down, they often suffered for provisions. Except two log-cabins at the Red Banks, there was not a house from the mouth of the river to the falls. They sometimes shot game, but often endured the most painful sensations of hunger. Young Brackenridge suffered most. He was a boy, and was treated no better than a menial. Bad usage and exposure to weather brought on an ague, and on their arrival at Gallipolis, he was so ill as to be, of necessity, left there. Here he remained with the French, without money, unknown, and performing the lowest offices of a domestic, but treated kindly, until general Wilkinson came along, and took him in his barge to Pittsburgh. Here he was received with rapture by Joe, who hugged him; but with great compusure by his father, who, as his long-absent son entered, raised his spectacles, as he accosted the trembling lad with 'well boy, can you read French?'

The author was now set to learning his native tongue, then Latin and Greek, under the immediate superintendence of his father, who seemed determined to make him a great man by dint of hard study. He was overtasked, surcharged, and surfeited with classical knowledge, confined and driven to study, until the process became painful and laborious. This part of the volume is curious and instructive. It presents us with a minute account of the education of a lad of genius, under the direction of a father whose own stores of acquired knowledge were great, and gives an impressive example of a most defective education. Between his father, who was never wearied of heaping tasks upon him, and 'Joe,' who would fain have allured him to the haunts of youthful dissipation, he was in a fair way to be spoiled.

A singular incident occurred on Mr. Brackenridge's return from Louisiana, in relation to a lady who had treated him kindly while he lived with the cobbler's wife—which he thus relates:

'The reader will expect to hear something of my kind benefactress, who had been so much afflicted by my departure for Louisiana. Joe carried me to see her, on the evening of my return from that eventful peregrination, and the joy which she manifested, and the caresses with which she overwhelmed me, can be better imagined than described. She placed in my arms her infant daughter, her first and last born child, and caused my face to be suffused with blushes, by telling me that the innocent babe was to be my wife; and yet this wish, formed by her perhaps at the moment of the birth of her daughter, has actually been realized—she is my wife and the mother of my children!'

We have not room to follow the author to Jefferson college—nor to dwell on his course of law studies—nor to accompany him to Baltimore, where he attempted to commence the practice—nor to travel back with him to the west, when disgusted with his ill success, he left the city. We shall only add, that the author has in this volume brought his biography down to his twenty-fifth year, and that it is filled with anecdotes of *persons* and *places*. The author's reminiscences of Fort Pitt, and its inhabitants are exceedingly interesting. He promises to continue his work. The most important scenes of his life remain to be described. Since the period at which this volume leaves him, he has travelled through Upper Louisiana, and written a volume of 'Views' of that region; he has been to South America on a diplomatic mission, has been a judge in Florida, and has been removed from office by the president. We shall look with impatience for the remainder of this interesting work.

A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett, of the state of Tennessee. Written by himself. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey & A. Hart. Baltimore: Carey, Hart & Co.

We commenced the perusal of this book, with a prejudice against it. We have but little sympathy with a respectable man, as the author undoubtedly is, who deliberately makes himself a buffoon for the amusement of the public—especially when the individual who thus makes himself an object of universal ridicule, is the incumbent of a highly honorable station, and the representative of a large body of freemen. The papers have been filled for several years with the odd sayings and whimsical doings of colonel Crockett. Many of these, of course, have been manufactured for him, and are extravagant caricatures of his real humor, and peculiarities of character. Not long since, a spurious volume, professing to narrate the events of his life, as dictated by himself, was published in this city; but found no favor with the public. It was insufferably dull and improbable. The writer had not sufficient tact to catch the prominent points in the character of his hero, nor to render his incidents amusing by giving them a graphic resemblance to western manners. Colonel Crockett, however, by suffering such wretched caricatures to pass for likenesses, had tacitly assumed the character drawn for him by others, and we expected to find in his own book, a wretched attempt to copy those who professed to copy him.

We are, on the whole, agreeably disappointed. The book is a better one than we expected from the author. The idle vanity, of exposing it to the world with all its

defects of grammar and spelling, may be excusable in one who prides himself on being a bear-hunter; but it is the result of bad judgment, for in this case, neither the syntax nor orthography are bad enough to be very amusing, nor good enough to be agreeable—they are entirely too respectable for a bear-hunter, and quite unworthy of a member of congress. We could have wished also, that the colonel had omitted some vulgarisms of phraseology, which are neither witty nor characteristic. Several of them are not western in their origin—unless indeed they are original in colonel Crockett. But we rather suspect that he has borrowed them from his biographers, or picked them up among other accomplishments at Washington.

Setting all this aside, the book is well worth reading, and affords much matter for reflection. It contains an accurate narrative of the life of a man who has experienced many of the vicissitudes which are common in new countries, and little understood in more refined society. With the exception of his political career, which occupies but a small portion of the volume, the events are such as have been experienced by thousands of the pioneers of this region—such as we have seen acted over and over, and heard repeatedly recited by the firesides of our hardy backwoodsmen. They are chiefly of a personal and domestic nature, and the colonel has shown much good sense, and proper feeling, in narrating these with simplicity and candor. His running away from home while a boy—his destitute condition and toilsome wanderings—his courtships—his marriages—his campaign against the Indians—his several emigrations to newer lands—his hunting excursions—are perfectly true to nature, and are admirably descriptive of the adventures of that class of our fellow-citizens to which he belongs. The work, therefore, is valuable, as it presents accurate descriptions of border life, and shows how such men as the colonel are *raised*, and what they are made of. We think, too, that if he felt the ambition of appearing in print burning very strong in him, he was right in not suffering another to be his biographer —for no other person would have told the tale with the frankness and simplicity, or given to it the same graphic impress—'no two ways about that.' But the colonel is 'barking up the wrong tree,' when he sets up for a man of humor. Whatever he may be in conversation, and we have no doubt that he is very agreeable, it is not this quality which will give him fame as a writer. The dullest parts of his book are those intended to produce a laugh, and the best, are the unadorned recitals of his domestic life and personal adventures. Some of his hits at 'the government,' are good—very good *considering*—but they seem to have been worn rather thread-bare, and we should suppose that the bear-hunter and the politician might agree to lie down together in peace—*inter se convenit ursis.*

THE PROGRESSIVE EXPERIENCE OF THE HEART, under the discipline of the Holy Ghost, from regeneration to maturity. By Mrs. Stevens. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle. 1833.

This is a small neat volume, on the deeply important subject of practical piety, in which the author traces the working of the heart from its first conviction of sinfulness, to the matured results of complete conversion, and well-regulated christian conduct. The book may be recommended as a safe assistant to the young and inquiring mind.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

Taken at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the month of March, 1834; *by* D. Lapham, *Civil Engineer.*

The thermometer hangs under a roof, sheltered from the direct influence of the sun and winds; in latitude 39° 6′ N.; longitude 84° 22′ W.; and at an elevation of 554 feet above the ocean. Times of observation, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and at 1 and 9 P. M. Fahrenheit's scale.

Date. Mar. 1834.	Thermometer. V.	I.	IX.	Mean of each day.	Course of the Wind. A.M.–P.M.	Character of the Weather.	Character of the Wind.	Miscellaneous Remarks.
1	36.25	38.00	35.00	35.54	SW–SW	cloudy.	lt. wd.	Slight snow, A.M. water
◑ 2	31.00	34.25	30.00	30.29	SW–W	vari.	str. wd.	55.50°.
3	22.25	38.50	33.00	31.87	NW–NW	fair.	lt. bre.	
4	26.00	50.00	42.00	40.83	SW–SW	fair.	str. bre.	
5	35.00	57.00	52.00	50.00	S–S	vari.	str. bre.	cloudy P.M. rain at eve.
6	50.00	54.00	48.50	49.00	S–S	cloudy.	lt. bre.	clear at eve.
7	39.00	59.00	55.75	52.41	S–S	cloudy.	lt. bre.	rain P.M.
8	46.00	50.00	40.25	42.91	W–W	fair.	str. bre.	well water 55.50°.
9	31.00	44.25	39.00	37.87	NW–N	fair.	str. bre.	
● 10	29.75	52.25	48.00	45.71	NE–E	vari.	str. bre.	frost; fair A.M. cloudy P.M.
11	44.00	50.00	48.00	48.16	SE–SE	cloudy.	lt. bre.	
12	49.00	60.00	49.00	50.83	S–W	vari.	str. bre.	fair P.M.
13	38.00	60.00	52.00	51.75	W–SE	fair.	lt. bre.	
14	48.50	50.00	43.00	45.79	SW–SW	vari.	lt. wd.	rain in the night.
15	40.25	58.00	48.00	48.29	NW–N	fair.	lt. wd.	well water 55.50°.
16	37.50	57.00	54.00	50.75	N–N	fair.	lt. wd.	cloudy at night.
17	45.00	70.00	59.75	60.17	N–NE	fair.	lt. bre.	frogs first heard to-day.
◑ 18	56.50	70.00	62.00	63.71	SE–S	fair.	str. bre.	shower P.M.
19	61.75	66.00	63.00	63.46	S–S	vari.	lt. bre.	rainy A.M.
20	61.00	50.00	38.00	44.66	SW–SW	vair.	str. wd.	thunder storm in night.
21	31.00	35.00	33.00	32.12	W–W	cloudy.	str. wd.	
22	25.75	41.00	37.00	36.62	NW–NE	fair.	str. bre.	water 56°.
23	38.00	53.00	46.00	45.38	SE–SW	vari.	str. wd.	hazy.
24	36.00	49.00	46.50	44.79	NW–W	fair.	lt. bre.	hazy at eve.
○ 25	41.75	41.00	41.00	39.62	SE–NW	cloudy.	lt. bre.	rain in the night.
26	32.00	46.50	42.00	40.83	NW–NW	fair.	lt. bre.	
27	36.00	54.00	47.00	45.50	NW–NE	fair.	lt. bre.	
28	35.00	64.00	54.00	52.16	NE–N	fair.	lt. bre.	
29	42,00	58.25	40.00	45.58	W–W	vari.	str. bre.	water 56°.
30	35.00	50.00	46.00	44.83	NW–N	fair.	lt. bre.	
◑ 31	42.00	44.00	52.25	48.92	NE–E	rainy.	lt. bre.	
Mean	39.79	52.13	46.04	45.83	mean temperature of the month.			

Mean temperature for the month 45.83°; Maximum 70°, on the 17th and 18th, at 1 P. M.; Minimum 22.25°, on the 3rd, at 5 A. M. Range of the thermometer, 47.75°. Mean temperature of well water at the court-house, for the month, 55.69°. The mean of the observations at 5 o'clock, A.M. and 1 o'clock, P.M. differs .08° from the mean at 9 o'clock, P.M.; and 13° from the mean of the month.

Fair days 15—cloudy 6—variable 9—rainy 1. Prevailing, fair and variable.

Wind N. 3½ days—N. E. 3 days—E. 1 day—S. E. 3 days—S. 5 days—S. W. 5 days—W. 5 days—N. W. 5½ days. Prevailing wind, very uniform between N. W. and S. The wind invariably goes round from left to right; occasionally it will return to the left a short space, and then start round again towards the right.

On the 13th I walked out to the Lane Seminary, and from thence to the Ohio river

above the toll gate. In my route I observed the following state of the progress of vegetation.

Leaves of the weeping willow, 1 inch long. Currant bushes in the garden in leaf. Ulnus americana, acer negundo, anemone thalictroides, in flower; cardamine latifolia, and claytonia virginiaca, nearly expanded; leaves of sambucus canadensis, out.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The late publishers of this work, Messrs. Corey & Fairbank, have disposed of their interest therein, as part proprietors, to Mr. Eli Taylor, Cincinnati, to whom all debts due the concern are now payable, and to whom all letters on business, and communications for the Magazine, will be directed.

The editorial direction remains in the same hands as heretofore; the editor still continuing to be, as he has always been, one of the proprietors of the work.

The object of making the change now announced, has been to place the publication of the work, in the hands of a person not engaged in other business, and who will devote his attention solely to the management of the Magazine, and of a newspaper in which he is also concerned; and we indulge the hope that we shall be able under this arrangement, to avoid the errors and mistakes of which our friends have complained, and which we have had too much reason to deplore. Mr. Taylor having purchased a share in the concern, at a very considerable expense, and being determined to make the publication of this and another work his sole occupation, there will be every inducement of interest to secure the most accurate attention on his part, and we have every confidence in the fidelity with which the duties of the publisher will be discharged.

We also announce that hereafter, the articles contributed for publication in this Magazine, and accepted, will be paid for at the rate of one dollar per page. All articles thus contributed, are to be fairly written, and transmitted under an envelope, to the publisher, free of expense, accompanied by the name of the author, which will not be published with the article, unless requested, but which, under this arrangement, it is desirable that we should know.

Articles which shall be transmitted anonymously, will be considered as gratuitous contributions.

We again solicit the contributions of those who are capable of writing, and who feel an interest in the cultivation of a western literature.

THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1834.

YOUTH AND WOMANHOOD.

A TALE OF PASSION.

Ah! little reck we,
Ere age hath calmed the surface of deep passion,
What causes lie beneath to wake its fiercest strife.
Rude gales may wreck our hopes on summer seas,
Or clouds give way beneath the smiles of joy;
But truth, triumphant o'er all change, holds on
The even tenor of her way, and buoys us up,
Despite misfortune's rages. ANON.

As events recede from us, they lose their freshness to the eye of retrospect, and assume the hue of romance. Many of the occurrences of our early life, which have none of the strong points to which memory clings with great fidelity, are gradually in the lapse of time, rendered indistinct. Prejudices, also, frequently bias the action of judgment, and give the mind a tendency towards that which is not entirely truth. Because of these prejudices, we often regard inconsiderable events, which owe their importance to association, rather than to any intrinsic claims, beyond their merit, and diminish the value of these objects, which, to others, are fraught with more interest. These mental infirmities are especially incident to us who are advanced in years; and I refer to them to explain why I may dwell on some points, and merely glance at others, without sufficient show of reason.

Edward Newton was two years my senior, and was, during childhood, one of the lights in my world of bliss. Even now, when age has flung a shadow on the lustre of my eye, and my locks are exchanging their raven for silvery hues, I delight to

call up the image of Edward at that period. His large dark eye, arching brow, tinted cheek, smiling mouth, are as distinct to the view of memory, as though they had been a study of yesterday. I see him now, in the exuberance of delight, bounding away over the plain with all the lightness, grace and wildness of an antelope. I see him pull a wild flower, and as he presents it to me, mark the lip eloquent of pleasure, while the blush of modesty awakens the cheek into life.

There was one circumstance that endeared Edward and myself to each other. It occurred on the May-day, which we always kept with scrupulous regard. A company of the children of the town were retired to the country. I espied a beautiful wild rose clinging to its parent stem, overhanging a small creek. I hastened to cull it; but in my hurry took no notice of where I had placed my foot. The bank gave way, and I was precipitated into the water beneath. Edward was near me. His first impulse was for my rescue. He waited not a second prompting; but was in a moment in the water, rendering me his assistance. With some difficulty, we regained the bank. We were soon surrounded by our companions, and laughed at our misfortune. I recollect a remark from some one as to the cause of Edward's gallantry; and never will I forget the grace with which his head drooped, or the crimson of his cheek, or the glance from beneath his eyebrow, gleaming with archness, which he directed on me. These references to childhood, of apparent insignificance, will manifest their importance in the sequel of my story.

Egotism is the frailty of age, as vanity is that of youth. I shall speak of myself as of another person; for the lapse of years has ravaged all my pretensions, and entirely despoiled me of vanity. I had reached my eighteenth season. My father was considered wealthy; I was considered handsome, and had some talent for conversation. I thought myself admired; the youth sought my company, and I was complimented from every source. These attentions inflamed my vanity, and fostered the ardor of my desire for conquest. I held some sway over the fancies of the gallants; and returned my most benignant smiles as a recompense for admiration.

Edward Newton was at this time at college. Our families were intimate, and I heard frequently from him. About the conclusion of his term of study, his father, who was an extensive merchant, failed in his business, and involved my father to a large amount.

Edward returned home. To me it seemed, that neither poverty nor circumstance could ever impair the strength of my

early attachment for him. I could feel heartlessness with all others; but, with him there was no affectation: it was a gust of genuine feeling. He differed from all others. I considered them my subjects—beings born to swell my train of abject admirers: but he seemed the monarch of my affections, the noblest among men; wearing a diadem, in which glittered the jewel of my love. I sighed for a return of devotion—sighed secretly; and notwithstanding my feelings, I appeared to him in public as I appeared to others. But he spoke not the language for which my ear was eager: the stream of his affections for which my soul thirsted, flowed not at my prayer. I was envied for my cheerfulness, by those who saw me; while I wore within a corroding anxiety, that filled my day with distraction, that robbed my pillow of quietude, and was feeding on my vitals. Little do those who are cursed by the feeling of envy, appreciate the condition of those who are envied. The magnificent exterior may cover poverty at heart—the wretchedness of life; and the smile that curves the lip of beauty, is frequently but the mockery of joy: the guise that is put on to conceal the bitterness that preys, an unseen vulture, on the heart's tenderness.

Although love is generally increased in proportion as its wishes are met by a return of affection, yet mine seemed to strengthen with the difficulties by which it was encompassed. There was a sincerity in the tone of Edward's voice, and a naturalness in his manner, that, in the artificial world in which I moved, was indeed as a fountain of sweetness. To it I turned with increasing fondness. There was more music in one tone of his voice, than in the high chorus of adulation which greeted my ear at every turn. His look was to me a heaven, and before it my feelings were kindled into devotion. I was a captive bound by silken fetters; entangled in a fatality from which I could not escape. Oh, how delightful was it, when my eye grew dim before artificial brilliancy, and when my ear tired of flattery, to turn aside from their sickening follies and indulge in the wildering enjoyment of deep, genuine, and uncontrollable feelings. It was as manna in the wilderness. Edward's society was as a well of undefiled bliss; all else was as a plain, over which blight and desolation had passed and seared its greenness, leaving it a desert. I mourned in secret as the turtle, whom the hand of the spoiler has robbed of her mate. I sighed, but no one listed its echoes. I shrouded the secret of my love in the deep stillness of my own heart; and there, beyond the reach of human ken, I nurtured it. In those recesses, impenetrable to the eye of scrutiny, I reared an altar, on which I

poured forth the feelings of my heart like water—and Edward was the god of this idolatry. I felt my vanity give way before the influence of my love; my pride fall a living sacrifice before the shrine of my affection. Who thought, as they gazed on the ever-smiling mouth of Mary Landon, and noted the heartless tones that proceeded from it, that its breath was ever warmed by the fires of inward devotion? that she, who was a magician, and could waken up love wherever she turned, heaved the sigh of despondency, because one heart, and one alone, would not wear her livery? I languished in sorrow. On me was the sickness of the heart, whose influence I felt like the motions of a destiny, that I would not, could not escape. In pubiic, I moved, and the eye of admiration was upon me—empty adulation wafted its sounds upon every breath. I laughed, and sported, and looked the impersonation of an ecstacy of delight. When Edward was beside me, scrutiny would have been baffled in its efforts to note the appearance of that which I felt within, unless it were that the tones of my voice, that unerring index of feeling, sounded the fulness and depth that betoken sincerity.

I reasoned with myself as to the cause of his apparent indifference. I felt myself within his power, and wondered he did not hasten to possess himself of me. His silence on those topics for which my ear burned was amazing. Perhaps, thought I, he wears within the chain, the goading of which fills my heart with anxiety through the livelong night. He is sensitive, and how can he refuse to feel the devotion of a heart for which hundreds have sighed! Perhaps, he estimates as a trifling thing the deep fondness of my soul—the priceless jewel of my holiest affections. My pride awakened, and I thought of banishing him. The recollection of some of his kindnesses came over me, as the south wind of evening over the parched earth. My feelings would then resume their strength, and my pride would yield to the might of my passion. The heart capable of strong feeling, cannot be shared; if a passion be called up, it moves, as it were, a monarch, and all other feelings are its eunuch slaves.

I have said my father was injured by the failure of Mr. Newton in business. He had a friend of considerable pecuniary resources, who assisted him through his difficulties. This friend was Charles Brentford. He was young, rich, profligate, and what the world calls accomplished. With a strikingly handsome face, he possessed a symmetrical person; the gracefulness of his action won universal admiration, and would have reminded the savage of the playfulness of the fawn. He had been for a long time an occasional visiter at our house, and, at

my father's request, and, indeed, in compliance with my own inclination, I had always treated him with respect the most profound. His visits about this time increased in frequency; I was well aware of the enjoyment he found in my society. I kept possession of him and still kept him at bay, by alternate manifestations of delight and displeasure. He was excessively vain, and construed all my little flirtations with himself into the most decisive demonstrations of passion. 'Twas true, I took pleasure in contemplating his extreme gracefulness, and many artifices to please me, which caused me to regard him with a feeling of admiration; but my love—that was far beyond the reach of my command or his influence.

I could not resist the conviction forced upon me, that unless something of a decisive character very shortly transpired, I would involve myself in inextricable difficulties. To avoid this, I resolved to go as far as prudence would permit, and endeavor to arrive at some understanding in regard to Edward's intention. I thought his conduct assumed a degree of shyness and strangeness altogether unaccountable, as I approached him. He seemed resolved to make no return for my advances, my affection, my proffered love. My heart sickened—every thing like consciousness smote within—my anguish of heart was deep—and I was immersed in consuming misery, while my face seemed radiant with the reflections of the heaven of hope.

Never did two persons differ more entirely than Edward Newton and Charles Brentford. Mr. Brentford's manner made a favorable first impression decidedly unavoidable. His self-possession; the ease with which he passed through a room—vouchsafing a bow to one and a smile to another—the myriad splendors of his full, dark eye; his low, silver-toned voice; the majesty of his carriage—all gave effect to a faultless person. He was a universal favorite among my companions, and to be distinguished as his partner on any occasion, was an object on which many prided themselves. Far different, indeed, was a portrait of Edward. His manner was gentle and unobtrusive, ever disposed to retreat rather than advance. At other times he seemed to hold himself independent of the obligations of etiquette. Silent and abstracted in the midst of brilliancy, he wandered about without seeming to regard the loveliness around him. But he was not inactive during this time; he found employment; the study of persons and their peculiarities was a delight to his mind. None who observed my heartlessness and superlative silliness, would have doubted for a moment in determining which of the two was the subject of my preference. Indeed, public charity had already consigned Mr. Brentford to

my power. But we often err when we conclude from appearances—for human nature is not free from mystery.

Nor was the difference of mind between them less apparent. Mr. Brentford was inexhaustible in subjects, and had a highly polished manner of expression. But he addressed the mind, and never affected the heart. Indeed, the quiet and mysterious depths of feeling waked not at his bidding. The wand of the magician was not his. He lived for show, and was unsurpassed in brilliancy. Edward was natural. His words passed like music to the heart, without any design. There was a wild originality in his thought, that acted as enchantment, and won the romance of feeling. His benevolence, his fervor, his pathos, his richness, wildness and romance, made him exceedingly agreeable wherever he wished to please. There are a thousand unseen influences acting upon the mind, giving it its affections and aversions, which human scrutiny cannot discover. These operations, over which our will has no control, make man a mystery to himself, and perfectly incomprehensible to others. A spell, produced in this way, was on me. I loved Edward, I thought, in the very face of hope; and although hope might die, yet I felt that love could not perish.

I thought I could discover evident symptoms of dissatisfaction in Edward, whenever he met Mr. Brentford in my company. This might be fancy, but I believed it true. Little knew he of my feelings—I felt myself his, and could not be another's. His visits, which had never been frequent, gradually became more and more seldom. Mr. Brentford's increased. I fancied I could read the pride of triumph on his lip, when his look was bent on Edward. This gave a new-born impulse to my feelings in Edward's favor. Passion is often the slow growth of affection; but it is only perfected through difficulties.

It was strange! Why did I entertain this strong passion for one who had never indicated an extraordinary interest in me? It was strange! But thousands have thus felt before me. How many of my own sex cherish deep affection for those who know it not!

My mind was a scene of disquietude. Mr. Brentford pressed his suit warmly; and Edward, my choice, my hope, was retiring. Towards the one, I had no settled feeling; for the other, I had long entertained all the tenderness of which my heart was susceptible. But Mr. Brentford was one whose offers were not to be lightly considered. I was surprised at my father's sudden and warm commendation of him. I must acknowledge I had a *penchant* for admiration and a life of brilliancy, and such suggestions were not disregarded. There was but one obstacle—and

that was my love for Edward. But he was poor. Did he not possess a treasure of more value than the hoarded riches of avarice? Though the shadows of poverty encompassed him, was not the heaven of love over him?

The time for decisive action was at hand. On a delightful summer's evening, I walked with Mr. Brentford. We met Edward in the principal street; and I thought I could discover, by the broad gleam of moonlight that was upon his face, that his look was one of deep uneasiness. As he passed, his bow was more profound and deferential than usual. We continued our walk; but the thought of Edward diverted my attention from my companion.

We pursued our walk along the green bank of the river. It was a splendid night. The light of the full moon mingled with the blue of the heaven, spread in hazy immensity above us. The misty light on the opposite hills flung enchantment on the mind, and wakened up the visions of romance. The river was below us; its gentle undulations flashing in the light, and its music, rising on the wings of the soft south breeze, filled the ear with sounds inexpressibly sweet. All heaven and earth was harmony. But, alas! my poor bursting heart responded not to the scene without; it was a chaos of tumultuous feelings. I shuddered with an impalpable dread, as I saw from Mr. Brentford's manner, that the long-dreaded moment was at hand—the moment that I had often escaped from by my lightness; but that resource was now fled.

The moment arrived. He made a declaration of ardent passion. I involuntarily interrupted him in the midst of it, and besought him to say no more. My earnestness did not escape his notice. He regarded me with a look of unspeakable astonishment, and said,

'Miss Landon, to what am I to attribute the singularity of your conduct? Have I mistaken—'

'Oh! indeed you have!' I said, interrupting him, with a tone of agony and a look of frenzied wildness.

'Then, Miss, you have sinned in the sight of—'

'Spare me! spare me! for heaven's sake, Mr. Brentford!' I exclaimed. 'Say no more. I understand you fully. You mistake my motives as well as feelings. Give me time—I will consider every thing—and you shall know my determination.'

Mr. Brentford was stricken with amazement. I could say no more. The tear that had already curled up its mists before my vision, now swelled from its fountain. The foundation of feeling was broken up, and I wept! wept in the presence of man!

and that man!—what avails pride, or all the suggestions of prudence, when nature's warfare is against them?

We passed on. No word was uttered. No sound, save the symphonies of nature, broke over the desolation of my heart; and even they were unnoticed in the conflict of my feelings. We turned the corner of a fence, and the figure of some person near us was discovered. I gave it one glance. That satisfied me. Eternity, it seemed to me, would not efface the remembrance of any thing attached to Edward Newton. From his manner, I could tell that he recognized and wished to avoid us. That was impossible. He approached. Oh, what a world of feeling was my heart! My sensations were overpowering. I felt like a fury. My head ached, and my heart leaped within me. In the furious conflict of that moment I was as a leaf in the tempest. Urged on and maddened by the impetuosity of my feelings, I dropped the arm of Mr. Brentford, and seized hold on Edward's, like a tigress. He was startled. I clung to him fiercely. I turned to him with an imploring look: my head swam—I reeled—was in his arms, and swooned away!

When consciousness was restored, Edward was laving my brow with a handkerchief that had been dipped in the river. Mr. Brentford stood over me. I sprung forward with a shriek that rended their hearts with terror, and recchoed over the journeying waters.

To attempt to describe my feelings, would be to attempt an impossibility. I need not allude to the embarrassment of each of the three. Indeed it would be difficult to determine which of us was least unenviable. As to myself, confusion, mortification, and a whole host of disagreeable feelings, took possession of my heart, and it was a chaos. Oh, had the voice of him who ruled there, spoken peace, how soon would confusion have given way to order! But such was not my blessing.

I reached home; bade them good night, and retired to my chamber. I flung myself in a chair beside the window, and tried to regain composure. A scene more glorious than the dream of the poet was before me; that scene, too, which I had often contemplated with feelings of delight; and yet my heart refused to be comforted. Never did I know of such a vast variety of feelings. As my eye wandered over the beauties of the prospect before me, it drank in no delight: but ever and anon a flood of tears would burst forth.

The night wind sprung up freshly, and chilled the tear that gushed from my eye and bedewed my cheek. A chilliness crept along every fibre in my frame. A deadly feeling came over me. I hastily sought my pillow; and consciousness was

soon lost. I shortly however, awoke; but not to joy. A fever was burning in my veins; and the blood rushed as if from a boiling fountain. My head ached, and my brain throbbed violently with anguish. The events of the evening returned forcibly to my mind. A strange delusion haunted my senses, and passed over my vision. My room appeared to be filled with spectres; and every occurrence of the evening was reacted before me. And these visions would come over me—and such visions! I thought I was on a slippery rock; beneath was a terrible abyss. I heard its torrents rushing to and fro. A deadly steam arose from it. I heard screams of horror, and shrieks of the most unearthly agony. An evil spirit approached behind me. It strove to push me from the brink. I wrestled with it, until the perspiration oozed from out my brow. My foot slipped—I gazed on reeling shadows—spectres winged with lightning flitted before me—I felt myself sinking—a strong power seized hold on my arm—again my foot was on the ground—darkness fled the prospect, and the heaven of Edward's smile broke in beauty upon me. I will not relate all the visions that I saw, the bare recollection of which, even at this distance of time, makes me shudder. At one moment, unearthly fires glared upon my eyeballs; and in the next, I seemed careering downwards through never-ending shades; while at intervals a demon would flit down before me and beck me onwards, and the voice of a curse would come booming over the shadows and ring the echoes of its desolation to my heart. I am not superstitious; but the truth of some dreams belies the speculation of the philosopher. At length the clock struck. I listened, and counted: it told twelve! Oh heavens! I thought I had already lived a lifetime on that night, and but one hour had passed! If you have felt any thing of the eternity that delirium gives to hours, your memory will be more effective than any description.

The morning dawned; but it was on an enfeebled frame. I strove to rise; but my brain reeled, and I sunk back exhausted on my pillow. Six weeks passed, before the light of hope dawned on the anxiety of my friends, who watched over my bedside. I recovered slowly. I requested a mirror to be brought, and gazed on a meager, wasted, fleshless being!

The autumn winds had painted the forests, before I regained the measure of my strength. Edward had left the neighborhood. I hastened to society for relief from thoughts and feelings that swelled from the marah—the fountain of bitterness—of my heart. I assumed all the artifices within my command. My laugh was loudest, when my heart was bitterest. Mr. Brentford was still as my shade. Once more he urged his suit, and re-

minded me of my promise to give him an answer. My father strengthened his proposals by his recommendation. In the ecstacies of my grief, in the darkness of a night of mind, I flung away my hand—I knew not where. I awoke to my senses, and found Mr. Brentford was in possession of it.

But what a gift was that hand! It was a curse! for there was no heart with it.

I trusted to time to banish all regret for Edward, and endow me with love for Brentford. I instituted comparisons, and arrived at favorable conclusions for him. The time on which we were to be married, I cannot say united, approached. I knew my hand was Mr. Brentford's, and endeavored to persuade myself that my heart was not irrevocably Edward's. Vain attempt! I deadened my sensibility by the assumption of unnatural gaieties. I chilled my feelings into apathy. I tried to banish memory, among the excitements of the glittering follies around me. I laughed; but its echoes were sounds of desolation to my heart—I smiled; but my smile reflected a light that showed the darkness within.

Mr. Brentford's lip curled with triumph when he was with me: he gloried in referring to our approaching wedding. Strange! I hated him for it. At times, I thought seriously of withdrawing my hand. Fool! that he was; he might have discovered my reluctance. Death would often appear preferable to marriage. But when I reflected on my own condition—my father's insolvency—on Mr. Brentford's riches—on the pleasures I could find in society, although I might not find domestic bliss—the prospect lost much of its horror, and I began to grow indifferent, or, perhaps, resigned to the connexion. I tried to give Edward up. He wandered, but my heart *would* follow him. I loved him, while plighted to another! I felt it was no sin, for I could not conquer my attachment.

Preparations for our wedding were in progress, when my father was smitten down by disease. The aid of physicians availed nothing; and his disease made rapid ravages through his system. He called me to his bedside one evening, and asked my forgiveness. Forgiveness! the word sounded like a voice from the trumpet of death. A father ask forgiveness of his daughter! And what would he be forgiven? Oh, what a tale that was which he, my father, told me. I placed my ear near his lips, and felt his hot breath, as he whispered: 'Edward Newton loves you. Brentford is a villain. He appealed to my necessities and my selfishness, and I did not oppose him. He has deceived Edward and imposed on you. Oh, my daughter, let it not be added, he has ruined you!'

My father died that very hour.

Charles Brentford came to participate my sorrows—to offer consolation to my afflicted heart. He offer condolence! He was the only being on earth, that could possibly have turned aside, from their direct objects, the currents of my feelings. He approached where I was seated, with a face indicative of sympathy and sorrow. I elevated my eyes—spoke not—regarded him sternly for a moment—and then screamed like a maniac, 'Impostor! hypocrite! villain! begone from my sight!'

His cheek faded: his lips grew ashy: he shrunk back!

He at length ventured to ask why I branded him with such epithets. I told him. Then followed his entreaties. He talked of his love for me as his only hope. I had but one word to reply, and that I iterated in his ear—it was, RETRIBUTION!

His voice lost its manliness. I was too full: I could not speak again; but pointed him to the door. He hesitated a moment, and then obeyed. As he bade me farewell, I answered with—for ever!

I felt as one who has escaped a shipwreck, or what has appeared inevitable death. All the feelings of my heart seemed blended into one, which ruled in unapproached dominion—and that was hatred!

I was in my twentieth year when my mother married a second time. She was urged to this step as much by the promptings of necessity as the suggestions of affection. My father died insolvent; and Mr. Woodville was wealthy; at least it was so reported. Our golden calculations were, like most others, unrealized. However, Mr. Woodville was a good liver, although not above the necessities of business.

Mr. Woodville soon commenced talking of a removal to the westward. This country had at that time a most unenviable reputation abroad. I at first opposed any such movement. But when Mr. Woodville assured me, that if we did not like the country, he would return, and when I thought of the possibility of meeting Edward, who wandered no one knew where, my objections were overcome, and I consented. I had heard indirectly from Edward: he never mentioned my name in his letters, but I had been apprized of the reason of his silence. I knew his nature, and fancied he wore an image of myself shrined in his holiest affections. The tide of his feelings, thought I, gives back the reflection of her, who only needs to taste of its purity, to have her soul's health restored. The possibility of meeting him ripened into hope, as the time for our departure approached; and when it did come, much of the grief incident to bidding farewell to the place of my nativity, was assuaged by that groundless hope.

I will not dwell on our overland journey. We arrived at Wheeling, and made preparations for descending the river. At length, all our arrangements having been accomplished, we embarked, and on the sweeping current of the river, at this time high, we were borne rapidly along. It is scarcely possible for those who pass from Wheeling to Cincinnati in two days, surrounded by the comforts that the cabin of a magnificent steam boat affords, to conceive of the tedium that formerly awaited inland voyagers on board the boats, which, at the time I refer to, were the only vessels that navigated the western streams.

I had supplied myself with books to beguile the languor of the hours; but I soon rejected them for the delights by which I was surrounded. There were the past and future to sustain my mind: the one filled with the sweets and bitternesses of life, the other magnificent in the myriad creations of hope. The novelty and peculiar wildness of every thing around me, affording a strong contrast to those scenes of fashionable dissipation which I had just left. And then, too, that ever glorious sweep of hills—those gigantic bulwarks which have begirt the river for ages—their pathless forests and undespoiled grandeur! What a world of thought! It was an indescribable delight when the shadows of evening had gathered over the face of nature, to sit and muse—to participate in the poetry that was around me; to institute comparisons between what this great valley was and what it promised to become—to mark in fancy the gradual unfoldings of a mighty empire, from the period when the red man stalked forth in his native independence, and his heart swelled in the glorious thought that he was the 'monarch of all he surveyed,' to that, in which the whole land should ring with the sounds of human industry, and when the deer should not brush the dews of heaven from the prairie grass. I loved to imbibe the air of romance that filled every spot. The mighty hills, raising their forest-crowned summits proudly up, and flinging their dark outlines against the misty heaven; the deep and shadowy dells, which imagination peopled with genii; the scream of the night bird, and the distant plaint of the watch-dog, breaking into a thousand echoes over the wilderness; the gleaming wavelet that curled up to kiss the sycamore that stooped to its embrace; the deer startled in its repose, flinging a rapid glance around to discover why it was frightened, and then leaping away with matchless grace. These and their thousand unnamed auxiliaries, gave to my heart thoughts of majesty, and poetry, and loveliness. They developed those feelings of devotion with which I have ever since bowed down at the shrine of nature. And then, again,

there was the western boatman, and his wild chorus, waking up the mad pulses of the heart. His life, its wildness and romance, all seeming like the creations of poetry. Every sense was entranced: the benevolence of my nature was expanded, and I felt as if my love embraced every thing.

One night I shall never forget. The moon broke through the light clouds that slept on the verge of the eastern horizon. There are few sights more beautifully grand than that of the moon bursting through eastern shadows, and throwing a broad gleam of light along a line of waving waters. On that night I sat as usual, giving my mind that wholesome sustenance which nature has scattered so bountifully over this wide region. I had indulged my dreamy mood for a considerable time, when my attention was called to the dark and ragged outline of a cloud that was visible above the horizon. I watched its gradual rise: I marked its progress with that pleasure, with which I always regard such scenes. There is more astounding grandeur in the gathering of a thunder storm than in any other spectacle I have had the fortune to behold.

The cloud that I watched, had made good progress towards the zenith, when a faint sound of distant thunder broke on my ear from an opposite direction. I instinctively turned, and beheld a frightful mass of clouds journeying up the heavens. The ragged and scudding masses that go before to proclaim the approach of the monarch cloud, had already reached the apparent height of the moon, flinging passing shadows as they sailed rapidly beneath. The scene soon became one of unsurpassed majesty and terror. The wheeling of the clouds in the heavens, preparing, as it were, for battle—the sharp flash and the quick report—the transient gales—the impending shroud—all would have filled the coward heart with fear, and the poetic mind with its sublimest associations.

There was an awful silence for a moment. Nature was shrouded, seemingly, in the pall of death. The air was motionless and without sound. All was prepared. A lurid flame streamed from the curtained heaven—a heavy and far-echoing thunder shook the very hills. A few large drops of rain spattered the roof of our boat. A squall of wind struck us; it increased to a gale, and soon raged a tempest. The rain dashed down in torrents—the lightning's flash was quick and incessant, and the roar of the elements grand, awful, and sublime. Our little bark tossed and shivered in the rage of the winds and waters. Presently a tremendous shock roused us all with feelings of deep agitation. 'We are stove!' was the cry uttered by one of the boatmen, and heard above the din of the tempest.

The first impulse for safety was towards the roof of the boat. I will never forget with what feelings I looked out upon the elemental strife. A glare of lightning revealed to me the adjoining shore, and the form of the boatman who had given the alarm, on the forward part of the boat. The next instant, and the world seemed to be on fire. I was senseless. A flash of lightning had rended a towering sycamore—against the largest root of which, we had been impetuously driven—and struck down the boatman, whom I had noticed in the revelation of a moment before.

I leave to the imagination the horrors that followed. A sinking boat, already aground—a disabled crew—the angry heavens—the raging tempest—and the strife in our bosoms, consequent on the awful catastrophe already noticed. Midnight had passed when the strife ceased. Every thing about us was dripping. We were aground, and had taken in a quantity of water. We discovered a light in a house a short distance before us. Anxious for better shelter than the boat afforded, we sought the hospitality of its inmates. The man whom we had despatched to make inquiries, informed us that the light we observed, proceeded from a sick room, and that we would meet with a welcome. We felt grateful for the invitation, and accepted it.

In the morning the boatmen informed us that the boat was greatly injured, and some time must necessarily elapse before we could proceed. In the afternoon I witnessed the obsequies of the boatman. Beneath the shade of a large sycamore, his comrades scooped up the earth with a shovel, and the body, which was enclosed in a rudely constructed box, made for the purpose, was soon deposited in the ground. After the mound was made up, a board, on which was carved the name of the boatman, the time and manner of his death, was stuck in the earth at the head of the grave. I witnessed this scene with feelings of a peculiar nature. It was here I first beheld a manifestation of the truth, that where life is most precarious, death is least dreaded.

Our hospitable hostess informed us, that the gentleman who was sick was to all appearances very respectable. He was a stranger, who had been taken ill with a fever in the neighborhood. In his moments of delirium, he uttered strange things; and it was the opinion of our shrewd and amiable hostess, that he had been 'crossed in love.' From many things I heard, I had great curiosity to see him. For that purpose, I accompanied the lady to the room. Pale and emaciated he lay. with a burning fever throbbing in every vein. He was delirious.

We entered the room as he was uttering a strange jumble of words. We approached his bedside. There was a magic in the soft music of the sick man's voice, that I had never known equalled. With a throbbing heart, I bent me over the couch. He muttered *my* name! I started back! Again I approached. One look satisfied me. There was a shrunken cheek, a withered brow, a glaring eye, an ashy lip—on all of which I had oft gazed delighted. 'Twas he for whom I had prayed—whom I adored.

It is impossible for me, at this lapse of time, and when the fire of my spirit is low, to describe my sensations—to tell whether joy or grief prevailed. I will not attempt it. Edward's disease abated. We deemed it prudent to keep him in ignorance of our presence. I watched over him, but he knew it not. I gazed on him as he slumbered—I fanned his livid cheek—and—and—shall I tell it—yes, imprinted burning kisses on his fevered brow. Oh! how fervent were my prayers for his recovery. With what anxiety I counted over the slow watches of the night, and the leaden hours of the day. All my wishes were centered in his welfare—all my hopes were for his restoration.

My prayers were granted—Edward recovered—our presence was gradually disclosed—we met—we explained—and I enjoyed once more the heaven of his company.

In two weeks we again went on the boat, and Edward accompanied us. We had full explanations, and all mysteries were solved. We had loved each other from childhood, dearly—and none other.

We arrived in Cincinnati, the place of our destination, without further accident. This city at that period—thirty years ago—was scarcely the promise of its present importance. I formed attachments there, never to be forgotten. We removed to the charming spot on which we now reside, some years afterwards. When I recount the incidents of my career, I can but be grateful—for am I not thrice blessed?—blessed in store, blessed in my children, and blessed in the presence of my Edward.

REVIVAL OF LEARNING.

WHAT were the causes of the revival of learning? This question is every way curious; yet, its answer involves so many considerations, both philosophical and literary, that a mind, conscious of its own liability to error, and sensible of the little reliance to be placed upon human history, necessarily approaches it with caution, with deliberating thought, and hesitating judgment. It is not enough to trace the *order of events;* to draw from history a recorded *sequence;* to stand upon the shores of time, and as wave after wave breaks at our feet, to say that *this* was produced by *that;* we must go further, and inquire what wind has blown upon, and curled the surface of the waters? from what point does it come? and is it with fickle promise, breaking the clouds away in one quarter, only to gather them in deeper darkness upon another? or, is it indeed scattering them before the light of a sweet and lovely morning?

Before we ask *why* learning revived, we must fix with precision the duration of its torpidity—the period of the *dark ages.* Longinus, the last great name in Greek literature, died in 273. Diophantus, the last of the ancient mathematicians, lived in the fourth century. Tacitus, who recorded the decline, and satirized the corruptions of Rome, flourished in the second. We may therefore say that, at the close of the fourth century, learning had ceased to have a vigorous and salutary existence. Does any one, at this point, pause to ask *why* learning had declined? He will probably be pointed to the ruins and ashes in the desolated track of the barbarian: but he will not find the cause in that. He will see, indeed, that the vessels of the feast had been broken—but the wine had already been drunk, the viands had been partaken of, and the fowls of heaven had, with instinctive appetite, gathered over the decayed remains. He will remember that the eagles of the legions of Rome had once been borne by its free citizens over all that the strength and ferocity of uncivilized nations could oppose, from the banks of the Tiber to those of the 'dark rolling Danube.' Was Rome less extensive, her people less numerous, the art of war less understood in her decline, than when under the first Cæsar, she subdued the nations of the Gauls, and the tribes of Germany? From this unsatisfactory view, he will turn to the annals of Tacitus, and the pages of Juvenal; to Tiberius at Caprae, and Nero at Rome; to the picture of all that is possible in vice, perverted in mind, and degrading in conduct. He will then see the truth of what Ginguenè has written, that *barbarism had preceded the barbarians.*

In 410, Rome was sacked and burned by the Goths under Alaric. The savage tribes, who had before begun to issue from the forests of Scythia and Sarmatia, now poured their hordes over the western empire. Insensible to every thing like art or literature, taste and learning disappeared before them; desolation walked in their path, till the names of Goth and Vandal have become synonymous with the destroyer in peace, and the terrible in war. It is useless now to trace the current of turbulent ignorance during the centuries in which it was permitted to flow over modern Europe. It is sufficient to recognize the general fact, that with the destructive power of lava over Herculaneum and Pompeii, this dark flood submerged some of the finest works of art and genius, whose name and character have indeed descended to us, but whose substance is lost amidst the ruins of time and violence. It is our purpose to inquire when and why these waters began to recede, the green fields to appear, and we, in the order of Providence, permitted to ascend that mountain side, from whose now visible summit—though *we* are not yet beyond the region of mists and storms—we may hope our posterity will look upon a world renewed in beauty, in purity, and peace.

In the beginning of the eleventh century lived William of Poictiers, the first of the troubadours: in 1278 died Roger Bacon, and in 1142 Abelard, a man familiar to romance and philosophy. About the twelfth century, the universities and schools began to be crowded with teachers and students. These are indications we cannot mistake. Learning had begun to revive, and the dark ages were terminated. The seven centuries then, from the fourth to the twelfth, exclusive, are those, which may be denominated *dark*, after which learning was respected, and the social relations improved. In fixing this period, we are following the *truth* rather than the opinions of history. Most certainly ignorance could not be said to be wholly prevalent, after the troubadour had sung his poetry, not of savage life, but of versification, in the courts of princes, and Abelard had drawn listening thousands to the scholastic philosophy, however absurd its tenets.

Before the twelfth century, then, the *causes* for the revival of learning must have existed; and if we philosophize accurately, they must be discovered in the *precedent condition* of society. Any reflection, however slight, upon the formation of society, must convince us all, that there are certain conditions which are, in their nature, prior to the existence of learning, either in past or present time. The first instinct of man is the want of *subsistence;* and he will supply this want, before he thinks of

any other. This is true of nations, as well as individuals. In a barbarous state, whole nations are subject to the contingency of famine. It results necessarily from the want of industry and economy. But this want does not stop at the prevention of starvation, but continues the predominating influence, till subsistence is made easy, and comparatively certain.

Coexistent with this want, and of nearly equal strength, is the *necessity for government.* Philosophers have argued about the state of nature, and how men came together to form the civil compact; but as history, which commences at the creation, has not carried us back to a period when men were without government, it is reasonable to conclude that human nature is social, and that the *want* of government is one of its original principles. The formation of governments then of some form, from those of patriarchal simplicity to the more complex institution of written charters, is a necessity which must be supplied before men can take the first step in the ascending scale of civilization. But this is not enough. As the means of subsistence must be easy, and sufficient for the supply of nations, so governments must be settled and in a form adapted to the condition of the people, before the mind can admit of that diversion from external objects and serenity of thought, without which reflection and its resulting fruits, invention and improvement, are impossible. If it were necessary to illustrate a proposition so obvious, we have it at hand. What wandering and unstable people ever cultivated letters? It was the Arab of Bagdad and Samarcand, not he of the desert, who cultivated science and improved the arts. Here, then, we have two conditions, which are absolutely antecedent to any learning: first, the easy attainment of subsistence; and secondly, the formation of permanent governments. These attained, the activity of the mind easily excites other events; and these multiply themselves, till that state of things arises, which is denominated *civilization*; at best but a *system of wants.*

To these conditions there was added in modern Europe another—arising from the peculiar formation of its society. Language is the common vehicle of all learning. Its simplest elements only are necessary in the beginnings of knowledge, and it is so identified with the latter, as to grow and be refined only with the progress of literature. Yet, when the barbarians had settled upon the western empire, and become mixed up with the Romans, Gauls and Germans, of whom it was composed, this necessary medium of communication could not be permanently formed, till either the old or new languages, thus brought into competition, had yielded to the other, or a mixed one had

sprung from the collision. Here then was a third *condition* antecedent to the revival of learning in modern Europe—the formation of permanent languages.

It may be said, that these results are the deductions of speculative reasoning; and we will admit that if they do not, in every case, correspond with the truth of history, they must be false. Let us compare them with the history of the middle ages.

The various tribes of uncivilized people who, under the name of barbarians, devastated the Roman empire, issued chiefly from the districts of Scythia, Sarmatia and Scandinavia—in modern geography, Tartary, Russia, Poland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. With what motives this northern swarm, as historians call them, poured from their hive, as there was no one learned enough to record them, we can know little from testimony. From their known circumstances, however, we can infer them with tolerable certainty. Situated amidst massy forests, along deep streams, and frozen lakes, amidst ice and snows, the inhabitants of those distant regions had acquired the iron hardihood of a northern constitution, its contempt of danger, and the virtuous simplicity which arises from the absence of temptation. Thus situated, in the pursuits of a pastoral or a hunting life, they have remained unconquered, almost undisturbed, and if you please, unenlightened, by the numerous nations who have arisen upon the wings of conquest, and the heroes or statesmen, who with temporary splendor have gleamed athwart the firmament of human glory. They had, therefore, doubtless accumulated to that degree of population, which, in their climate and with their mode of life, pressed against the limits of subsistence. At that moment of time then, when in the order of Providence, the Roman empire had fulfilled its destiny, with the stimulation of an excited appetite, and the hope of plunder, they burst from the regions of ice and storm, upon the rich shores of the Rhine and the vine-clad hills of Italy. Though bribed off, and pushed back by the remaining vigor of the legions, they returned again and again, to complete their work of destruction. Happy for us that they did so! Happy that we, who are the descendants of the Dane and the Saxon, are permitted to bathe in the light of the risen sun of science and religion, rather than to grope through the thick darkness of savage paganism, or dwell amidst the melancholy ruins of a corrupted and departed empire!

Upon the rich plains and cultivated fields of southern Europe then, these barbarous nations supplied the first want of nature, *subsistence;* and gradually settling down, mixed with the inhab-

itants, and acquired the arts of cultivation. Such was the aspect of Europe at the accession of Charlemagne. We do not mean, of course, that cultivation was such then as it now is, nor even that it was not far inferior to the Roman husbandry; but, simply that the Goths and Vandals, who in their own country had been roving shepherds and hunters, and as such subject to the evils of temporary famine, had become the residents of cottages and farm houses, and to a certain extent, husbandmen. Hallam describes them as without towns, but as inhabiting houses, with stables and farm buildings placed about a court, which with its arable fields and woods was called a *villa* or manse: several of these manses formed a *march;* and several marches a district. 'From these elements in the progress of population arose villages and towns.' Now this is the exact performance of our first condition: subsistence had become easy, and the first step in the scale of civilization was taken; and this was the situation of Europe in the ninth century.

Let us now examine the state of their *governments.* These nations were subdivided into numerous tribes, who under various chiefs conquered and reconquered each other; compelling the alliance of the weaker with the stronger, till after the Roman power was destroyed. Then they settled down in fixed habitations, assumed separate territories, and independent governments. Thus, in 801, Denmark became a separate kingdom. In 841, Germany became independent under Lewis I.; Italy, under Lothario, and France under Charles I. In 862, the Russian monarchy was established under Runic. In 901, the republics of Venice and Genoa were founded: in 964, Tuscany: in 1035, the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon: in 1092, the kingdom of Portugal; and in 1066, the Norman conquest took place. These territories, it will be observed, are, with slight exceptions, the very same, and during eight hundred years, have continued the same as those which now subdivide Europe. Their governments, chiefly monarchical, have, with the exception only of those modifications which the better understood rights of man made necessary, continued the same. It will also be remarked, that the last of these governments was permanently founded before the close of the eleventh century, at the very moment when the grey light of reviving letters was casting its first faint beam over the horizon of southern Europe. Thus has history verified our proposition.

One other thing remained to be done before learning could advance. The mixed races of Europe, in each great division, had to adopt some common language before the race of the Latins and that of their conquerors could form a common lite-

rature; and this work, though more slow, was at length accomplished. The Romans had impressed their language upon all that part of Europe within their control, and hence, for long after the overthrow of their dominion, the Latin was still the common language. As late as 872, a popular ode was addressed to the soldiers of the emperor Lewis in Latin; a circumstance which could not have happened if that was not understood by the common people.

This, however, is the last remnant of the Latin, used as a popular tongue. The tenth century seems to have been the dividing period, between the abolition of the Latin, as a familiar language, and the adoption of new ones. The French proper, and the Provençal dialect, seem to have been the first tongues formed subsequent to the Latin. In these tongues several compositions appeared during the eleventh century, and then also commenced the dawn of modern literature. The languages of England, Germany and Italy followed; and with them the growth of letters. The last of our conditions was then fulfilled, and there no longer remained an insuperable barrier to the existence of learning.

But the causes we have enumerated were *ultimate*, not *proximate*. They were exterior to the visible state of things, in which historians have, with too much regard to detail, sought to find the causes of intellectual improvement. We must, therefore, admit that there were others more strongly exciting and more immediate. It by no means follows, as a logical proposition, that because there were no *invincible obstacles* to improvement, *therefore* the human mind must necessarily advance: and at this point the question naturally arises, whether a people, who had the means of easy subsistence, permanent governments, and a formed language, but without a revelation, without the seeds of knowledge descended from ancient time, and without contiguity to those who had, could, by their own unassisted energies, make any intellectual advances? Leaving this question for others, it is sufficient for us to say, that the nations of Europe were *not* thus situated; they had a recorded revelation; they had the seeds of knowledge sown thickly among them, and they were contiguous to a people whose memory and whose brilliant light have, through a thousand years, survived the decay of their empire, and the corruptions of a barbarous superstition. *Who* were that people? To whom, during those ages, in which the lights of Greece and Rome were nigh extinguished, and the banner of christianity drooped its lazy folds on the listless air, was committed the glorious custody of letters and of science? The Arabians stud-

ied astronomy upon the same vast levels, and under the same unclouded skies, which had made the ancient Chaldeans gazers upon the stars. They measured a degree upon the plains of Shinar, and brought from Greece the mathematics of Euclid and Diophantus. They did more. They invented the modern system of numerals; and we derive arithmetic, as now in common practice, directly from the Arabs. Gerbert, who was pope Sylvester II. went to Spain, then under the dominion of the Arabs, to study this science, and thence diffused it, about the year 960, over the rest of Europe. They also greatly improved algebra, advancing to the solution of equations of the third order. Through an Arabic version only have we derived three books of Apollonius on conic sections. They also greatly simplified trigonometrical calculations. In astronomy, although without the aid of the telescope, they determined the obliquity of the ecliptic with nearly the same precision as is now given by the best modern observations. Alhazen, a celebrated Arab settled in Spain, left a treatise on optics, which contains the first attempt we have at a theory of refraction and twilight. Bossuet remarks, that some of the learned Arabs were prompted by inclination to remove into the more northern parts of Europe, where the knowledge they brought with them is so confounded with that of their scholars, that it is impossible, at present, to assign to each their just share. Such was the science of the Arabs; but their literature, where is it? From the specimen of the Arabian Nights, we may suppose it gorgeous, but unenduring; for, except that and the dusty manuscripts which repose in the libraries of Paris, and escurial, all is gone: an instructive lesson for those who would banish the study of the Greek and Latin. The Arabians despised the literature, but admired the science of Greece. The result we know: they improved science, but their literature has gone to that oblivious flood, which has engulfed every literature not partaking of the spirit of the Greek. How far the Arabian language was adapted to the preservation of literature, or would have been improved by the cultivation of the Greek, none but an orientalist can know. But we may be permitted to say with Gibbon, 'I *know* the Greeks had much to teach, and I *believe* the Arabians had much to learn.'

From the Arabians, we believe, the revival of letters received its first *exciting* cause. From the time of William of Poictiers, the Provençal poetry and the troubadour poets sprung up at once, and were fashionable throughout southern Europe. They were patronized by princes, and listened to by the populace. That they originated from an acquaintance with the Arabs,

there is little doubt. The districts of Provence and Poictiers lie in the southeastern quarter of France, upon the shore of the gulf of Lyons; the transition to and from Spain was easy. The count of Provence, in whose court they first appeared, was a chief of romantic gallantry, who had served in foreign wars, and visited Spain. With an easy intercourse and a thorough acquaintance with the manners of the Arabians, it is highly improbable the Provinçals had imbibed none of their literature. The poetry of the troubadours was not the poetry of nature; it was not the wild metaphor of the Indian chief, who describes himself as the aged pine whose top is decayed, whose trunk is burned by the glance of the Great Spirit, and whose branches tremble in the storm. It was the poetry of versification; the poetry of love, and luxury, and art. We, therefore, have no doubt it was derived from the only source whence such a spirit, at that time, could be derived—the luxurious and magnificent literature of the Arabs.

The introduction of the sciences from the Arabs, and the cultivation of their peculiar romance, was doubtless the first proximate cause to the revival of letters. The next most probably in influence was the *manufacture of paper*. Some species of paper is said to have been known to the Arabs in the eighth century; but paper, as manufactured from cotton, was first known to the Europeans in 1002; and here we must remark the date—the beginning of the eleventh century. The introduction of paper must have had a vast influence upon the diffusion of knowledge. The Egyptian papyrus had gone out of use in the seventh century, and parchment was subsequently used till the eleventh. That was of such enormous price, that many ancient volumes were erased to inscribe them anew. If now we consider a people without the invention of printing, without paper, and with only parchment, of which a single sheet was of more value than a modern volume, we shall wonder, not that they were ignorant, but how learning was preserved at all. And here we may notice another and a different influence upon the revival of letters. Christianity was to ancient learning, what the Arabians were to science—the stream which bore upon its surface the fruits of antiquity to the garden of modern Europe. Illiterate as the christians of the middle ages were, their monasteries were the only safe depositories of those masterpieces of Roman and Grecian genius, which all the talent and all the learning of modern time have been unable to surpass. This, though not a *positive* cause, had a great influence upon the subsequent progress of knowledge. The seed was sown, and though it was

choked with tares, it sprung forth at last and produced an abundant harvest.

Our inquiry may now be closed. A thousand other considerations, doubtless, enter into the question. Many civilizing influences concurred with those we have enumerated, to dispose men to the love of knowledge, and furnish them the means of its cultivation. Thus the introduction of many species of manufactures by the Flemish, the discovery and study of the civil law, and the institution of chivalry, no doubt derived from the east, had a humanizing influence upon the manners and conduct of men. Many others are mentioned by historians, in some of which they have obviously mistaken the *effect* for the cause. But we apprehend, that an examination of concurring eras, and a little attention to the acknowledged experience of mankind, will convince the student of 'philosophy teaching by example,' that we have pointed out the great and fundamental causes of that revived knowledge and renewed intelligence, whose blessed effects we are permitted to feel and investigate.

The causes for the revival of learning, we have classed as follow:

1st. Conditions antecedent to learning among any people:
1. The easy attainment of *subsistence.*
2. The establishment of permanent *government.*
3. Among mixed tribes or nations, the formation of a permanent *language.*

2d. As *exciting* or immediate causes to the revival of letters in Europe:
1. The introduction of science and romantic poetry from the Arabians.
2. The manufacture of paper.
3. The preservation of classical literature in the monasteries of the christians.

There is still another inquiry, which we are tempted to make, of infinite interest to us and our posterity. We mark with curious wonder, and investigate with anxious research, the progress of that oblivious tide, which has successively rolled over the proudest nations of antiquity and their noblest works—alike the gardens of Babylon and the groves of the Academy. Are we exempted from its destructive influences? Are we taken out of the law? do we stand on consecrated ground? on a wave-washed rock of the ocean, moistened by its spray, but unmoved by the heavings of the deep? Shall literature and science again go down in clouds and darkness: again to revive—again to fade? Shall other Mahomets preach other religions, and paganism again darken with its superstitions the temples of chris-

tianity? On this point we have a faith, which we would not exchange for worlds; a glorious hope, animating to exertion, and consolatory in adversity. We *do believe* that we stand on consecrated ground; and we think we have reason for that belief. Without at all crediting the doctrine of human perfectibility, or doubting that the pride of a vain generation may have greatly exaggerated modern and depreciated ancient improvements; yet we believe with the elegant and accomplished, but infidel writer of the Decline and Fall, that 'every age of the world has increased, and still increases, the real wealth, the happiness, the knowledge, and perhaps the virtue of the human race.'

Of numerous reasons, which might be given for the preservation and progressive improvement of learning, we shall state but two: 1. The invention of printing and of paper have rendered *impossible* the destruction of any existing learning; because, by the universal diffusion of books, and the operation of four thousand publishing presses, scattered throughout the earth, neither the destruction of libraries, nor even of entire nations, could annihilate any science or literature. 2. By the union in the same people of christianity and literature, we have obtained the only condition which was necessary to the final consummation of both; the union of the purest morals with the soundest learning. They must fall or prevail together; and this is a condition in which the ancient world was never placed. This *is* consecrated ground. It accords strictly with the spirit of prophecy, that as 'the sabbath draws on, knowledge is increased.' With the author of Saturday Evening, we believe, that the superstitions of paganism bear evident marks of decrepitude, and are already crumbling with decay. Their night will soon be gone; the fresh air of morning is felt around; star after star, those dim lights of ancient time, are going out before us; and as they disappear from the firmament, the sun of heaven itself will bathe us in its living light. E. D. M.

SOURCES AND PROPER MANAGEMENT OF NATIONAL WEALTH.

Man alone is weak, but united with his fellow-man, omnipotent. Thus united, he becomes a link in that great chain which binds society together in peace and strength, and exerts an influence injurious or beneficial—injurious, so far as he perverts the powers and faculties which the Creator has bestowed upon

him; beneficial, so far as he improves those gifts to the amelioration of mankind. From the very nature of man, he was born for society. There is a beautiful adaptation of all his powers to some useful end, but separated from his fellow-man, they fail in their application. Here are *talents* and patriotic *ambition* combined, and suited to fill the highest thrones of power, and wield with superior wisdom the destinies of a nation—there are talents and the same ambition, but cast in a different mould; to these are entrusted its fiscal or warlike affairs. Here are the same lofty natures, but of a still different character, born for the legislative halls or the high courts of judicature—there are the hero, the warrior, the poet, the philosopher—while there are others bearing the divine similitude of *Jehovah*, but destined to fill up the hundred various avocations of life. The merchant, the farmer, the mechanic, each have faculties suited to their sphere of action. These, of so various a cast, compose the vast machinery of society, in its most majestic, its most delicate movements. Between all these exists a mutual dependence. One exerts an influence which is felt by another and another, and so on, through a long series of harmonious connexion. Each is a source of national wealth and prosperity. Indeed, as in the heavings of the mighty ocean, each drop contributes its share to the combined vastness and power, so do they, to increasing the national treasury.

But in speaking of the sources of national wealth, we shall confine our remarks to a few prominent heads. The cultivation of the soil is the first great source of wealth. Untouched by the hand of industry, it affords a scanty and precarious subsistence. But subject to the skill of the laborer, the forest, the mountain top, the valley, decked in all the wildness and grandeur of nature, become fruitful and abundant fields of sustenance, the comforts and means of life increased, and numerous other theatres opened for new and untried exertions of physical and intellectual power. That the earth may yield her treasures, and afford rich and golden crops, the husbandman needs the aid of the mechanic and manufacturer. The one requires implements of industry, which are furnished by the skill of the other; the one produces the raw materials, the other works them into form and fashion. Therefore a mutual exchange of products takes place, a reciprocity of interest being created. On the arrival of the harvest-day, the farmer gathers in his grain and prepares it for market. In the meantime, the products of the past being consumed, or in the hands of the workman, having passed through the various operations of art, are likewise prepared for sale. Each meet on the great mart of exchange;

both with the fruits of their own industry; both add so much to their original capital. Thus a youthful nation grows rich. The profits of the land increasing annually, soon the farmer is enabled to adorn his abode with comfort and beauty, to satisfy his love of pleasure and pride, for which extravagance and luxury, he exchanges the products of his labor. And these are easily supplied by the *mechanic*, the compass of whose business has been extended into a wider circle, his profits having been in like rates. Now a new channel of trade is opened, and therefore a new source of wealth, requiring redoubled industry and redoubled skill in *agriculture* and the *arts*. Thus, as the wild magnificence of nature disappears from the face of the earth, and peace and industry assume their empire, agriculture and the arts increase and improve; and thus the revenues of the farmer and mechanic, which once, as drops, fell into the national treasury, become regular flowing streams. To increase and facilitate this exchange of the products of the soil for those of art, Commerce has given her aid: she stands between the two, holding in one hand those of the former, in the other those of the latter; and it is her province to exchange them with their mutual increase. She too has her profits, rich and abundant, and forms another source of national wealth. She creates the great mart for the exchange of the commodities of the world; she increases the demand for labor; she awakens industry, enterprise and skill: thus heaping profits on profits, which accumulate and accumulate until they swell the national revenue to overflowing. But when the soil yields a great surplus; when, too, the arts are carried beyond the necessary demand, Commerce spreads her wings to some foreign shore. How great, how plentiful this surplus, if the soil be rich and fertile and the arts thriving and flourishing, which, were it not for *foreign* commerce, would prove a curse rather than a blessing! But by its aid, it becomes a clear profit; and as foreign intercourse increases, as new ports, new marts open, this surplus becomes more plentiful—the husbandman and mechanic being stimulated to more energetic, more industrious action. Besides, it opens a wide field for capitalists, for adventurous speculators, who having grown wealthy, wield immense fortunes. These purchase this surplus, and dispose of it—other lands ordinarily reaping enormous profits. History speaks with a strong and decided tone of the influence of commerce on national prosperity. What gave to ancient *Carthage* her majesty, her glory, and her grandeur? What to England, to France, to Holland, to Spain? Commerce sails on every sea, on every lake and river; bearing and exchanging the products of every land; and there

is no mountain top, no valley, or plain, where civilization has ever reigned, on which she has not imprinted her footsteps; and wealth has ever been her companion.

Nearly connected with agriculture and the arts, as sources of wealth, are the natural advantages of a country—her climate, her soil, her rivers, and her situation. If a nation be shut in by Alpine heights, or separated from the world by some broad expanse of water, she may be unknown: if enjoying a free and generous intercourse, powerful, rich, and glorious. If the soil be barren, the climate destructive, her energies decay and she sinks into utter ruin; but if the contrary, she adds with each revolving year new glories and new honors to her greatness.

Such are a few of the sources of national wealth; but there is another, which lies at the very foundation of national prosperity. Industry is the soul of active life; without it, society would be as a world without a sun. There would be no improvement in agriculture, in the arts, or in commerce. The workman may be possessed of the most consummate skill, combined with sterling keenness of perception; he may have the purest, the richest materials in creation before him, but without industry they are useless. However luxurious, however fertile the soil, however deep the lakes, however noble and navigable the rivers of a country—unless the wand of the enchantress, Industry, has waved over them, they remain in their pristine state of rudeness and inutility. We might pursue the same flow of thought throughout all the vocations of life, and we shall find that in all, industry is the 'key stone' of their success. Observe the mind of gigantic and powerful grasp, whatever be his situation, as he soars in his etherial flight: then observe the same mind, in the same situation, soaring not beyond the visible horizon, and mark their characteristics. The one is a source of wealth and greatness, the other of disgrace and poverty. In short, industry promotes virtue, national rights, and national independence. Under the head of industry we may class the operations of the scientific mind, as a source of wealth. Invention is the origin of all success and perfection in the arts, inciting a spirit of inquiry and investigation. Laborious thought has given to the world the principles of action, and the means of their skilful application. There is science in the most delicate piece of mechanism. The man of science, although he may not be a busy actor on the theatre of human existence, may, by his researches, be its very life. From his lonely chamber there may issue thoughts and principles, which with the splendor and magnificence of the orb of day, may illume the world of art. To him, science is as the source of some mighty river, on which

the inhabitants of the world are borne, pursuing all the vocations of life, in their various branches and departments. The minds of Newton and Bacon have been, and ever will be, pure, inexhaustible fountains of national wealth and prosperity.

Such being some of the sources of wealth, it may be well to inquire, how it may be best managed to advance both individual and national interests. The first sign which marks the wealth and prosperity of a nation, is an increase in her commercial intercourse. There is no country where wealth abounds, whose interests, remote and immediate, are not bound together by an indissoluble bond. Therefore, the chief object of the expenditure of national wealth, should be to open and facilitate national intercourse. The productions of the soil should meet with a safe and expeditious transportation to market. This would render business more active, more lucrative, more extensive; and afford to every section of the country the same stirring stimulus to exertion. And how shall that be accomplished? Internal improvements should be stamped on every feature of national policy. That those on the confines of the country may enjoy the privileges and blessings which flow from the interior, there should be rail roads, canals and turnpikes constructed. Thus, a friendly and generous intercourse is created throughout the whole country: all sectional feelings and interests are merged into one high and grand interest—the advancement of national glory and greatness. Commerce, the arts, and agriculture, are inspired with new life, and their energies awakened to tenfold strength and force of action.

These constitute the primary objects of expenditure. There are others. The arts and sciences should be promoted. There should be national works—costly, rich and splendid. There should be museums, adorned with the magnificent wonders and beauties of nature, on which the curious might gaze with enraptured eyes, the scholar enlarge his wisdom, and the poet his fancy. The city should bear the marks of improvement: its public works; its temples of worship; its buildings, public and private, should present an appearance of the grandeur and sublimity of art combined with pure usefulness. There should be splendor, not gaudiness; costliness, not extravagance. The same should be the case with the village: it should vie in improvement with the large city. For it is only by the promoting of such improvements that the *arts* are sustained. Finally, the general diffusion of knowledge should be the chief object in the disbursements of national wealth. It is education that makes a nation rich; for in the cultivation of the mind there is an abundance of wealth. There should be common schools established, in

which all classes of society, elevated to the same high grade, should be educated. Let the farmer, the mechanic, and laborer be learned; let them bathe in the pure fountains of learning; and while bathing, let them not forgot to drink deep of that stream which 'runs fast by the oracles of God.' H. J. G.

SONG.

THERE may be some who loved, like me,
Though reason, feeling, pride, reproved;
Loved with an aching constancy—
Hopelessly loved.

Some, who to words but half sincere,
That should have been but half believed,
Lent, like me, a willing ear,
And were deceived.

Suffering like me, perhaps they found
One struggling wrench, one wild endeavor,
Break the tie that else had bound,
Their souls forever!

And they were freed—and yet I pine,
With secret pangs, with griefs unbroken:
No—their hearts were not like mine,
Else they had broken. H. E.

THOUGHTS ON THE BELLES LETTRES.

IN glancing over the annals of literature, our attention is naturally arrested by certain epochs, when by the eagle flight of genius, or the profound investigation of the philosopher, some revolution seems to have been consummated, that throwing off the trammels of prejudice, imparts a decided and peculiar character to the succeeding period. In the history of English literature, the age of Elizabeth, the reign of Anne, and the present era, strike us as the most conspicuous.

From our infancy upwards, we have been acquainted and have become familiar with the writers of the old school: the philosophy of Bacon, the drama of Shakspeare, the wit and satire of Pope, the sublimity of Milton, the sensibility of Addison, the solidity of Johnson, and the merits of a hundred others,

are sufficiently familiar to render any opinions that might now be advanced superfluous. Laying aside, then, any disquisition on their respective merits, a slight sketch of the progress of English literature, from its lowly condition to the sublime height on which it now reposes, may not be unacceptable.

It was not until after the Roman conquest, that the English language began to assume that distinctive form which it possesses (although greatly modified) at the present day. The grey twilight of English literature first appeared between the eleventh and twelfth centuries, until Chaucer in the thirteenth century presents us with its morning brilliancy. A long and barren pause intervened before the genius of Spenser arose. The immortal Shakspeare appeared about the same time; but it remained for posterity properly to appreciate him. Milton, Dryden, Addison, and Young, followed in almost regular succession.

In the reign of queen Anne, the stations held by the literary ornaments of the age were such as greatly enforced the authority of their opinions. Many of them, as Dorset, Montague, Somers, and Bolingbroke, were among the brightest ornaments of the peerage; and preferments, both political and pecuniary, were showered upon Swift, Addison, Prior, and Phillips.

The sluggish quietude in which the minds of men seemed to repose during the greater part of the eighteenth century, was finally broken by one of those tempests which are occasionally sent to clear the moral atmosphere, and renovate the face of society. This was the revolution. Men pushed their inquiries with reckless hardihood into the regions of science and speculation. Opinions, around which had gathered the dust of ages, were thrown aside; and systems which had been piled up by the diligence of centuries, were brought to the ground in an instant; and the old, plodding, precepts of the preceding age were trampled under the feet of the innovation. All this, notwithstanding that the diffusion of knowledge was the grand aim, has led to the most conflicting results; and any one may recognize its influences, no less in the cynical scepticism of lord Byron, than in the deep enthusiasm of Pollock; no less in the voluptuousness of Moore, than in the devout simplicity of Wordsworth. The productions of Cowper, the morning star of our modern poetry, shed a tranquil light over the stormy period that closed the eighteenth century.

As the most fitting representations of our contemporary poetry, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, may be selected on account of their position, rank, and decided character of originality.

Not less remarkable for versatility, than for her prolific pow-

ers, the Muse of Scott confines not her exertions to *one* theme, poesy. Scott presents an unprecedented union of the poet, novelist and historian; and displays a combination of antiquarian erudition and poetic invention, surprising as delightful.

It is difficult to express in as few words as the merits of most poets may be described in, the estimation in which Wordsworth should be held. His greatest fault is in not adapting his language to his subject, which he generally chooses from rustic life. His naturally grave and contemplative mood was nourished amid the romantic recesses of his native hills; and although not a favorite, his poetry is generally admitted to be all purity, mildness, and affectionate pathos. Touches of exquisite sensibility are scattered abundantly with such simplicity and freedom that they seemed to have dropped unconsciously from him in his silent musings.

Coleridge, in most respects, resembles Wordsworth, with this difference, that he is more sublime, and his genius wilder and more energetic.

The annals of literature present no epoch apparently more discouraging to the incipient efforts of poetic genius than the period when lord Byron made his appearance. The poetical firmament was studded with brilliant stars. Campbell was shining in the pure effulgence of his stainless fame. Southey was pouring out his wild epics. Wordsworth was pleading for neglected nature with a gentle and unregarded voice; and Moore was reposing like an eastern sovereign in his sultry halls. At this seemingly inauspicious moment, this eccentric orb shot, like a comet, from the horizon to the upper sky, while every advance held men breathless with astonishment. He has infused into his writings the very quintessence of pathos and sublimity; but never has the world beheld so humiliating a waste and degradation of genius as he exhibits. To a total want of principle, he joined a misanthropic libertinism; and although he steeped himself to the very lips in the dissolute vices of the circle around him, he never appears to have deeply imbibed the spirit of its elegance and refinement.

It was said of Socrates that he resembled the sileni—certain grotesque figures, which when opened, were found to inclose images of the gods. Alas! we fear the case is grievously reversed in the instance before us. The exterior was, in an eminent degree, courtly and engaging; but there was a grinning satyr within—a lurking goblin of impurity and grossness—a low fleshly ruffian, that sat mocking at the show of refinement and dignity without. His poetry may be defined, in a word, the poetry of passion; and *pity 'tis, 'tis true*, that very little of it can

be read without a most destructive effect upon the moral sensibilities.

It is to be dreaded for the morbid appetite which it has a tendency to nourish, as well as for the light-hearted railery with which it touches the most serious topics, and the seductive coloring it throws over the grossest pleasures of the senses. His portrait of Rousseau is his own:

> Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
> The apostle of affliction, he who threw
> Enchantment over passion, and from love
> Wrung ovewhelming eloquence, first drew
> The breath which made him wretched, yet he knew
> How to make madness beautiful, and cast
> O'er erring deeds and thoughts, a heavenly hue
> Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they passed
> The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

Fortunately for the world, Byron possessed not philosophy; there was no method in his madness, or if any, it was of so vague a character, as to deprive his writings of that noxious tendency which a more systematic sceptic—as Voltaire would have produced. No poet has swept with a bolder hand the various chords of passion: the sadness of remorse, the bitterness of hatred, the deep tenderness of love, the expressions of agonized sensibility, are poured forth with such pathos and effect, that we involuntarily weep and smile with the ideal being his verse has produced.

> ——————— all passions of all men,
> The wild and tame, the gentle and severe,
> All creeds, all seasons—time, eternity;
> All that was hated, and all that was dear;
> All that was hoped, all that was feared by man;
> He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves,
> Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
> With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
> And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
> Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
> But back into his soul retired, alone,
> Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
> On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.

Never was there a man more splendidly miserable—weak in character, though mighty in his powers; solitary as a hermit, though born to rank and fortune; wandering without pleasure, and reposing without rest; admired by millions, though loved by few: to sum up all, the man was a demon, the poet an angel.

Expectation was on the stretch, when the *Course of Time* was announced. The name of Pollock, its author, had never reached our shores, and probably had not gone beyond the walls of his university, before it was ushered forth with his work. Its title was imposing, and presupposed a work of vastness and sublim-

ity. On so vast a theme no other poet had ever ventured. Milton himself sung only the fall of man; but *this* embraced his entire history and final doom. Scarcely had the hum of mingled approbation and criticism arisen, when his death was announced. We then learned that he was a Scottish clergyman of obscure birth, and feeble frame. This greatly softened the asperity of criticism, and his faults—for although beauty and sublimity, both in conception and expression, were admitted by all, he certainly had great ones—were not so glaringly displayed by the critics.

The character of Byron, a portion of which I have quoted above, may be referred to as one of the most splendid passages in the poem.

But I grow tedious, and must hasten to conclude. Passing over, then, the elegant simplicity of Goldsmith, the gloomy magnificence of Young, the ornate sentiment of Hemans, and the gorgeous strength of Johnson, the power of Crabbe, the melancholy of Kirk White, the classical elegance of Gray, and the native simplicity of Burns, allow me for a few moments to draw your attention to the muse of America. Our writers are generally young. Their productions are, as yet, but the early blossoms of genius, glittering with the dewy freshness which belongs to life's morning, and rather to be looked upon as the bright promise of rich fruits to come, than as fair specimens of what their authors will finally be able to accomplish.

Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Percival, Dana, and Willis may be selected as the first from several hundred who claim the title of American poets.

Irving and Cooper, although not precisely of equal pretensions, stand at the head of our polite literature. Irving has been blamed for a deficiency of patriotic spirit. If justly blamed, he has been fully punished, not only by the *tirades* launched against him by his countrymen; but by the false construction put on his conduct by the British public.—'The applause,' says one of their *mild* reviewers, 'bestowed upon his works was not so much a tribute to his merit, as an acknowledgment of the assiduous homage with which he courted the favor of the British public.'—'He gasped for *British* popularity.'

Such is the very liberal construction put upon the amiable and romantic delusion under which Mr. Irving appears to have labored with regard to the refinement of British aristocracy. Mr. Irving's Life of Columbus, and Conquest of Grenada, are exquisite specimens of the beauty and fascination with which the unvarnished incidents of historic lore may be adorned.

Cooper's style has not the elaborate and finished elegance of that of Irving; but if his coloring be less beautiful, his pencil is equally graphic. His delineations of the beauties of nature are vivid and distinct, and bear about them an air of truth that carries conviction. His *forte*, however, lies in a department in which he has neither precedent nor competition; even the great magician of the north does not equal him in this respect: and, although opinions of his success in other respects are conflicting, all agree that his 'march is on the mountain wave, his home is on the deep.' The shifting aspect of the ocean, the winds and the sky, the thrilling excitement of the combat, the wild hurry and confusion of the storm, all that the sailor sees, dares or hears, are as familiar to him as the scenery of our childhood haunts to us. He fails in delineation of character. Nature, not man, appears to have been his chief study, and when we contemplate the silent majesty of the Hudson, the terrific conflagration of the prairie and forest, the lofty mount that lifts its towering head to heaven; when we hear the dash of the billows, the crash of heaven's artillery, the minute gun booming o'er the deep, we forget all his blemishes, and involuntarily accord to him the highest station among the novelists of the day, Scott excepted.

To judge Bryant by his writings, we would say that he loves to muse in solitude, and in the depths of the forest. He possesses a refined fancy, and a pure exquisite taste. His descriptions of natural scenery are accurate, and sketched with the greatest freshness and originality.

It is to be regretted that his muse has wasted herself on fugitive pieces, and *en passant* we may remark, that this is the crying sin of all our American poets; who, instead of devoting their genius to works of a length that would insure their durability, waste it on literary celebrations, monthly magazines, souvenirs, annuals, &c. &c., which enjoy but an ephemeral existence, are crushed under the weight of similar productions of the following year, and then thrown aside and forgotten.

For Messrs. Willis, Percival, Hallock, I have only to say, read the Hagar in the Wilderness, and Absalom, of the first; Genius Slumbering and Waking, of the second; and Halleck's Elegy on Burns, and the poem Fanny. They need no praise; they speak their own eulogy.

I shall not stop to combat the idea that America is not calculated to feed the flame of poetic genius. True, we have not old feudal castles, battlemented ruins, moss troopers, Welchmen and Highlanders; but sentiment has greatly changed indeed, if

the grandeur of our cataracts, the magnificence of our streams, the stern beauty of our mountains, and our oceanic lakes, cannot inspire thoughts of beauty and sublimity. A.

STEAMBOATS.

In a publication made by the writer of this article, in 1829, on the interesting subject of steamboats, it was calculated that from the time of their first introduction on the western waters in 1811, until that period, their number amounted to about three hundred and twenty-three. Their united tonnage was estimated at fifty-six thousand tons. From the best data which could be procured from the most intelligent sources, the original cost of these boats was five millions six hundred thousand dollars, and the repairs on the same number, assuming that none of them would last longer than 1832, was set down at two millions eight hundred thousand dollars. Now, although there were five or six boats built between the years 1811 and 1817, the latter period may be assumed as the epoch of their regular and successful introduction; in 1825 they were brought to their present state of perfection. It results then that the amount expended for the building and repairing of steamboats, in a period of about eleven years, was equal to eight millions four hundred thousand dollars. As the number of steamboats was increasing yearly, no fixed amount can easily be assumed for the yearly expenses, but for the year 1829, the sum was fixed at two million five hundred thousand dollars; if then five hundred thousand dollars be considered as a fair yearly average from 1818, the total amount of money expended on the shores of the western waters up to 1829, inclusive, will be little short of fourteen millions of dollars. When it is considered that this circulation and expenditure of money was exclusively created by the introduction of the steamboat, the importance of this invention to the valley of the Mississippi may be conceived. It has produced an advance of prosperity that would have required more than a century to have realized in the ordinary progress of human affairs; it has produced a revolution in business little inferior in importance to that which followed the discovery of the art of printing.

On the first of January, 1834, an official list of steamboats, from an authentic source, gives the whole number of two hundred and thirty, whose aggregate amount of tonnage is equal to

about thirty-nine thousand tons. Allowing the cost of building at a rate much lower than the rule adopted three years since, the capital now invested in this stock will exceed three millions of dollars. The expense of running may be put down nearly as contained in the following scale:

60 boats over 200 tons, 180 running days at $140 per day,	$1,512,000 00
70 boats from 120 tons to 200, 240 running days, $90 per day,	1,512,000 00
100 boats under 120 tons, 270 running days, $60 per day,	1,620,000 00
Total yearly expenses,	$4,644,000 00

This sum may be reduced to the different items producing it in the following proportions, viz.

For wages, 36 per cent., equal to	$1,671,840 00
" wood, 30 per cent., equal to	1,393,200 00
" provisions, 18 per cent., equal to	835,920 00
" contingencies, 16 per cent., equal to	743,040 00

This result is truly striking to those who were accustomed to the state of things on our rivers within twenty years. The difference in the amount of wages paid, is in itself very considerable; but the item of fuel is one created exclusively by steamboats; and when it is considered that nearly one million and a half is expended every year, at a few points on the Mississippi valley, it presents a vast field for speculation. The immense forests of beech and other timber unfit for agricultural purposes, were, before, not only useless, but an obstacle to the rugged farmer, who had to remove them before he could sow and reap. The steamboat, with something like magical influence, has converted them into objects of rapidly increasing value. He no longer looks with despondence on the denseness of trees, and only regrets that so many have already been given to the flames, or cast on the bosom of the stream before him.

At the present period, the steamboats may be considered as plying as follows, viz:

25 over 200 tons, between Louisville, New Orleans, and Cincinnati, measuring	8484 tons.
7 between Nashville and New Orleans, measuring	2585 "
4 between Florence and New Orleans,	1617 "
4 in the St. Louis trade,	1002 "
7 in the cotton trade,	2016 "
57 boats not in established trades, from 120 to 200 tons,	8641 "
The balance under 120 tons in various trades,	14655 "
	39,000

In the New Orleans and Louisville trade, the boats over two hundred tons make about one hundred and forty trips in prosperous seasons; those of smaller size, make from fifty to sixty trips. But to go into an estimate of the number of voyages made by

the boats in the different trades is impossible, because no regular data are furnished, and the result depends upon a variety of contingencies.

Previous to the introduction of the steamboat in 1817, about twenty barges, averaging one hundred tons, afforded the only facilities for transporting merchandize from New Orleans to Louisville and Cincinnati. These making but one trip within the year, gave the means of bringing up only two thousand tons. The present tonnage in this trade exclusively, having been stated to be 8484 tons, gives the amount employed, amounting to one hundred and forty trips in the season, to be 1,187,760 tons; a cause capable of producing a revolution in sixteen years hardly equalled in the annals of history. The effects upon western commerce of these causes have necessarily been immense. The moral changes alone are felt throughout the west, and the effect on prices almost incalculable: the imported article has fallen in a ratio equal to the increased price of western products. In looking back to the old means of transportation, we cannot conceive how the present demand and consumption could have been supplied by them.

To those who are acquainted with the early mercantile history of our country, when it was no uncommon thing for a party of merchants to be detained in Pittsburg from six weeks to two months by low water and ice, the existing state of things is truly gratifying. The old price of carriage of goods from the Atlantic seaboard to Pittsburg, was long estimated at from five to eight dollars per one hundred pounds. We have instances in the last five years, of merchandize being delivered at the wharf of Cincinnati for one dollar per hundred from Philadelphia by the way of New Orleans.

It may not be useless or uninteresting to give an idea of the *mortality* among steamboats in a given time. It is not pretended that any decided inference can be drawn from this statement, or that the facts go to establish any fixed rule. But under the present situation of steamboat discipline and regulations, a tolerably fair conclusion can be drawn from it. Taking the period then of two years, from the fall of 1831 till that of 1833, we have a list of boats gone out of service of sixty-six: of these, fifteen were abandoned, as unfit for service; seven were lost by ice; fifteen were burnt; twenty-four snagged, and five destroyed by being struck by other boats. Deducting the fifteen boats abandoned as unseaworthy, we have fifty-one lost by accidents peculiar to the trade. In number this proportion is over twelve per cent. per annum: in tonnage the loss is upwards

of ten per cent. Amount snagged, 3721 tons; amount burned, 2330 tons.

The foregoing calculations and statements afford great field for speculation. It is evident that there is a vast amount of surplus tonnage, and of course the business at present is entirely overdone. Indeed, from a full investigation of the subject, a few years since, by a committee appointed for the purpose, it was fully ascertained that, although the benefits conferred on the valley of the Mississippi were incalculable, the stock invested in boats was, as a general rule, a losing investment; in many cases, a total sacrifice. In a few cases, owing to a fortuitous combination of circumstances, money has been made; but the instances are so few as not to affect the rule. Time may correct this evil; but in a business in which public interest and public safety are so much concerned, a little governmental interference and assistance might be useful, and ought to be tendered. Some legislative action which might tend to arrest the fearful increase of accident, has long been a desideratum; but how this is to be applied, presents the great difficulty. An experiment, however, has been tried, which seems to hold out the prospect of success. We allude to the company which was formed in 1832–3, called the Ohio and Mississippi line of transportation. During the existence of this company, not an accident of any kind occurred to person or property. A perfect regularity in arrivals and departures was introduced, and as all the good boats were in the same interest, there was no foolish rivalship, and consequently no injudicious racing. How far the post-office department would be justifiable in aiding such an association, we do not pretend to say; but in our humble view of the case, we consider the great interests of the west are much involved in the question; and when the great uncertainty and irregularities of the mail, which has hitherto distinguished the routes between Orleans, Natchez and St. Louis, and Pittsburg, Louisville and Cincinnati, are considered, something is expected. On the score of economy alone, the subject is worthy of the reflection of the general government: probably nine-tenths of the correspondence on the western waters is of a commercial character. The greatest portion of this is now transmitted, free of postage, by the means of passengers. No one can prevent this. If a line of steamboats can be made interested in protecting the government, the general post-office would find it to their advantage to give liberal terms to such an establishment.

N.

ON A PICTURE OF A BOY BLOWING BUBBLES.

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—and the blend
Of both comes on us like a prophet's dream—
When mighty truths, embodied, condescend
To visit man, and whisper to his eyes.
There 's not a page of landscape but doth seem
A painted lesson, full of truths sublime;
And moral rules and precepts of the wise
Spake in the mythic gods of olden time.

So eyes are charmed, and hearts are gently schooled,
Reading the busy tale in this bright page,
And men who laugh at little ones befooled
By empty gaudiness, and frequent foil,
May blush for follies of a riper age,
Discern the brittleness of worldly joys—
And shun the misery of fruitless toil
By leaving bubbles to the lesser boys.

D. I. O.

TWILIGHT.

Come, gentle twilight, come
And spread thy purple wings
Along the shore, with fairy hum,
And mystic murmurings;
Come while the lake is still,
And mute the breezes play,
And birds with many an artless thrill
Shall sing thy roundelay.

Yon little silver star
Hath filled his urn anew,
To aid thy stealthy flight from far
Amid the depths of blue;
Abroad the glow-worm hies,
With living lamp, to greet
The light-fall from the balmy skies,
And hither guide thy feet.

A little longer, then,
Sweet twilight linger here,
Till one sole songster 'mid the glen
Enthrals the raptured ear;
Then in its tangled grove,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
Oh, I will think of my lady love,
And she will think of me!'

Robin.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA. A comparison of the social and political state of both nations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1834.

The title of this book is captivating. We are all willing to read comparisons between England and America; for much as we abuse each other, there is no question that the people of both nations desire to appear to advantage in the eyes of the other. There is this difference, however: that we acknowledge our respect for the opinions of the English, and show a sensitivenes under their rebuke; while they affect to be scarcely conscious of our existence, and pretend to care or think very little what we may say about them. Yet they *do* care, for they have just as much vanity as we have—or as any other nation has, that has any thing to be vain of; and American opinions are beginning to be thought worth something, even in England. There are reflecting men there, like the writer of this book, who have looked at the political institutions, and social state, of this country, not merely to ridicule, but to examine them, to discover the principles upon which our society is organized, and to witness the degree of success which has attended our experiment in government.

The book is a good one, and will amply repay the reader, who shall devote to its perusal a few leisure hours, and who shall then calmly reflect on the important topics which he will find here ably and briefly discussed. The writer is a man of clear mind, who thinks with vigor, and comes to his conclusions with promptness. His style is plain, concise, pointed, and unadorned: just what style ought to be on ordinary occasions, when it is not particularly necessary for an author to dress up his thoughts in holiday attire. We admire especially the boldness with which he discloses facts, which an over-squeamish nationality has induced others to deny or conceal; and the merited severity with which he rebukes the corruptions of his own government.

The fault of the work—the prominent fault, for it has several—is want of plan. It leads to no conclusion. Comparisons are drawn, which many will think sufficiently odious, but they are not made to suggest any useful lesson, or practical result. Here and there, the author runs out his reasoning to a practical inference: but we think that, taking the whole book together, it is deficient in this respect. To the man who is sufficiently versed in the subjects discussed to draw his own conclusions, this constitutes no objection, but rather a recommendation; but the general reader, who is usually not very expert in summing up testimony, and who is not expected to make up his own mind, should have it made up for him.

The writer proposes to lay before Americans a sketch of the political condition of England, and before the English an explanation of some of the peculiarities in the social state of America. In the first of these objects he has succeeded admirably; with respect to the second, he has utterly failed. He writes of England with the fidelity and vigor of one who is describing that which is distinctly before his mind's eye; that which he has seen, studied, and understands; while his comments on America are the result of the hearsay evidence of ignorant or depraved witnesses. True, he says that he 'has looked at America with English eyes, and at England with American eyes'—which is understood to mean that he has travelled in America; but we do not so understand it, nor if we did, would it make any difference; for we have

never yet known an instance in which an Englishman became any better acquainted with our country by travelling in it, than he would have become by remaining at home, and reading the travels of others. The English at home are the most sensible people in the world; abroad, they are the silliest. The writer before us is frank and manly: his predilections are rather for us than against us. We have not the slightest reason to doubt the honesty of his motives, or the kindness of his feelings. Yet he has said very little about the social state of America which is important, and still less that is true.

The first chapter, in which the author treats of the 'wealth of England,' presents a noble picture of the riches, comforts, employments, luxuries, and refinements, of that wonderful people. It commences thus:

'An American citizen visits the continent of Europe, and on his way home passes some time in England. Here he finds roads in every direction, far better than any he has seen before, and he sees more of them in a given space than in France or America. The cross-roads are kept in far better order than those of any other country. By the side of nearly all the great roads he sees, for the first time, a well-kept foot-path. In many places the foot-paths across the fields are as dry, and smooth, and trim, as walks in pleasure gardens. All the carriages on the road are stronger and lighter, more useful and sightly, than those to which he is accustomed; and the vast number of those carriages strike him with astonishment. The strength and beauty of the horses, the quality and neatness of their harness, and the very whips with which they are driven, excite his wonder. The uncommon speed with which he travels raises his spirits, and inclines him to look favorably at every thing. He exclaims, what magnificent crops—what beautiful meadows—what fine cattle and sheep—what skill and care in the mixture of wood, arable, and grass lands—what noble trees—what regularity and neatness in the fences! even the ditches and gate-posts are admirable! The mansions are palaces; the farm-houses, mansions; the merest village of cottages has an air of peculiar comfort; while the number of those mansions, farm-houses, and villages, gives to the country the appearance of a scattered town.'

And so he goes on through the chapter, in a masterly manner, and with an honest pride, pointing out the evidences and the sources of English wealth and comfort. We say an *honest pride*, for it is so; that love of country, which enables one to feel a glow of patriotic exultation in the contemplation of the prosperity of the land of his birth, is a generous and a virtuous feeling, the expression of which is graceful and natural—in every one but an American—in him it is 'a disgusting display of national vanity.'

In the next chapter he gives us the reverse of the picture: 'the misery of the bulk of the people.' What a fruitful theme! the wretched, squallid, abject misery of the great majority of the fourteen millions, who constitute

> 'The bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> Which once destroyed, can never be supplied.'

It seems that whether destroyed or not, they cannot *be supplied*, for, according to the author, they are living in a state of continual and hopeless starvation. He says 'there are proofs without end, of the misery of the bulk of the English people.' He draws a parallel between the negro slaves of America, and the laboring classes of England, in which he considers the former as the more favored race.

'The late insurrection of the peasantry of the south of England, and the modern practice of burning farm produce, are universally attributed to the misery and discontent

of those unfortunate beings. If the English had been a martial people, those forlorn men, once roused as they were, would either have destroyed the classes whom they considered their oppressors, or have perished in a servile war. White slaves they have been properly called. It was some of this class whom a bishop described as being harnessed to carts like cattle. In America, too, they harness men to carts;' (we should like to know *where*,) 'but then they treat them as valuable cattle, give them plenty to eat, shelter them from the weather, and bring up their little ones in clover. English slaves are harnessed to carts, and ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed, and variously ill-treated into the bargain. American slaves live longer than their masters, while English slaves die prematurely of hunger, wet, cold, and sorrow.' * * * * * * The peasant of the south of England, suffers nearly all the evils, but enjoys more of the advantages of slavery. He is not a freeman, nor is he a slave; he is a pauper.' p. 42.

The writer proceeds to detail many facts, which would startle those who had not some previous acquaintance with the subject; for ourselves, we have long been in the habit of regarding the condition of the lower orders in England, as the consummation of human wretchedness. The minute description which he gives of the manner in which apprentices are worked, beaten, starved, kept half-naked, and even *murdered* with impunity, possesses a thrilling, yet disgusting interest, and forces the reader to acknowledge, however unwilling, the justice of that tone of bitter sarcasm, with which the writer speaks of the *glorious constitution* and *equal laws* of England. If there be any among us who lament that the law has created no distinctions in our society, who would wish to see wealth and refinement transmitted from one generation to another, in the lineal descent, by entails and primogeniture, and other of those barbarous devices which are fast crumbling into disrepute, we advise them to read this book—read here the faithful narrative of an eye-witness of the ignorance, degradation, crime, and suffering of the laboring poor; and on the other hand, the heartless indifference, and corrupt dishonesty of the rich, and then address to Providence an aspiration of devout thankfulness, that we live in a country where one order cannot oppress and plunder another.

The next subject treated of, is the 'uneasiness of the middle class.' These seem to be but little better off than those below them. If they do manage to feed a little better, and to be well clad, they live in the endurance of continual torment, from their pride, their fears, and their jealousy—from their burning ambition to rise into the paradise of wealth and privilege above them, or their withering terror of sinking into the gulf of poverty and crime that yawns beneath their feet, already overcrowded with the slaves and victims of dishonest luxury.

The chapter on the political prospects of the English, is instructive. What a mass of corruption has existed in their government, and how incredible does it seem, that a high-spirited people should so long have submitted to such abuses! A whole people taxed, worked, and oppressed, to support a few hundred, perhaps a few thousand families—the whole revenue of the government, the millions raised by taxation and loans, expended in jobs, in sinecures, in enormous salaries, in short, in providing princely incomes for a few persons, and in giving sustenance to the daughters and younger sons of the gentry. The writer thinks that these things are passing away, and demonstrates very clearly, that one of two things must shortly take place: the people must be admitted to the right of suffrage, and to the enjoyment of equal

privileges, or there will be a revolution—a dreadful revolution, such as has never been seen before, and which would make England 'first a field of battle, and then a waste, compared with the present.'

The author is, of course, friendly to reform, a republican in principle, and a man of reflection. The object of the book is to expose abuses and suggest the remedy, and he supports his opinions by comparisons of the institutions of his own country with those of America, giving to the latter the decided preference. His allusions to our form of government, and to the abstract principles of liberty and right which prevail among us, show that he has studied these with care, and appreciates them at their just value. But when he comes to speak in detail of our laws, and especially when he treats of the social condition and character of our people, he commits sad mistakes. While he deals in generalities he is safe; but when he ventures beyond his depth, into the region of facts, he is continually and most absurdly wrong. The theory of the American government he understands and admires; of the practical operation of that theory, he has not the slightest conception, and of the actual condition of the American people and their character, he is just as ignorant as the rest of his countrymen, which is saying all in one word. Indeed, we view this part of the book as a curiosity, and as affording the most ample testimony that it is as easy for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, as for an Englishman to understand the American character. Here is a writer of great vigor, a man of strong intellect, of extensive reading, who professes to have seen America with English eyes; one who is decidedly our friend—yet, without the flippant arrogance of Hall, the malignity of Hamilton, or the stupidity of Stuart and Fidler, he makes as gross mistakes as any one of those which have given celebrity to the gentlemen named.

He devotes a chapter to the defence of American slavery, and lays down the broad proposition, that a newly settled country cannot prosper without the aid of slave labor. 'No Englishman, no American, as far as I know,' he says, 'has taken the trouble to ascertain the causes of slavery in America. Had this been done, it might perhaps appear, that the situation of America does afford some sort of apology for the foul stain upon her character.' Really the author's reading on this subject must have been very limited, or he would have known that few subjects have been so much vexed as this, on both sides of the Atlantic, and that not only have the *causes* of slavery been repeatedly investigated, but its whole history traced back through all its stages and incidents. We perused his chapter, therefore, with some curiosity, to see what new discovery he had made on this subject, and found out—what think you, worthy reader? —that the causes of slavery in America are the superabundance of good land, the cheapness of land, the indisposition of white men to labor for hire, where they can become landholders, and the consequent necessity of having slaves to work for them. How strange that no one ever thought of that before, and that it was never before found out that land was abundant and cheap, and labor scarce and expensive in these United States! But if any one is disposed to marvel at this startling discovery, we beg him to reserve his wonder for the facts which the author adduces in support of his theory.

Three attempts were made to establish a colony in Virginia, all of which failed. And why? the colonists forgot to bring slaves to work for them! What improvident people! to come all the way to America, and forget to bring their servants. But, in the next breath, he says: 'The founders of Virginia were not more remarkable for their disasters than for their atrocious crimes. They are described as resembling hun-

gry wild beasts; and if we must speak of them as human beings, it is not harsh to say, that they appeared to have crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of cutting each other's throats without restraint of law.' This statement, supposing it to be true, entirely supersedes the author's theory about slavery, and disproves what it was intended to prove, for it furnishes a sufficient reason for the failure of the first attempts to settle Virginia, without resorting to the absence of slavery. But it is not true; not a word of it. Who describes the founders of Virginia, as resembling hungry wild beasts? He says they are so described. By whom, pray? Not by any competent authority. Some of the adventurers who came first, and perished, and never became founders of any thing, were loose, bad men; but the *founders* of Virginia were respectable emigrants, and the affairs of that colony began very early to be managed with wisdom and prudence. That hunger was among the evils experienced by those who came first, is undeniable, and they may have resembled hungry wild beasts, in having good appetites and little food; but the epithet is misapplied, and the whole subject misunderstood. He then proceeds to show that as soon as slaves were introduced, Virginia began to prosper; but he forgets to state that the colonists even at that day, did not consider slavery an advantage, for the colonial legislature, from the very first, protested against its introduction. American negro slavery had its origin in English commercial cupidity. The English found the traffick in slaves profitable; the government encouraged it because it employed her commercial marine, and the planters bought the slaves because they found them a present help in a time of great need; but always protesting that they would buy no more, and begging the government to prohibit the importation.

The author's notions of slavery are very curious. Hear what he says of slavery in New England. 'That superabundance of land to which the English economists, from Adam Smith downwards, attribute the prosperity of new colonies, has never led to great prosperity without some kind of slavery. The states of New England, in which negro slavery was never permitted, form no exception to the general rule.' Now listen attentively, ye descendants of the pilgrims, and be indoctrinated into a knowledge of the truth, that New England has not flourished without slavery. The way they managed it, was as follows:

'Though the puritans and the followers of Penn, who founded the colonies of New England, (we are quoting correctly, worthy reader—it is thus written—*the followers of Penn who founded the colonies of New England*) flourished with superabundance of land, and without negro slaves, they did not flourish without slavery.' Not they, indeed! flourish without slavery! Did ever any body hear of a puritan or a quaker flourishing without slavery? They knew a trick worth two of that. 'Though their religious sentiments prompted them to abstain from the purchase of negroes, so severely did they, on that very account, feel the want of constant and combined labor, that they were led to carry on an extensive traffick in white men and children, who, kidnapped in Europe, were virtually sold to these fastidious colonists, and treated by them as slaves.' Why, how you talk! You don't tell us that our forefathers were such hypocrites! No doubt about it, brother Jonathan: it is just as true as that Penn settled New England. Nor have you heard all yet; these mercenary puritans and quakers were not satisfied with stealing white folks in Europe and selling them in Salem and Philadelphia. 'The number of Europeans kidnapped for the purpose of sale in those parts of America where negroes could not be sold, though considerable in proportion to the number of settlers then wanting combined labor, was small when compared with

the number of Europeans, who, first decoyed to America by the offer of a passage cost free, and the promise of high wages, were then transferred for terms of years to colonists who paid their passage.' Not only was this done, but we are told that it was practised for 'a long period;' during all which time those dreadful quakers, who followed William Penn to New England, and built Salem, and burned witches in Philadelphia, were quietly reading their bibles at home, while their kidnapped white slaves were tilling their fields—the sly old rogues!

Nor is that the worst of it: 'A black man never was, nor is he now, treated as a man, by the white men of New England.' 'Black men are treated as if they were brutes or dogs. Thus, notwithstanding the superabundance of land, black men have always found it difficult to rise above the condition of laborers for hire; and thus such blacks as either escaped, or were allowed to go free, from the slave states, provided servants for the capitalists of those other states. The large proportion of black servants in New England has always been remarked, and it is remarkable at this moment in Philadelphia, the strong hold of quakerism.' If a large proportion of the servants in New England are black, and they are treated as slaves, the only difference between those and the southern states seems to be, that they all alike enjoy the immense advantages of slave labor; but that the latter own their slaves, while the former hire them. The servant is just as black, and just as much a slave, in the one place as the other. Such is the conclusion at which the author brings us.

But we pass on. 'Let us now turn for a moment,' says our author, 'to those new countries in which the people have had a superabundance of good land, without slavery. Not a single one of these societies has greatly prospered. Many have perished entirely, and some remain in a deplorable condition.' We are getting near home now: there is no superabundance of good land any where else, that we know of —certainly not in New England. Neither do they get along in New England without slavery—the broadbrimmed hypocrites! black servants are not good enough for them —they must have white ones kidnapped all the way from Europe! Wonder where they kidnapped all the handsome girls that work in the factories at Lowell, and whether there are any more left, where they came from! But to the point. We feel disposed to inquire a little about these new countries where the people have a superabundance of good land, without slavery—because that is just precisely the condition of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, and it is not the condition of any other part of the United States. Good land may be found in other parts, and it may be even abundant, but it is not superabundant: we claim that word ourselves. In the southern and southeastern states, there is an abundance of good land, but not *without slavery.* Here, on the northwestern shore of the Ohio, we have good land, first rate land, and a profusion of it, with not a stick amiss; and without slavery. To us then —to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, let the author's remark be applied: 'not a single one of these societies has greatly prospered—many have perished entirely, and some remain in a deplorable condition.' 'Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion!'

The author makes another remark for which the people in New England will not thank him, any more than they will for mistaking their breed, and making them quakers instead of puritans. He spins out an argument, to prove that the people in the non-slaveholding states, derive just as much benefit from the slave labor of the south as the slave-holders themselves—more indeed—for, according to him, they get all the

advantages, without sharing any of the evils. The New Englanders sell their clocks and tinware, and shoes, and wooden nutmegs, to the planters, and buy their cotton! 'The greater part of the whites of America are content to share from a distance the economical advantages of slavery, without incurring its moral evils by going to live among slaves. The new settler on the Ohio can sell his honey, which may be raised without combined labor in that particular work, for tobacco, which may not, without hearing the smack of a slave-driver's whip, or the responding cry of slaves.'

If the reader pleases, we will change the subject. Here is the author's notion about Daniel Boone, and other new settlers. 'It is a remarkable fact, that in the history of American colonization, there is but one instance of a person having settled *totally* out of the reach of markets; the case of the celebrated Daniel Boon, who is known, for what? for his eccentricity. Invariably, then, it may be said, when people use land without a title, they keep within the reach of some market, in which to obtain, by the sale of what their own labor produces, something which their own labor will not produce.' Now for our comment: it is a remarkable phenomenon, that wherever an English writer on America, commences a sentence with the words, 'it is a remarkable fact,' he is sure to be about to utter a remarkable falsehood. In the first place, the writer assumes a negative proposition, which cannot possibly be proved. He does not know, and cannot prove, that no other man besides Daniel Boone, ever settled out of the reach of a market, and when a man makes a statement which may or may not be true, but the truth of which he does not know, and has no means of knowing, he virtually tells an untruth. But if he had ever read the history of Daniel Boone, he would have known that his statement was preposterous. Boone visited Kentucky, for the first time, with one or two companions; when he first emigrated, and *settled* in the backwoods, he came accompanied by a number of families, all of whom settled as much out of the reach of a market as himself—for they settled near him. But thousands—tens of thousands, have settled equally far from market—have settled just as he did, and on precisely the same principles. Boone never thought of a market—nor did any of the great army of pioneers, who moved forward in advance, in the settlement of the western country. Nor was Boone an eccentric man. He was exactly *not* an eccentric man. His character and adventures are studied and admired, not because he was *sui generis*, but because he was a complete and admirable specimen of the *class* to which he belonged. A naturalist who is selecting a specimen in mineralogy takes that which is the most perfect, and which is the most pure from any extrinsic admixture. There were thousands of backwoodsmen who belonged to the same class with Boone, who resembled him in their lives, tastes, and adventures, and he is only celebrated from the circumstance of his being the best specimen that happened to attract public notice. His simplicity of character, made him more purely a backwoodsman than other men—just as simplicity of character attracts attention to talent of any kind, by leaving the strong points of the natural mind unincumbered by the artificial refinements, and the passions, which surround and conceal the native genius of most men.

Equally preposterous is the author's inference: 'invariably, then, it may be said, when people use land without a title, they keep within the reach of some market, &c.' Precisely the contrary is true: when people settle on land to which they have no title, it is usually beyond the reach of a market, for land near a market is sufficiently valuable to be settled, rented, or otherwise appropriated by the owners, and it is only vacant land far from market which is settled upon by *squatters*, or persons having no title.

One more extract. 'What is the best way to dispose of waste land with a view to colonization? * * * * * The nearest approach to a uniform system is that of the United States; the sale of waste land by public auction at a fixed upset price, except as to special grants by congress. The exceptions, however, are so important as to defeat the rule. Among these exceptions are the grant of 300,000 acres to General Lafayette; grants to the amount of 6,528,000 acres to disbanded soldiers, and enormous grants to support schools and colleges, as well as to the undertakers of public works, such as roads and canals. All these grants so far resemble the crown and clergy reserves of Upper Canada, that they have diminished according to their extent, the field of colonization, and injured the settlers round about those special grants.' The grant to General Lafayette, instead of being 300,000 acres, was one township, or 23,040 acres. None of the grants named, have any resemblance to the crown and clergy reserves of Upper Canada. A grant is one thing, and a reserve is another; there is a great difference between giving land away, and keeping it in an unproductive and wilderness state. There is as much probability that the land given away, if granted in small tracts, will be settled, as that which is sold. But the great difference between the clergy reserves of Upper Canada, and our school lands, consists in this: those lands are reserved to the *clergy* to make sinecures and pensions for *them*, and are so many immense monopolies of the public property to a few individuals, for their own benefit, and the good of their successors, while the school lands of this country are granted *to the people*, for the use of schools. All the argument which the writer founds upon these grants, which he supposes to retard the settlement of the country, is fallacious. The school lands present one of the greatest inducements to settlers, and the donations for canals have always increased the sale of the lands around them.

We could point out many other blunders into which this acute writer has fallen, but we have said enough. He has been unfortunate in the sources to which he has resorted for information about America. It was with surprise that we observed that he relied for authority chiefly on Mr. Stuart, whose 'Three Years,' he calls 'a storehouse of facts concerning the United States.' If he had said *a lumber-house* of fact and fiction, he would have come nearer the truth; for Mr. Stuart, with the very best motives, has heaped together a mass of idle gossip, of unimportant facts, and of preposterous mistakes, such as were seldom jumbled together before. Take the following instance, which is quoted in the book before us, to show how much the value of land is enhanced by being near the market. 'He (a farmer near Springfield in Illinois) has advantages, too, in point of situation, being nearer to Galena lead mines, to which he last year sold 8,000 wooden posts at three dollars per hundred.' The distance from Springfield to Galena is about 230 miles, which we should think would be rather far to haul wooden posts in a new country; and particularly as they are quite as cheap at Galena, as at Springfield. But to think of hauling 100 wooden posts, 230 miles, and then selling for three dollars! which is about the value of one day's labor, of a team and driver in Illinois! can it be possible that the English will ever get correct information respecting America, when a man of pure intentions like Mr. Stuart, makes such gross blunders as the one pointed out, and when a writer of such discrimination, as the author of this book, adopts them as facts, and gravely founds an argument on premises so utterly preposterous. That they desire to be correctly informed, we have no doubt; but is it not palpable that they adopt the grossest fallacies, with a credulity and a carelessness which is truly surprising? The author before

us, an intelligent man, writing a comparison between England and America, is presumed to have read the histories of both countries, and to have made himself acquainted, with at least such prominent facts as may be gleaned from American writers of acknowledged authority. Yet he supposes New England to have been settled by Penn—that white people have been kidnapped in Europe and sold in America—that the colonies were not, and could not have been, forced into existence without slaves—that, to this day, the most numerous of the laborers of New England are negroes—and that the states from which slavery has been excluded, have not flourished! He seems to have been unacquainted with Ohio, in which slavery was never for a moment tolerated, and which in forty years has become the residence of a million of freemen. That eccentric man, Daniel Boone, too—the only man that ever settled beyond the reach of a market! He forgot what Cobbett said of us, about twenty years ago: 'in case of a war with England, what would become of your market down the Mississippi? That is your *sole market*. That way your produce *must go*, or you must dress yourselves in skins, and tear your food to bits with your hands.' 'You, gentlemen prairie owners, are like the rat that has but one hole to go out and come in at.' If Cobbett had guessed right, many of us would have been as badly off for a market as ever Boone was; and *many are so*, although we have found out, or gnawed out, a variety of holes since this judgment was pronounced. How shall the English get correct information when their own writers differ so widely—when one intimates that the whole wide west has but one market, and another that every man has one at his door?

It is needless to examine the theory which this writer has erected, on mistaken views, and inconclusive testimony. Superabundance of population is the source of all the misery of England: scarcity of population, the great obstacle to the prosperity of America—therefore he proposes a gigantic plan of colonization, whereby the paupers of Great Britain shall be transported to America, at the mutual expense of both governments. So absurd a scheme need only be mentioned to be condemned.

HELEN, a tale: in two volumes. By Maria Edgeworth.

THIS is a rose in autumn. Miss Edgeworth's mind was supposed to have ripened into the 'sear and yellow leaf;' to have been chilled by the frosts of age, and to be incapable of producing the flowers and the fruits of genius. We are aware that it is not wise to be over curious in relation to ladies' ages, nor polite to be particularly communicative of any matters that we may happen to know or guess upon such subjects. Nevertheless, it is true, that Miss Edgeworth is quite an elderly lady—and so long a time has elapsed since she has exercised her unrivalled powers of authorship for the benefit of the public, that she was supposed to have retired forever from the field. But she is before us once more in all the vigor and pride of genius. Her last work is not inferior to any of her preceding efforts. It is a fascinating and highly instructive novel—so engaging that few who commence its perusal will allow themselves sleep or rest until the whole of its delightful pages shall have been eagerly explored, and so replete with the knowledge, the good sense, and delicate morality of the author, that those who read it carefully cannot fail to derive improvement. It was a treat; a novel by Miss Edgeworth! it was a luxury such as one meets with but seldom, and the enjoyment of which is an event to be remembered. A very fine juicy oyster, in the shell,

in full perfection—which we never expect to see again unless we should happen to stray over the mountains, and wander once more among the streets of a certain goodly city, whose labyrinth of splendid edifices would be a wilderness to us—is the nearest thing to it that we can think of just at this moment. We shall not pretend to describe it. Praise would be thrown away upon that which is above all praise. When a certain Greek proposed to write an eulogy upon Hercules, his friend inquired 'who has blamed Hercules?' Equally unnecessary would it be to eulogize the writings of a lady whose merits stand undisputed and pre-eminent. Besides, we have no disposition to deprive any one of the pleasure of finding out the beauties of Helen. We recommend it decidedly. It is a good novel—and that we consider one of the best of good things. There is a spot or two in it upon which we might lay our finger and find fault—but we should as soon think of objecting to the spots in the sun; the one may be just as imaginary as the other, or as essential, if real, to the existence and perfection of the brilliant orb which they seem to obscure.

Memoir of the Rev. Wm. Staughton, D. D. By Rev. S. W. Lynd, A. M., Pastor of the Sixth-street Baptist church, Cincinnati, Ohio. Boston: Lincoln, Edmands, & Co., and Hubbard and Edmands, Cincinnati. 1834.

The subject of this memoir was so extensively known, his popularity so great, and his labors so important and useful, that the public has a right to expect from his friends, a detailed biography of his interesting life. We are glad that Cincinnati has had the honor of furnishing the biographer, and that the task has fallen into such excellent hands as those of our valuable friend, whose work is before us.

One of the highest merits of this book is that it carries on its face the evidence of its fidelity. It too often happens that the biographer is seduced by his zeal for his subject, into extravagant eulogium, which, however nearly it may approach the truth, does not bear the semblance of veracity to the reader, because it is mere averment unsupported by proof. This is always injudicious; the individual who leaves behind him no palpable monument of his own usefulness, or brilliancy of character, cannot be praised into importance by the affectionate panegyric of a friend. The hurricane leaves its trace behind it; the foot-prints of a noble animal are found in the path in which he has trod. A great man cannot pass through the world without impressing the visible marks of his presence upon the events and persons by which he is surrounded, nor without leaving some relics to attest his mental superiority. A meteor may dart through the heavens, and disappear, and leave no sign; and genius may flash and beam in useless splendor, and become extinguished without leaving a wreck behind. But the man who has spent a long life in deeds of charity and mercy, who has devoted the energies of a vigorous mind to the propogation of christianity and science, whose eloquence has been admired by thousands, and whose ministry, as a preacher of the truth, has been extensively salutary—the acts of the life of such a man require no commentary. They speak for themselves. If the writings of a distinguished individual, and the incidents of his history, do not indicate a strongly marked character, and furnish evidence of an honorable career, it is highly improbable that the deficiency of testimony can be supplied by the ingenuity of a labored eulogy.

In the work before us, Mr. Lynd has very judiciously confined himself to a simple

relation of facts, and has quoted liberally from the writings of Dr. Staughton. The latter show a strong mind, an ardent temperament, much cultivation, and very considerable talents for composition. He wrote in prose and verse with elegance and perspicuity. He filled two offices, which are often united, and both of which are of high honor, and paramount usefulness; those of the minister of the gospel, and the instructer of youth. He originated many benevolent societies, and was continually employed in public duties. He had a rich vein of natural eloquence: in an address to La Fayette, he said, very beautifully, 'You have come, sir, not like Æneas, driven to a foreign shore by unpropitious winds; not like Ulysses, searching an absent son; but like the good old patriarch, Jacob, you have formed the resolution, "I will go down and see my child ere I die."' His eulogium on Dr. Rush, delivered at the request of the students of the medical college, at Philadelphia, is one of the most chaste productions in our language; and his sermon on the death of Adams and Jefferson, contains some very fine passages. Uniting the christian and the scholar, his days were passed in honorable and benevolent exertion, and the narrative of his life may be read with pleasure and instruction. We think that Mr. Lynd has done the subject substantial justice.

A Collection of State Papers: for the illustration of the rise and progress of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, &c. &c. By Mann Butler, A. M.

Of this work, which is not yet published, we have received a prospectus, containing a brief exposition of the plan and contents. We have no information as to the degree of forwardness to which it has been brought, or of the talents of Mr. Butler as a writer. But we are aware, from very conclusive evidence, that great patience, industry, and perseverance, have been employed by that gentleman in the collection of materials, and are well assured that he will be able to present to the public a mass of facts, some of which will doubtless be new and highly interesting. There is no state in the union where history is so rich in varied incident, as that of Kentucky; none whose annals, skilfully arranged, would present so many striking, original, and instructive features.

Travels and Researches in Caffraria: describing the character, customs, and moral condition of the tribes inhabiting that portion of Southern Africa: with historical and topographical remarks, illustrative of the state and prospects of the British settlement in its borders, and the introduction of christianity, and the progress of civilization. By Stephen Kay, corresponding member of the South African Institution, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1834.

The Rev. Mr. Kay is a minister of the Methodist denomination, who was sent to South Africa as a missionary, in company with an English colony, in 1825. There has been a colony at the Cape of Good Hope for many years; and the object of this expedition, was to take possession of a district of country, embraced under the name of Caffraria, which lies north and west of that already occupied by the British. The author seems to be a devoted and benevolent man, who entered fearlessly upon the duties assigned him, and went through many dangers and hardships in the noble attempt to introduce christianity and civilization among the

blacks. He asserts that 'the true character of the African, like that of the American, has been vilely and universally traduced; sometimes from sheer ignorance, at others from malice; but more frequently from absolutely mercenary motives.' This may be true. Yet, from a careful perusal of this volume, we are not able to see in what the misrepresentations complained of consists, or that the author has advanced any facts which are likely to disabuse the public mind; for his observations seem to us to corroborate those of previous travellers. All agree in representing the Africans as grossly ignorant, indolent, filthy, and cruel. Mr. Kay witnessed cruelties inflicted by them upon each other, of the most shocking character, while their habitations, their manners, their whole intercourse was so disgustingly obscene, that he is often compelled to allude to circumstances connected with these subjects as not admitting of description. He may have corrected errors, and added to the mass of evidence in reference to the moral condition of the negroes, and he has certainly presented to us their claims upon the sympathy of the civilized portion of mankind in strong colors: but we are not aware that he has shown wherein they have been *vilely traduced.* Surely no writer has ever represented their moral degradation, their brutal ferocity, their laziness, their obstinate superstition, with more graphic distinctness than himself. And we value the book on this very account. We think that he has told the truth, although it was unpleasant to his feelings, and directly contrary to his preconceived opinions. He expected to find the Africans better than they had been represented; he found their state wretched and revolting *beyond description.*

Mr. Kay is either not a scholar, or he has considered the art of authorship as beneath his attention. After describing a horrid act of violence which occurred under his notice, he says, 'while these events were regarded with apathy by some, and with vengeful feelings by others, who loudly clamored for the *utter* extirpation of the blacks *altogether*, by the missionary they could not but be viewed as so many additional proofs of their crying need of the gospel.' We had supposed that the verb *to memorialize*, was of American growth, and only used by our own politicians, but we find this author saying; 'We had some time previously memorialized his excellency the governor,' &c. In another place he gives as a reason for not settling in the chief's village, 'because he is *not agreeable* to it.'

All that we read of Africa, corroborates the opinion that we have ever entertained of the salutary influence which is likely to be exerted upon that region, by operations of the Colonization Society, and the deep chagrin with which we regard the deplorable insanity, or mischievous wickedness, of those who are endeavoring to cripple its usefulness. If no other beneficial result could be produced than the deportation from our shores of an alien and servile population, who can never be amalgamated with our own people, nor elevated to a political or moral equality with ourselves, the salutary influence of this society would be incalculably great. But it affords, perhaps, the only means by which civilization ever can be introduced into the heart of Africa. The prejudice of color is not confined to the white man: the negro is equally jealous of those who differ from him in complexion, and will never receive the white missionary with the same confidence which will be reposed in the civilized black emigrant. The feeling is mutual, because it is inherent. Nature, herself, has drawn the line, and has created distinctions between these races, so palpable as to be instantly obvious, wherever the respective parties meet, to more than one of the senses. It is true, that certain young gentlemen in the neighbor-

hood of this city, some of whose sayings and doings we noticed in our last number, have arrived at the sage conclusion that nature is wrong in that matter, and have determined, with a gallantry which is certainly very becoming in persons of their profession, that the sable part of the softer sex shall not continue to 'waste their fragrance on the desert air,' but shall be elevated to a moral and political equality with other young ladies, and—what will be much easier—with their champions. They have accordingly commenced leaving their cards at the doors of the daughters of Africa; one of them was seen a few days ago, if we are rightly informed, politely escorting a black young lady through our streets, and another has taken his lodgings in a *colored* family,

'Where blest, he woos some black Aspasia's grace.'

In colder weather we should not be so much surprised at these singular freaks of *monomania*, but with the thermometer at 86, we must confess that they seem to us to be in wretched bad taste. We have not heard whether any practical results have grown out of these party-colored flirtations, whether any matches are talked of, or how far these young theologians intend to carry their tender intercourse with 'Afric's sun-browned daughters.' We hope their intentions are honorable; and that they would not raise hopes in the unsuspecting bosoms of sable damsels which they did not intend to fulfil. They should marry them, by all means—they should lead them blushing to the altar; for that they *do blush*, is philosophically true, although the unhappy tinge of the complexion conceals that amiable suffusion from the eye of the lover, verifying as a friend of ours wittily remarked, the idea of the poet, that

'Many a flower is doomed to *blush unseen*.'

It seems that the views which we expressed in our last number, in reference to the fanatical outrages recently perpetrated in this neighborhood, under the name of *immediate emancipation*, have excited some attention, and the same facts to which we alluded have been commented upon by others, in far stronger language than that which we employed. The editor of the New York Courier and Inquirer, says 'It may not be generally known to our readers, that there is now existing in the state of Ohio, a college instituted solely for educating young missionaries, to go about like roaring lions, full of fury and fanatacism, preaching the doctrines of the immediate abolitionists.' He adds, 'thousands of stout young men are now educated at the expense of pious old ladies, who contribute a cent a week, to lure idleness from all useful occupations, and educate fanatics for purposes of public mischief.' Such is the reproach brought on religion by the intolerance of a few misguided young men, whose minds have become perverted by the cunning devices of insidious demagogues! Such the character which has been given to a highly reputable institution of learning, by the high-handed misdeeds of the students! But we take great pleasure in undeceiving the New York editor, as to the purpose for which the seminary in question was instituted. It was *not instituted* for the purposes which he imagines; and the prostitution of its influence to a political intrigue, is a perversion of its powers, and a misemployment of the funds vested in it for specific objects—objects purer, more noble, and vastly more useful, than any political question can possibly be. Several of the founders of that seminary—the first of its patrons, and the men who gave it their name, were slaveholders—some of the very 'robbers and murderers,' who are now denounced by the stipendiaries, who are subsisting upon their

bounty. Public sentiment will regulate this matter, and the daring attempt of a political cabal to pervert the feeble intellects of a parcel of immature youths, subsisting upon public charity, and to unite church and state by infusing the poisonous doctrines of a furious and incendiary anarchism, into a young brood of unfledged clergymen, will be promptly discountenanced by the sober sense of an intelligent community.

THE NEW TESTAMENT. Cincinnati: Corey & Fairbank. New York: Jonathan Leavitt. 1834.

We notice this little volume, on account of the mechanical execution, which is highly honorable to the artists of our city. It is a miniature volume so small as to be conveniently carried in the waistcoat pocket, and is said to be the *smallest* now on sale in our country. It is beautifully printed, and got up in a style which evinces the high perfection to which the mechanic arts have been brought in Cincinnati. Its minute size will render it a great acquisition to the traveller who may consider it necessary, or desirable, to have this book with him, and to have it in the smallest possible compass.

THE NAPOLEAD: in twelve books. By Thomas H. Genin, Esq. St. Clairsville: Printed by Horton J. Howard. 1833.

This is an epic poem, the story of which begins with Napoleon's Russian campaign, and terminates with his departure for Elba. The volume contains 342 pages of blank verse, and is written by a respectable citizen of this state. We have not read it, and can only say from having glanced our eye over the pages, that it has all the appearance of good poetry. But it is entirely out of our line. We hope that others, who are epicures in poetry, that is, who relish epics, will read this volume and do justice to its merits. As a native production, it is at least curious, and worthy of respectful attention.

THE SCHOOLMASTER, AND ACADEMIC JOURNAL. Edited by B. F. Morris. Oxford, Ohio.

This is a semi-monthly periodical, just commenced, and devoted exclusively to the subject of education. The editor is a gentleman whose talents and education qualify him for his task, and whose zeal in this holy and patriotic cause, affords a sufficient pledge that his enterprise will be conducted with fidelity. The location of the paper is judicious. It comes from a village which is the seat of an excellent college, whose citizens are highly intelligent, and where 'wisdom crieth aloud in the streets.' We understand it to be issued under the auspices of that college, and to have the support of the faculty and students. Our knowledge of the design and of the persons connected with it, induce us to claim for this paper, with confidence, the support of the friends of education throughout the west. The best way to promote education, is to disseminate information on the subject.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Home Missionary Society.—The anniversary of the Home Missionary Society was celebrated on Wednesday evening, at New York. It appeared from the report, extracts from which were read by the Rev. Abraham Peters, that the number of missionaries on the list of the society, is six hundred and and seventy-two, and the number of congregations assisted in the support of these missionaries within the past year, is 899. The progressive advancement of the society may be seen in the fact that eight years ago, when it took the place of the United Domestic Missionary Society, it numbered but 104 missionaries; at the end of the first year, 169; 2d year, 201; 3d year, 304; 4th year, 382; 5th year, 463; 6th year, 509; 7th year, 606; 8th year, as above, 672. Within the eight years, the missionaries of the society have labored under its commissions to an aggregate amount of 452 1-2 years. There have been received into the churches aided, during the eight years, about 21,000 members. About 40,000 children and youth are instructed in the sabbath schools connected with these churches, and about 15,000 in Bible classes. The missionaries also have been efficient helpers in the cause of temperance, in the support of common schools, in the distribution of Bibles and religious tracts, and in every good work which has presented its claims on the fields of their labor.

The receipts of the year have amounted to $78,911 24, being $10,284 17 more than those of the previous year. The expenditures have exceeded those of the previous year by the sum of $11,388 59. Balance against the society at the present time, $1,264 25.

American Tract Society.—the society held its public anniversary in New York, on the evening of Wednesday last. The annual report was read by the secretary. From this document it appeared that during the past year 3,496,688 tracts, comprising 51,534,624 pages have been printed, making an aggregate during the nine years since the society was established, of 86,303,221 tracts, or 554,906,-414 pages. The number of pages put in ciculation during the past year, is 57,633,-070; and since the formation of the society, 490,871,397. The circulation of the past year exceeds that of the preceding, by 9,232,463 pages.

Four hundred and eighty distinct grants have been made from the society's depository, during the year, gratuitously; comprising 1,183,317 pages to foreign mission stations, the army and navy, for foreign parts—in all 7,486,694 pages.

The receipts of one year have amounted to $66,185 93, being an increase of about $4,000 above those of any former year. Of the whole amount $31,273 58 were for publications sold, and the rest donations, including $14,341 03 specially designated for foreign distribution. The expenditures amounted to $66,485 83 including $20,000 for foreign countries, $24,465 75 for printing, paper, and binding, and $13,171 60 for our own country, where more than 23 years service of agents have been performed during the year, chiefly in the west. Of the 20,000 appropriated to foreign countries, $3,500 were for Burmah; China, $2,000; Siam, $1,000; Ceylon, $1,800; Bombay, $1,-000; Orissa $300; Syria, $500; Smyrna, $300; Greece, 1,600; Constantinople, Asia Minor, and Armenia, $1,500; Jews in Turkey, $500; Russia, $1,200; Germany, $500; France, 1,500; Sandwich Islands, $1,500, Moravian Brethren, $700; North American Indians, $600. Total $20,000.

Magnificent MS.—A gigantic copy of the Koran has been exhibited at Calcutta. In regard to volume, it is unparalleled. It was executed by a devout Indian Mussulman of the northwest, named Gholam Magoudin, and his two sons. They have gone to Mecca to deposit their gift. Each letter is three inches high, and the book is a foot thick, four feet eight inches long, and two feet eight inches wide. The entire text was copied by the hand of the father in six years; one of the sons added an interlineary Persian translation. The binding is literally in boards. This work was carried on the back of a camel, upon a dais of crimson stuff, and made fast by a padlock. At every stopping place it was opened for the veneration of good Mussulmans.

Schools in Pennsylvania.—The School Bill, providing for a general system of education, in this commonwealth, by common schools, we consider the most important bill that has passed this session, the operation of which will form a new era in this commonwealth. In our northern and western counties are thousands of acres of unimproved laad.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

Taken at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the month of APRIL, 1834; *by* D. LAPHAM, *Civil Engineer.*

The thermometer hangs under a roof, sheltered from the direct influence of the sun and winds; in latitude 39° 6′ N.; longitude 84° 22′ W.; and at an elevation of 554 feet above the ocean. Times of observation, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and at 1 and 9 P. M. Fahrenheit's scale.

DATE. April, 1834.	Thermometer. V.	I.	IX.	Mean of each day.	Course of the Wind. A.M.–P.M.	Character of the Weather.	Character of the Wind.	Miscellaneous Remarks.
1	59.00	68.00	58.25	59.66	S–SW	vari.	str. bre.	rain at eve.; th. & light;
2	46.50	56.00	50.00	49.46	NW–NW	fair.	lt. bre.	water 56°.
3	38.25	58.25	48.00	48.29	N–NE	fair.	lt. bre.	
4	39.00	59.50	50.00	49.16	NE–NE	fair.	str. bre.	
5	37.00	61.00	52.00	50.41	NE–NE	fair.	str. bre.	water 56°.
6	39.50	61.50	54.00	53.08	NE–NE	vari.	str. bre.	cloudy at eve; high wind.
7	48.00	62.00	50.00	53.33	NE–N	vari.	str. bre.	rainy P.M.
● 8	48.00	51.00	49.00	48.66	S–S	cloudy.	str. bre.	
9	44.00	56.00	52.00	50.66	S–S	vari.	lt. bre.	foggy, A.M.
10	44.00	58.00	52.50	51.83	SE–NE	vari.	str. bre.	
11	46.00	56.50	53.00	52.37	NE–NE	cloudy.	str. bre.	rainy P.M.
12	49.25	64.50	58.00	57.71	NE–NE	vari.	str. bre.	rainy at morn; water
13	52.00	68.00	62.00	60.33	NE–E	vair.	str. bre.	56.25°.
14	50.00	72.00	64.00	62.00	E–E	fair.	lt. bre.	white clouds floating.
15	50.00	76.00	69.00	65.41	E–E	fair.	lt. bre.	
◐ 16	52.50	80.00	69.50	67.58	E–NW	fair.	lt. bre.	
17	54.00	80.00	67.75	68.25	NW–NW	fair.	lt. bre.	
18	60.00	80.00	73.00	71.16	S–SW	vari.	str. wd.	
19	61.00	75.00	66.00	65.54	SW–SW	fair.	str. wd.	
20	50.25	70.50	60.00	61.54	W–E	vari.	str. wd.	shower, P.M.; th. & light.
21	58.00	80.00	75.00	73.16	SE–S	vari.	str. wd.	cloudy P.M. water 56.50°.
22	71.00	67.50	65.00	66.33	S–S	rainy.	str. wd.	thunder; rainbow at eve.
○ 23	62.00	64.00	58.00	58.66	SW–SW	vari.	str. wd.	rain in the night.; th.&lt.
24	46.00	64.00	59.00	56.00	W–NW	fair.	lt. wd.	
25	44.00	50.00	49.75	47.91	NW–W	vari.	str. wd.	rain in the night; high wd.
26	44.00	55.50	39.00	43.91	SW–NW	vari.	str. wd.	
27	30.50	53.00	50.00	45.75	NW–W	fair.	str. wd.	*ice, on stagnant water.*
28	38.00	62.25	57.50	53.96	W–SW	fair.	lt. wd.	cloudy at evening.
29	46.25	64.00	50.00	53.58	S–NW	fair.	lt. wd.	
◐ 30	47.25	54.00	52.00	51.71	SW–S	rainy.	lt. bre.	water 56.25°.
Mean	48.37	64.37	57.17	56.58	mean temperature of the month.			

Mean temperature for the month 56.58°; Maximum 80°, on the 16th, 17th, 18th and 2Ist, at 1 P. M.; Minimum 30.50°, on the 27th, at 5 A. M. Range of the thermometer, 49.50°. Mean temperature of well water at the court-house, for the month, 56.22°.

Fair days 13—variable 13—cloudy 2—rainy 2. Prevailing, fair and variable.

Wind N. ½ day—N. E. 7 days—E. 4 days—S. E. 1 day—S. 5½ days—S. W. 4½ days—W. 2½ days—N. W. 5 days. Prevailing wind, NE. and very changeable.

Many of the forest trees were stript of their foliage, either partially or wholly, by the severe frost on the morning of the 27th. Fruit of all kinds, except perhaps apples, it is feared, is entirely destroyed. Among the forest trees, the black walnut appears to have suffered most severely. The buckeye escaped untouched: adding another quality to Dr. Drake's catalogue. Notwithstanding the precocious development of the *buckeye*, it has sufficient stamina to resist every vicissitude of the seasons.

THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States. Illustrated with Plates, engraved and colored from original Drawings taken from Nature. By Alexander Wilson. With a Sketch of the Author's Life, by George Ord, F. L. S. &c. New York: Collins & Co. Philadelphia: Harrison Hall. 1828.

A Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and of Canada. By Thomas Nuttal, A. M. F. L. S. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1834.

Ornithological Biography; or an Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America; accompanied by Descriptions of the Objects represented in the Work entitled The Birds of America, and interspersed with Delineations of American Scenery and Manners. By John James Audubon, F. R. SS. L. & E. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. Philadelphia: Judah Dobson. H. H. Porter. 1831.

What a delightful study is that of Ornithology! To the lover of nature, who revels in the contemplation of whatever is beautiful to the eye, and whose ear is charmed with the native melody of the grove, no object is so attractive as the feathered inhabitant of the forest and the field. The entire science of natural history, is of so absorbing a character, as to turn the mind from other pursuits, and lull it in the most agreeable abstraction. It elevates and enlarges the soul; yet its tendencies are calm and contemplative. 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'

It has been said that literary men are in the habit of undervaluing the humble labors of the naturalist, of ridiculing his shy and abstracted habits, and condemning his minute investiga-

tions into the arcana of nature, as puerile and trifling. Perhaps there is too great a propensity for this species of sarcasm in every department of society. The philosopher sneers at the poet, the poet despises the man of business, and the latter gazes with calm contempt at the industrious collector of bugs, or the fortunate proprietor of an extensive menagerie of serpents. The man who has no music in himself, promotes his own enjoyment, by smiling in dignified derision at the rapturous sensations produced in others by the vibrations of a fiddle string, while the amateur gazes at the career of the aspiring politician, with about the same degree of respect as that with which he contemplates the ascent of a paper kite, which seems to sail self-poised in the atmosphere, when its motions are in fact regulated by the reckless and half-witted boy who holds the string.

It is true, however, that some minute departments of natural history are cultivated with an assiduity which seems to be greater than the subject demands, and which seldom fails to provoke an involuntary smile. We can hardly feel a proper degree of respect for an individual who devotes his whole life, and the entire energies of a discriminating mind, to the collection of a cabinet of shells or of insects; because it is not easily perceived that the end accomplished is at all commensurate with the labor expended. This is especially the case in regard to persons, who make large expenditures of time or money in the collection of specimens, which are not intended to be appropriated to any useful purpose—out of mere idleness, vanity, or want of employment. The man who never extends the boundaries of science, nor awakens a love of knowledge in others; who never publishes his observations, and who dissipates his time in impaling insects for mere amusement, does no more good to society than the angler or the sportsman: the only difference is, that the one dries his specimens and the other eats them; and the latter is certainly the pleasantest, and by far the most social, operation of the two. But the case is very different where a person employs his time and talents in scientific researches, however minute, for the purpose of comparison and analysis, and with the intention of presenting the results of his investigations to the public. Such a man is an expositor of the laws of nature, and deserves as high consideration as the expositor of the laws of mind, or of the laws of nations, or of the common or statute law. Whoever aids in reducing to system, or rendering clear to the understanding, any of the rules which govern mind or matter, which direct the conduct of man or the instinct of brutes, is equally a benefactor of his race, in proportion to the extent and success of his inquiries. Why should Dr.

Johnson, who spent years in classifying and explaining words, deserve more credit than Linnæus, or Wilson, or Nuttal, who have expended as much labor in the classification and description of animals or plants; or why should either of them receive less honor than Blackstone or Sir Humphry Davy, who with equal acuteness have investigated the common law, or the laws of matter? It is the practical usefulness of the study, and the degree of fidelity and mental vigor with which it is pursued, which alone should give it credit; and we apprehend that no reflecting man would condemn any course of research, or train of original thought, which tends to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, to widen the sphere of human industry, to increase the stock of mental enjoyment, or

'To vindicate the ways of God to man.'

Ornithology is the poetry of natural science. It is made up of beauty, and melody, and love. It is studied on the mountain and in the valley, in the fields, and upon the broad ocean—wherever the poet roams to contemplate the splendors of the landscape, to behold the gorgeous clouds piled up in masses tinged with the colors of the rainbow, to mark the undulations of hill and dale, to gaze on the varied hues of leaf and flower, of sunlight and shade, to muse upon the silent lake, or gather inspiration from the majestic terrors of the angry deep; wherever man roams abroad among the sublime or beautiful scenes of nature, the melody or the plumage of the bird attracts his delighted attention. Wherever the great volume of nature is spread open, the bird is one of its most beautiful embellishments.

If we walk into the fields, we are saluted with the rich melody and varied song of the mocking bird, faithfully imitating the notes of all other birds; yet excelling them all in force and sweetness of expression. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush, or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises preeminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which all others seem a mere accompaniment. Though gifted with noble powers of original song, there is no end to the variety of his imitations. He runs over the clear whistlings of the redbird, with such superior execution, that the mortified songster feels his own deficiency and becomes silent; he squeaks like a hurt chicken, and then pours out the rich melody of the wood-thrush. The warblings of the bluebird, the screaming of swallows, the simple song of the robin, the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will, and the notes of various other birds, succeed each other in

quick succession, and with such imposing reality, that we look around for the originals, and discover with astonishment, that this singular concert is the effect of one admirable performer. Nor is this all: those who walk by moonlight may enjoy the exquisite music of this charming bird. During the solemn stillness of the night, as soon as the moon rises silently above the horizon, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers.

> 'The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
> When every goose is cackling, would be thought
> No better a musician than a wren;'

but our national bird of song is equally in the full possession of voice, in the noon of night or the glare of midday.

If we descend into the glen, we shall hear the notes of the melodious wood-thrush, the favorite of Wilson, in some low shaded hollow, through which a small brook meanders, overhung with alder bushes that are mantled with wild vines. Here, in a tangled covert is the nest carefully concealed; but the songster sends forth his clear musical notes from the topmost branch of a tall tree. With the modesty of true merit, he charms you with his song, but is content and even solicitous to remain concealed. He delights to trace the irregular windings of the brook, where by the luxuriance of the foliage the sun is completely shut out, or only plays in a few scattered beams on the glittering surface of the water.

Here, too, we see the cardinal, the sprightly and gaudy redbird, sometimes called the Virginia nightingale. What a beautiful creature! so graceful, so active, so exquisitely rich in plumage! He is a songster, too, and is prodigal of his clear and varied melody. The oriole, the prettiest of all the gay coxcombs of the field, though he loves to loiter in gardens and orchards, also seeks these cool sequestered retreats, and may be heard chirping over the stream; and the song-sparrow, the first singing bird of spring, is here, warbling his note of welcome to the vernal season.

Shall we stroll over the hill, and listen to the hammering of the various tribes of woodpeckers? The gaudy fellow with the red head most frequently attracts the eye. What a restless, busy bird! With what energy he strikes the bark of an old tree with his strong bill—tapping, with such rapidity and force, that one would think his brains would be shaken from the little cavity that holds them. Perhaps he has no brains: very likely—those who are best dressed are not most apt to be encumbered with them. But this is a cunning fellow: he is not pecking thus out of mere wantonness, but is industriously engaged in trying to

pick up an honest livelihood. He is hunting for insects and their eggs; and see how intent he is upon his search—how actively he climbs the body of the tree, passing round in every direction. He stops to listen—he watches—he thinks he has found his prey, and in an instant he begins to clear away the bark—and he is seldom mistaken.

But of all the birds of the air, give me the blue-jay: the beau of the fields; the well-dressed, noisy, mischievous, entertaining blue-jay. He is a fellow of infinite fancy. He is elegantly attired, and is so perfectly aware of the brilliancy of his appearance, that he uses every art to attract attention; and well he may, for his toilet is made in perfect taste, and among men would be called gentlemanlike. Go where you will, you cannot fail to find him; in the field, by the road side, or in the most retired forest; and he is always in mischief. As the hunter steals cautiously through the woods, intent to creep unobserved upon his game, the blue-jay marks him, and begins to scream with such vociferation, that the deer raises his head, snuffs the approach of danger in the tainted breeze, and flies. If a solitary owl, who has been dissipating all night, is overtaken by the rays of morning, and unable to find his way home in the darkness of daylight, perches on some retired branch, to dose away the day in the open air—as the benighted traveller encamps under a tree—and the jay happens to find him, he raises such a shout, as may be heard half a mile off. The whole feathered tribe are alarmed, and hasten to the spot. They surround the bewildered bird of wisdom, who is wise enough to treat their insults with silent contempt. They gather stronger and stronger, hop around the gorged plunderer, from limb to limb, chatter, and chirp, and whistle, pouring out upon him every foul epithet in the vocabulary of ærial slander, and sometimes darting at him—the jay all the while acting the demagogue, making stump speeches, and exciting the mob to fury by the most active and spirited exertions—until the persecuted owl is forced to betake himself to flight.

We have not time to linger in these gay scenes: but wherever we go, we shall find birds; the wildest desert, the most gloomy recesses of the forest, have their appropriate inhabitants. If we take our stand at sunrise, in the midst of a vast prairie, surrounded by a boundless expanse of green, where not a tree is seen, and where we would hardly expect to see a living creature, the ear is saluted by sounds which fill the air on every side: sounds resembling the cooing of the dove, or the note of courtship of the male pigeon, but greatly exceeding them in loudness. We look around and discover that the whole plain

is covered with prairie fowl, eagerly feeding, and enjoying the first beams of the morning, in pairs or in small groupes. The males are strutting, with their wings drooped, their plumage erected, their crops swelled like that of the pigeon, endeavoring to make themselves agreeable to the modest hens, who are teaching their little ones how to turn out their toes, and scratch gracefully for their breakfasts. Far above, the hawk is seen sailing in the air, looking out for some unguarded individual, or selecting from this vast poultry yard, with the fastidiousness of an experienced *gourmand*, the fattest and tenderest pullet of the flock. But the air is filled with passengers. Flocks of pigeons sweep by on their way to some distant feeding ground, and little squadrons of glittering parroquets dart with rapidity across the plain, towards the bank of a neighboring river.

In the spring of the year, when the whole country has been deluged with rain, if the traveller happen to find himself on the borders of a low flat prairie, he sees it covered with water, and having the appearance of a wide lake. If he is a stranger to such scenes, he halts in despair, and longs for a boat to ferry him over this waste of waters, which extends as far as his eye can reach. But he sees the grass everywhere rising above the surface, and the road winding over the highest ground, is here and there bare and visible to the eye, and he rides on, sometimes through water a few inches deep, and sometimes along ridges that rise above the surface. At a great distance, on either hand, his attention is attracted by a number of objects standing perfectly still in the water. He fancies they may be deer; but as he approaches nearer, their forms are seen to be tall and slender, and their color nearly white—they look like so many boys in white jackets—but they are too motionless for boys. On a nearer view he finds them to be large birds, and he now sees the sunbeams reflected from their broad glossy wings. They are cranes, standing on one leg, with the body upright, and the neck curled, watching silently through the clear water, to detect the first motion of any unlucky reptile which may stir in the mud.

I have been greatly interested in observing the habits of those solitary birds that prowl over the waters for a subsistence. They are shy and contemplative. They have no song, and few of them have any comeliness. Yet the swan is a perfect beauty, and exhibits herself to the best advantage amidst the most exquisite scenery of the wilderness. Along the wild shores of the secluded and quiet lake

> 'The swan, with arched neck
> Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
> Her state with oary feet;'

And the duck is a cheerful bird, sometimes elegantly dressed in all the finery of glossy feathers and brilliant hues—usually gathered together in gay companies—noisy, playful, vigilant, and ever in motion. But how different the sedentary bittern, who sits for hours perched on a bare limb, that hangs over the water, watching for his prey, in an awkward sullen posture, and when disturbed, lazily expands his wings, and flies off with such indifference as seems to imply that he scarce considers his life worth the effort that it costs to preserve it. And how different are both these from the stormy petrel, those mysterious birds of the ocean, who are supposed by sailors to live forever on the billow, finding no resting place for their feet, and hatching their eggs under their wings as they sit on the water. They are called the *devil's birds*, and *Mother Cary's chickens*, and have long been regarded by the superstitious, not only as the foreboding messenger of tempests and dangers to the hapless mariner, but as the wicked agents of Satan in creating them. They are seen over the whole Atlantic ocean, at every distance from land, and in all weathers; but are particularly numerous near vessels, immediately preceding a gale, when flocks of them crowd in her wake, and are more than usually active in picking up marine substances from the surface of the water.

'It is an interesting sight,' says Wilson, 'to observe these little birds in a gale, coursing over the waves, down the declivities, up the ascents of the foaming surf, that threatens to burst over their heads; sweeping along the hollow troughs of the sea, as in a sheltered valley, and again mounting with the rising billow, and, just above its surface occasionally dropping their feet, which, striking the water, throw them up again with additional force; sometimes leaping with both legs parallel, on the surface of the roughest waves, for several yards at a time. Meanwhile, they continue coursing from side to side of the ship's wake, making excursions far and wide, to the right and to the left, now a great way ahead, and now shooting astern for several hundred yards, returning again to the ship as if she were all the while stationary, though perhaps running at the rate of ten knots an hour! But the most singular peculiarity of this bird is its faculty of standing and even running on the surface of the water, which it performs with apparent facility. When any greasy matter is thrown overboard, these birds instantly collect around it, and facing to windward, with their long wings expanded, and their webbed feet patting the water, the lightness of their bodies, and the action of the wind on their wings, enable them to do this with ease. In calm weather, they perform the same manœuvre by keeping their wings just so much in action as to prevent their feet from sinking far below the surface. According to Buffon, it is from this singular habit that the whole genus have obtained the name of Petrel, from the apostle Peter, who as scripture informs us, also walked on the water.' Vol. iii. p. 259.

The solitude of the mountain top is not without its feathered inhabitant. There sits the bald eagle, the emblem of our country, perched in silent majesty on the highest peak, and gazing fearlessly into the deep abyss below. His fierce eye roams over a wide region. High above all other living creatures, he looks down upon the whole world of animated nature. He delights in those wild and savage retreats, whither the footstep of man

cannot pursue him, and where he reigns the undisputed tyrant of the surrounding waste. Sometimes he is seen whirling in graceful circles over the cataract, disappearing in the thick column of foam which is thrown upward by the violence of the waters, and again showing himself at another place, sailing with an unrivalled ease and elegance of motion.

> 'High o'er the watery uproar, silent seen,
> Sailing sedate, in majesty serene,
> Now midst the pillowed spray sublimely lost,
> And now emerging, down the rapids tost,
> Glides the bald eagle, gazing, calm and slow,
> O'er all the horrors of the scene below;
> Intent alone to sate himself with blood
> From the torn victims of the raging flood.'

The eagle attains great longevity. He is said to live one hundred years—a remarkable circumstance, says Wilson, 'when we consider the seeming intemperate habits of the bird.' He certainly lives *very high*, and moves in the most elevated *circles*. He dines on fish, venison, lamb, poultry, and the choicest wild fowl. But he does not fare sumptuously every day: sometimes the rivers are frozen, and the elegant sport of fishing becomes impracticable; the earth is covered with snow, and the young lambs, and pullets, and squirrels, are not allowed to go out—then he sits at home with all the composure and dignity of a gentleman in reduced circumstances—yet he lives out his century. What stores of experience he must gather in so long a life! How interesting would be the narrative of his adventures: 'The Biography of a Bald Eagle, dictated by himself.' Suppose the autobiographer to be the venerable proprietor of a nest that is seen in the topmost branches of a tall cedar that overhangs the falls of St. Anthony. A hundred years have rolled over him, and the bird has grown as grey as the foam of the cataract, amid the roar of whose turbulent waters he has spent his eventful life. The traditions of his family reach back to times whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. His father saw the first white man who visited the falls of St. Anthony, and his great-grandsire was dining with a friend on the Allegheny mountains, when the news arrived that the first European ship was seen hovering on the coast. He soared aloft over our armies during the whole period of the revolution, sharing the spoils of every victory gained by either party, and visiting his home only at distant intervals. He has seen his hunting grounds disturbed by the intrusion of the white men, who, within his memory, have crossed the Allegheny range, and spread themselves over the wide valley of the west. He is grieved at this—not on his own account, for his century is drawing to its

close—but on account of his numerous descendants; the amiable partner of his affections having regularly blessed him with two pledges of her love, in each year—in each and every of the nearly one hundred years, during which it had been her happiness to love, honor and obey, the regal tyrant of the cataract. What protracted and accumulated domestic bliss! what a numerous progeny have grown up from nestling infancy to mature birdhood, under the parental guardianship of this respectable pair! And what has become of this multitudinous offspring? How has the aristocratic nabob of the cataract, who keeps his state in the airy palace of his fathers, 'as easily as a king,' provided for the long list of younger sons and portionless daughters of the St. Anthony family? One of them perhaps is wedded to a famous depredator, whose eyrie is perched upon the topmost crag of the rocky mountains—another prunes his wing over the 'fratricide's grave,' on a lone islet, secluded far in the northwestern wilds of our continent, which the Indian avoids with superstitious horror; a fair daughter of the race was wooed and won by the bold proprietor of a blasted oak, that stands alone, upon a bald pinnacle of the Allegheny, and she may be at this very moment engaged, in devouring a delicate trout, fished from the clear cold waters of the Juniata, by her attentive spouse; one promising descendant, in the bloom of precocious youth, fell a victim to his own indiscreet curiosity, as he stooped from his eagle-flight, and poised himself in the air, to listen to the dying scream of a wretched man, who was hurled into the boiling eddies of the Niagara by his enraged companions, whose confidence he had betrayed; another betook himself to the marts of commerce, and is president of the bank of Newfoundland, where he riots, 'a chartered libertine,' upon the spoils of the great deep; while others have spread their pinions for foreign countries.

But enough. We could gossip for ever on so delightful a subject. It is time we should speak of the biographers of birds. On this point our country may boast; for no other birds in the world have been so well or so completely described as those of America. What a delightful writer is Wilson! So animated, so eloquent, yet so faithful. How accurate are all his delineations! yet he has none of the dulness which usually accompanies correctness of detail. He is perfectly true to his subject; but his nature is *animated* nature. There is taste in the selection and arrangement of his topics, feeling and poetry in his sentiments, and eloquence in his language. With what glowing enthusiasm does he pursue his subject through all its departments! How intently does he gaze upon the plumage; with

what patience does he watch for whole days the habits of a particular bird; how eagerly does he listen to the notes of a favorite songster! They are his acquaintances, his friends; there is a language in their songs which is as familiar to his ear, as his vernacular, and which conveys ideas to his mind, and awakens associations, as readily as his mother tongue. He was not satisfied with the pursuit of his subject by means of books. The great volume of nature, that book which never lies, and is never mistaken, was his only authority. He listened to the voice of nature, and imbibed knowledge at the fountain-head of truth. In the prosecution of his favorite study, he braved all the terrors of the western wilderness. Alone, in his little skiff, he embarked upon the waters of the Ohio, and floated silently along, intent to catch the sound of a voice foreign to his practised ear; alone, with his fowling-piece on his shoulder, did he traverse the forest, to study the habits of the feathered tribes in their own aboriginal retreats. And he had his reward: he enjoyed the society of his melodious favorites. This, to a mind constituted like that of Wilson, was sufficient. It was not the love of fame, nor any ulterior prospect—it was not the hope or promise of reward, that allured him from the quiet security of his fireside, and sustained him through the fatigues and dangers of his wanderings. He loved the study in which he engaged, and pursued it with a delight which amply repaid all his toils: his success was so much clear profit. He stands first among ornithologists—decidedly the first which our country has produced. The edition of his works before us, is a beautiful specimen of workmanship. The plates are well engraved, and beautifully colored; the paper, the typography, and the whole execution, such as was due to the fame of Wilson, and is an honorable evidence of the state of the arts in the United States.

The work of Nuttal is worthy of all praise. It is accurate, scientific, and well arranged. It cannot supersede Wilson, because it has none of the eloquence, the felicity of description, or poetic glow, of the great American ornithologist. It must be laid on the same shelf with its celebrated precursor, and be read with it, as a suitable and worthy companion. Nuttal's work is more brief and compact than that of Wilson, and will therefore have a wider circulation. Every student of natural science should possess both; nor should any gentleman who is ambitious of making a valuable collection of books, consider his library complete without both these admirable works.

What shall we say of Audubon, our distinguished fellow-citizen, of whom so much has been said? How shall we venture to dissent from that almost unanimous expression of public sen-

timent, which has set him up as a sort of 'greatest and best,' against whom to speak in dispraise, would be a species of treason? Yet it must be done, and it is our vocation to do it: the critic must not be silent when the interests of science require, and the honor of his country demands, that he should proclaim the truth; and the duty becomes the more imperious, when the periodical press has decided the case, after the manner described by the learned Roman:

> 'Una tantum parte audita
> Sæpe et nulla.'

Our brother editors have been too goodnatured, and have awarded a high meed of applause without inquiring into the real merits of the individual to whom it has been decreed. This may be pardoned in reference to books of light literature; but in treating of works of science, the critic should be just before he is generous. We apprehend, that the merit of Audubon consists entirely in his talents as a painter. In this department he is undoubtedly eminent. His birds are beautifully drawn and exquisitely colored; but even here his execution is not faultless; for the naturalist occasionally detects inaccuracies, which shake his faith in the fidelity of the artist.

But let us leave the pictures, and look into the volume of 'Ornithological Biography,' which accompanies them. Our first objection to this work is, that the largest portion of it is devoted to the biography of a biped, who is, in our opinion, improperly classed among American birds, and who has not the slightest claim to be included in any genus, species, or variety, of ornithology: we mean John James Audubon, F. R. SS. L. & E.; Fellow of the Linean Society of London, and of twelve other societies, which are named in the title page of his book. We should think that the honor of belonging to so many learned institutions might have satisfied any rational man, and have prevented him from aspiring to an honorary membership among the feathered tribes. But Mr. Audubon was not so easily satisfied, and has not only made himself the most conspicuous subject in this volume, by an autobiographical 'Introductory Address' to the *kind reader*, which occupies twenty pages, but has interspersed his work with a series of personal adventures, which have not the slightest relevancy to the history of any bird in creation, but himself. The exaggerations contained in these sketches are such as to weaken our confidence in the entire work. We shall point out a few of them.

The account of the death of 'Mason,' the outlaw, (whose name should have been spelled Meason) at p. 106, is altogether fab-

ulous. He was not killed by a regulating party, nor was his head stuck upon a tree, in the manner described.

The description of a 'booming flood' of the Mississippi, contains the following statement:

'There the overflow is astonishing; for no sooner has the water reached the upper part of the banks, than it rushes out and overspreads the whole of the neighboring swamps, presenting an ocean overgrown with stupendous forest trees. So sudden is the calamity, that every individual, whether man or beast, has to exert his utmost ingenuity to escape from the dreadful element.' p. 156.

The idea presented here is, that the river rises until it reaches the top of the bank, *then* precipitates itself, *suddenly*, over the neighboring country, so as to endanger life. The fact is, that the Mississippi rises slowly, and that it is not confined within its natural banks until it reaches their level; because those banks are intersected by numerous channels, made by tributary streams, or by rain, or by previous inundations, and the whole of the alluvial lands in that region are filled with lakes and swamps. While the river is rising, its waters are carried off by means of these natural channels, into the lakes, swamps, and low plains. These must first be filled and overflowed, before the flood extends to the cultivated lands, and so gradual is this process, that the rise, though steady, is almost imperceptible, and the danger spoken of wholly imaginary. There is no such thing as the river rising to the top of the bank, and then bursting over with overwhelming force—except when it breaks through a *levee*. But in this place, Mr. Audubon is speaking of the natural banks, and he afterwards speaks of *levees*. The whole account is overdrawn, and calculated to mislead.

Most readers have seen Mr. Audubon's account of a hurricane which he witnessed in Kentucky. We know something about that hurricane, and give him credit for having given a most graphic description. But then he is never satisfied with telling what he has seen, but invariably forfeits all claim to the reader's credence by some such embellishment as the following:

'I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and, again, four hundred miles farther off, in the state of Ohio. Lastly, I observed the traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the great pine forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles from the place last mentioned. p. 264.

How far this hurricane had travelled before it fell in with Mr. Audubon, we are not told, but it seems that its path was extended to a distance of eight hundred miles *after* it had passed him! What a long-winded hurricane! Now the truth about the hurricane that crossed the Ohio above Shawneetown, and is here described, is, that it did not extend more than twenty miles, and that its direction was not such as would have brought it to the state of Ohio.

'This region was probably discovered by a daring hunter, the renowned Daniel Boone.' p. 290.

He is speaking of Kentucky, which we all know was *not discovered* by Boone. That remarkable man was among the first explorers—he was the very first who explored the country extensively, but several others had visited Kentucky before him—therefore, it is *not probable* that he discovered it.

We say nothing of the squirrel-shooting which Mr. Audubon witnessed near Frankfort. 'The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boone.' p. 293. The author need hardly be reminded that colonel Boone emigrated from Kentucky to Missouri as early as 1797 or 98, which we should suppose to have been previous to Mr. Audubon's first visit to Kentucky. But on this subject we are in the dark, for it is a remarkable fact in relation to these sketches, that they are *wholly without date.* Mr. Audubon is quite communicative on other points—tells of his journeys, his residences, his family, his visiters, and not a few of his hair-breadth escapes—but not a word of the time when any of these marvellous events happened. He assumes the fact that the 'kind reader' is sufficiently interested in himself and his family to be entertained by the most minute personal adventures, but seems to imagine that the dates of these adventures are not material. He tells of a hurricane which extended more than eight hundred miles, yet forgets how important it would have been to have placed a date to it, so that those curious in such things, could have examined contemporaneous accounts of the same storm! The same remark will apply to a dreadful earthquake which he witnessed, and especially to two interviews with Boone, which must have taken place long after the old pioneer had moved away from Kentucky. He says of Boone:

'The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the western forests approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb;' &c. p. 503.

If Mr. Audubon describes birds, no better than he has sketched the pioneer, in these lines, it would be difficult to find the originals of those delineated by his pen and pencil. Boone's stature *did not* approach the gigantic; nor did his *muscular powers display* themselves in the manner pretended. He was under six feet high—probably not more than five feet ten inches—and of that round compact build, which makes little show. Though very active, he had the appearance of being rather slender, and did not seem so large as he really was. He would have been called a fair example of the *middle-sized* man.

This propensity for exaggeration is apparent throughout Mr. Audubon's book. However accurate his sketches may have

been originally, he has colored them so highly as to deprive them of all resemblance of truth, and no western man can read his descriptions without a smile of incredulity.

SOLITUDE.

And what is solitude? Is it the shade
Where nameless terrors brood—
The lonely dell, or haunted glade,
By gloomy phantasy arrayed?
This is not solitude.

For I have dared alone to tread,
In boyhood's truant mood,
Among the mansions of the dead
By night, when others all had fled—
Yet felt not solitude.

And I have travelled far and wide,
And dared by field and flood;
Have slept upon the mountain side,
Or slumbered on the ocean tide,
And known not solitude.

O'er prairies where the wild flowers bloom,
Or through the silent wood,
Where weeds o'ershade the traveller's tomb,
It oft has been my fate to roam—
Yet not in solitude.

For hope was mine, and friends sincere,
The kindred of my blood;
And I could think of objects dear,
And tender images would cheer
The gloom of solitude.

But when the friends of youth are gone,
And the strong ties of blood
And sympathy, are riven one by one,
The heart, bewildered and alone,
Desponds in solitude.

Though crowds may smile, and pleasures gleam,
To chase its gloomy mood,
To that lone heart the world doth seem,
An idle and a frightful dream
Of hopeless solitude.

Do any feel for it? They have the will
To do a seeming good:
But stranger's kindness hath no skill
To touch the deeply seated ill
Of the heart's solitude.

R. J.

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE AS A CLASSIC.

In advocating the study of the Bible as a classic, we would pointedly disclaim all fellowship with those individuals who, in opposition to the wisest and best men that ever adorned human nature, have declared their conviction that, if every vestige of the ancient classics were swept from the earth in one moment, the cause of literature would sustain no loss. Such fearless marauders would consign to the abyss of eternal oblivion some of the fairest works of art and the noblest monuments of taste and genius the world ever beheld. No. Go, we would say, and gather the fairest flowers which deck the brow of Pindus, or of Helicon; go drink of the fountain of Parnasus; but suffer us to invite you to come and view also the richer scenery of Lebanon and Carmel, and to taste of the purer waters of

> 'Siloa's brook that flows
> Fast by the oracles of God.'

To draw from history such lessons of practical wisdom as will prepare us to fill with honor and usefulness those stations to which we may be called in life; to train the mind to that habit of abstraction which enables it to pierce the veil that conceals truth; to refine and elevate the taste, and give wings to fancy by which it may rise to purer regions when sickened by polluting contact with the sordid passions of human nature; and above all, to arouse the soul to a vigorous conception of its high destiny, and stimulate it to actions correspondent with its dignity, are the primary objects of a liberal education. We propose to show that the diligent study of the Bible would be eminently conducive to these ends.

Not deeming the present a proper occasion for discussing its authority as a revelation from Heaven, we shall assume its truth as a postulate, and consider its merit by a comparison with those works of classic rank adopted generally in colleges.

First, then, *its history is of the most curious and important kind.* Stretching back to that period when, at the fiat of the Almighty, creation sprang into existence, it is our only authentic source of information concerning the origin and end of man, and the formation of this world, so diversified with its lakes and rivers and mountains, and so adorned with its various beauties—subjects which, to minds that reach beyond the narrow sphere in which they immediately act, are fraught with the richest interest; and which, too, have given birth to speculations the most ludicrous and absurd that can be imagined, when attempted to be explained by the unaided powers of the human intellect. Here we learn that man, in his present condition, is but the

faded and sullied picture of his beauteous original—and here, here alone, are our eyes directed to a state of existence higher and nobler than that from which we are fallen. True, little of the *natural* history of the Bible can be rendered subservient to the practical purposes of life, but it explains many phenomena, especially in geology, else inexplicable, and which to the naturalist are not devoid of interest. Much political knowledge, also, may be gleaned from the singularly eventful history of the Jews; and with this peculiar advantage: that whilst the secular historian is ever liable to draw false inferences and adopt unsound principles from the facts he himself narrates, the comments of the inspired writer are dictated by that omniscient mind which cannot err. Hence, no government has ever proved stable, unless based on the principles of the Bible.

Second. *In the discipline it offers the mind, it unites synthesis with analysis.* To study the doctrinal parts of the Bible with the closeness and accuracy they demand, and to mark those nice discriminations of thought upon which important principles often depend, will give to the mind versatility and acumen; whilst it will be invigorated and expanded by comparing passages mutually elucidating each other, and reconciling seeming differences, and by grasping its several parts as at one view, that it may be seen as one beautiful and harmonious and entire structure.

The mental exercise in studying the languages in which the scriptures are written, is not essentially different from that which is received from the study of the ancient languages. For in order to appreciate properly the beauties of the Bible, it should, of course, be read in the original; as, in the felicitous language of a modern essayist, 'there are rays of thought in every original writer, which a translator can no more gather up than he could chain the lightning or paint the roar of the ocean.' And it may here not improperly be remarked, that if that language which is coeval with time itself, and which was the chosen medium of communication between earth and heaven, possess any peculiar fascinations, it can be studied nowhere but in the Bible.

Third. In considering its poetry and eloquence, we would not detract from those masters of antiquity who have drawn upon them the eyes of an admiring world; but in respect to these points, it may be fearlessly asserted that the specimens in the Bible, of these departments of literature, will not suffer in comparison with the most illustrious works of uninspired genius. If the sweet notes of Virgil can entrance the soul, or if the bolder strains of Homer can call up the higher emotions of sub-

limity, we can refer, as the counterpart of the picture, to the Psalms of David, to the Song of Moses and Miriam, to Job, and to the Prophecy of Isaiah, as compositions, which, for refined and delicate language, and strength and beauty of conception, stand unrivalled in the literary world; compositions so pure, so elegant, so exquisitely simple and natural, that he must surrender all claim to correct taste and chastened imagination, who is not charmed with their sweet melody, and fixed with their glowing thoughts.

In comparing Paul with Cicero and Demosthenes, we may be exposed to the charge of partiality, or to the still more disparaging imputation of speaking with that dogmatic confidence which springs from ignorance rather than from a minute and thorough investigation and proper understanding of the subject. But we have reflected maturely, and are willing to abide the issue. A common and safe criterion by which to test the excellence of any oratorical effort, is to look at its effects, in connection with the circumstances in which it was made. Judging then by this rule, what is our decision? True, we see Cicero holding multitudes enchained by the magic power of his eloquence, in breathless admiration. But we must remember that he was the adored father of his country, the idol which they worshipped, to whom he spoke. True, we see Demosthenes, by the resistless fire of his genius, steeling the coward's heart 'gainst death and danger, and rousing his abject countrymen to deeds of high daring and renown. But it was by appealing to passions confessedly the strongest in human nature—to fear, pride, ambition, the thirst for glory, and the love of wealth. But see Paul, standing a defenceless prisoner, before the pomp and pageantry and gorgeous splendor of royalty. Hear his fitful peals of unearthly eloquence, like a voice from eternity, startling the monarch from his dreams of greatness to look at his own hideous apparition and tremble with unaffected terror! Whose eloquence was most powerful?

At such a time, and before such an audience, it may justly be deemed superfluous to advert to the superior purity of the principles of the Bible, or to show the happy effects on the morality of the nation, which would flow from its adoption as a classic in our colleges. We shall therefore touch this part of the subject but lightly. Justly do we admire the towering intellects of a Plato, and a Socrates, scaling the very heavens, and arriving at conclusions, from their reasoning, bearing a faint resemblance to the truth. Shall that book then, not find a place in our course of study, which unveils eternity to our view, and

brings up before us, so that we can see 'eye to eye' what they saw but as 'through a glass darkly.'

There is a constitutional tendency in man to assimilation. Like the chameleon, which assumes the hue of whatever is nearest it, our characters are wonderfully influenced by those objects which our eyes daily behold, and those men and authors with whom we are habitually conversant. Most true is that sentiment we have somewhere seen, 'that if men could properly conceive of the grandeur of their immortal destiny, they would all be noble and magnanimous.' How important then, that they should view that destiny in the vivid colors in which the Bible paints it! How important a part of education, to learn to contemplate the High and Holy One, the Infinite and Eternal Jehovah, the great 'I Am!' Such knowledge would be the death of all that is low and base and grovelling. Let the Bible be adopted as a classic throughout the colleges of our country, and popery and infidelity will make their graves together.

We would appeal to those who have charge of the fountains of science, and in the language of the prophet, say, 'go, cast this salt into the waters, that there may not henceforth be any more death.'

WESTERN SCENERY.

The traveller who visits our Valley for the first time, advancing from the east, to the Ohio river, and thence proceeding westward, is struck with the magnificence of the vegetation which clothes the whole surface. The vast extent and gloomy grandeur of the forest, the gigantic size and venerable antiquity of the trees, the rankness of the weeds, the luxuriance and variety of the under-brush, the long vines that climb to the tops of the tallest branches, the parasites that hang in clusters from the boughs, the brilliancy of the foliage, and the exuberance of the fruit, all show a land teeming with vegetable life. The forest is seen in its majesty; the pomp and pride of the wilderness is here. Here is nature unspoiled, and silence undisturbed. A few years ago, this impression was more striking than at present; for now, farms, villages, and even a few large towns, are scattered over this region, diversifying its landscapes, and breaking in upon the characteristic wildness of its scenery. Still there are wide tracts remaining in the state of nature, and

displaying all the savage luxuriance which first attracted the pioneer; and upon a general survey, its features present at this day, to one accustomed only to thickly peopled countries, the same freshness of beauty, and the same immensity, though rudeness of outline, which we have been accustomed to associate with the landscape of the West.

I know of nothing more splendid than a western forest. There is a grandeur in the immense size of the great trees—a richness in the coloring of the foliage, superior to any thing that is known in corresponding latitudes—a wildness and an unbroken stillness that attest the absence of man—above all, there is a vastness, a boundless extent, an uninterupted continuity of shade, which prevents the attention from being distracted, and allows the mind to fill itself, and the imagination to realize the actual presence, and true character, of that which had burst upon it like a vivid dream.

But when the traveller forsakes the valley of the Ohio, and advancing westward, ascends to the level of that great plain, which constitutes the general surface of this region, he finds himself in an open champaigne country—in a wilderness of meadows clad in grass, and destitute of trees. The transition is as sudden as it is complete. Behind him are the most gigantic productions of the forest—before him are the lowly, the verdant, the delicate, inhabitants of the lawn; behind him are gloom and chill, before him are sunlight and graceful beauty. He has passed the rocky cliff, where the den of the rattlesnake is concealed, the marshes that send up fœtid steams of desolating miasma, and the canebrake where the bear and the panther lurk; and has reached the pasture where the deer is feeding, and the prairie flower displays its diversified hues. He has seen the wilderness in all its savage pomp and gloomy grandeur, arrayed in the terrors of barbarian state; but now beholds it in its festal garb, reposing in peace, and surrounded by light, gayety, and beauty.

This distinction is not imaginary; no one can pass from one part of this region to another, without observing the natural antithesis of which we are speaking; and that mind would be defective in its perceptions of the sublime and beautiful, which did not feel, as well as see, the effect of this singular contrast. There is in the appearance of one of our primitive forests, a gloomy wildness, that throws a cast of solemnity over the feelings; a something in the wide-spread solitude, which suggests to the traveller that he is far from the habitations of man—alone, in the companionship of his own thoughts, and the presence of his God. But the prairie landscape awakens a differ-

ent train of thought. Here light predominates instead of shade, and a variety of hue instead of a wearisome exuberance and monotony of verdure; while the extent of the landscape allows the eye to roam abroad, and the imagination to expand, over an endless diversity of agreeable objects.

The same remarkable contrast is equally striking in the contour of the surface—in the difference between the broken and the level districts. If the traveller looks down from the western pinnacles of the Allegheny, he beholds a region beautifully diversified with hill and dale, and intersected with rapid streams. In western Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, he finds every variety of scenic beauty—the hill, the plain and the valley, the rocky cliff, the secluded dell, the clear fountain, and the rivulet dashing headlong over its bed of rock. The rivers have each their characteristic scenery. The Monongahela winding through a mountainous country, overhung with precipices, and shaded by heavy forests, with a current sufficiently gentle to be easily navigable to steamboats, has its peculiar features, which are instantly lost when the traveller has passed on to the bosom of the Ohio. The winding course, and picturesque scenery of the Ohio, between Pittsburgh and Wheeling, impress the beholder as strikingly wild and beautiful; below the latter place, the features of the landscape become softened, the hills recede farther from the river, are less lofty, and more rounded; and again, after passing Louisville, these elevations are seen less frequently, and gradually melt away, until the river becomes margined by low shores, and one continuous line of unbroken forest. But if we leave the gentle current of the Ohio, and ascend the Kentucky or the Cumberland, we again find rapid streams, overhung with precipices, and a country abounding in the diversities of a wild and picturesque scenery. Here may be seen the rapid current foaming and eddying over beds of rock, and the tall peake towering above in solitary grandeur. Here the curious traveller may penetrate the gloom of the cavern, may clamber over precipices, or refresh himself from the crystal fountain bursting from the bosom of the rock. But he will find every hill clad with timber, every valley teeming with vegetation; even the crevices of the limestone parapets giving sustenance to trees and bushes.

The scenery presented on the western shore of the Ohio is altogether different. The mountain, the rock, the precipice, and the limpid torrent are seen no more; and the traveller, as he wanders successively over Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and the vast wilderness lying beyond, is astonished at the immensity of

the great plain, the regularity of its surface, and the richness, the verdure, the beauty, of its wide-spread meadows.

It is perhaps not easy to account for the intense curiosity and surprise, which have been universally excited by the existence of these plains; for they have been found in various parts of the world. The steppes of Asia, the pampas of South America, and the deserts of Africa, are alike destitute of timber. But they have existed from different causes; and while one has been found too arid and sterile to give birth to vegetation, and another snow-clad and inhospitable, others exist in temperate climates and exhibit the most amazing fertility of soil. These facts show that there are various causes inimical to the growth of trees, and that the forest is not necessarily the spontaneous product of the earth, and its natural covering, wherever its surface is left uncultivated by the hand of man. The vegetable kingdom embraces an infinite variety of plants, 'from the cedar of Lebanon to the hysop that groweth on the wall;' and the plan of nature, in which there is no miscalculation, has provided that there shall be a necessary concatenation of circumstances—a proper adaptation of soil, climate, moisture—of natural and secondary causes, to produce and to protect each: just as she has assigned the wilderness to the Indian, the rich pasture to the grazing herd, and the Alps to the mountain goat.

I apprehend that the intense astonishment, with which the American pioneers first beheld a prairie, and which *we all* feel in gazing over these singularly beautiful plains, is the result of association. The adventurers who preceded us, from the champaigne districts of France, have left no record of any such surprise; on the contrary, they discovered in these flowery meadows something, that reminded them of home; and their sprightly imaginations at once suggested, that nothing was wanting but the vineyard, the peasant's cottage, and the stately chateau, to render the resemblance complete. But our immediate ancestors came from lands covered with wood, and in their minds the idea of a wilderness was indissolubly connected with that of a forest. They had settled in the woods upon the shores of the Atlantic; and there their ideas of a new country had been formed. As they proceeded to the west, they found the shadows of the heavy foliage deepening upon their path, and the luxuriant forest becoming at every step more stately and intense, deepening the impression, that as they receded from civilization, the woodland must continue to accumulate the gloom of its savage and silent grandeur around them—until suddenly the glories of the prairie burst upon their enraptured gaze, with its widely extended landscape, its verdure, its flow-

ers, its picturesque groves, and all its exquisite variety of mellow shade and sunny light.

Had our English ancestors, on the other hand, first settled upon the plains of Missouri and Illinois, and the tide of emigration was now setting towards the forests of Ohio and Kentucky, climbing the rocky barriers of the Allegheny ridge, and pouring itself down upon the wooded shores of the Atlantic, the question would not be asked, how the western plains became denuded of timber, but by what miracle of Providence, a vast region had been clothed, with so much regularity, with the most splendid and gigantic productions of nature, and preserved through whole centuries from the devastations of the frost and the fire, the hurricane and the flood. We have all remarked how simple and how rapid is the process of rearing the annual flower, or the more hardy varieties of grass, and with what ease a spot of ground may be covered with a carpet of verdure; and we know equally well how difficult it is to rear an orchard or a grove, and how numerous are the accidents which assail a tree. An expanse of natural meadow is not therefore so much an object of curiosity, as a continuous forest; the former coming rapidly to perfection, with but few enemies to assail it, the latter advancing slowly to maturity, surrounded by dangers. Hence there is, to my mind, no scene so imposing, none which awakens sensations of such admiration and solemnity, as the forest standing in its aboriginal integrity, and bearing the indisputable marks of antiquity—where we stand upon a soil composed of the vegetable mould, which can only have been produced by the undisturbed accumulation of ages, and behold around us the healthful and gigantic trees, whose immense shafts have been increasing in size for centuries, and which have stood during that whole time exposed to the lightning, the wind, and the frost, and to the depredations of the insect and the brute.

The scenery of the prairie country excites a different feeling. The novelty is striking, and never fails to cause an exclamation of surprise. The extent of the prospect is exhilarating. The outline of the landscape is sloping, and graceful. The verdure and the flowers are beautiful: and the absence of shade, and consequent appearance of a profusion of light, produces a gaiety which animates the beholder.

It is necessary to explain that these plains, although preserving a general level in respect to the whole country, are yet in themselves not *flat*, but exhibit a gracefully waving surface, swelling and sinking with an easy slope, and a full rounded outline, equally avoiding the unmeaning horizontal surface, and the

interruption of abrupt or angular elevations. It is that surface which, in the expressive language of the country, is called *rolling*, and which has been said to resemble the long heavy swell of the ocean, when its waves are subsiding to rest after the agitation of a storm.

It is to be remarked also, that the prairie is almost always elevated in the centre, so that in advancing into it from either side, you see before you only the plain, with its curved outline marked upon the sky, and forming the horizon, but on reaching the highest point, you look around upon the whole of the vast scene.

The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature—it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape, and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path,—and then again emerges into another prairie. Where the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while at another time, the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert.

If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering upon the dew-drops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the bee is on the wing; the wolf, with his tail drooped, is sneaking away to his covert with the felon tread of one who is conscious that he has disturbed the peace of nature; and the grouse feeding in flocks, or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface—the males strutting and erecting their plumage like the peacock, and uttering a long, loud, mournful note, something like the cooing of the dove, but resembling still more the sound produced by passing a rough finger boldly over the

surface of a tambourine. The number of these birds is astonishing. The plain is covered with them in every direction; and when they have been driven from the ground by a deep snow, I have seen thousands—or more properly tens of thousands—thickly clustered in the tops of the trees surrounding the prairie. They do not retire as the country becomes settled, but continue to lurk in the tall grass around the newly made farms; and I have sometimes seen them mingled with the domestic fowls, at a short distance from the farmer's door. They will eat, and even thrive when confined in a coop, and may undoubtedly be domesticated.

When the eye roves off from the green plain, to the groves, or points of timber, these also are found to be at this season robed in the most attractive hues. The rich undergrowth is in full bloom. The red-bud, the dog-wood, the crab-apple, the wild plumb, the cherry, the wild rose, are abundant in all the rich lands; and the grape vine, though its blossom is unseen, fills the air with fragrance. The variety of the wild fruit, and flowering shrubs, is so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms with which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled almost to satiety.

The gayety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of lonesomeness, which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveller in the wilderness. Though he may not see a house, nor a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations of men, he can scarcely divest himself of the idea that he is travelling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers, so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental, seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene. The groves and clumps of trees appear to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape, and it is not easy to avoid that decision of the fancy, which persuades the beholder, that such scenery has been created to gratify the refined taste of civilized man. Europeans are often reminded of the resemblance of this scenery to that of the extensive parks of noblemen, which they have been accustomed to admire, in the old world; the lawn, the avenue, the grove, the copse, which are there produced by art, are here prepared by nature; a splendid specimen of massy architecture, and the distant view of villages, are alone wanting to render the similitude complete.

In the summer, the prairie is covered with long coarse grass, which soon assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a ripe harvest. Those who have not a personal knowledge of the

subject, would be deceived by the accounts which are published of the height of the grass. It is seldom so tall as travellers have represented, nor does it attain its highest growth in the richest soil. In the low, wet prairies, where the substratum of clay lies near the surface, the centre or main stem of this grass, which bears the seed, acquires great thickness, and shoots up to the height of eight or nine feet, throwing out a few long coarse leaves or blades, and the traveller often finds it higher than his head as he rides through it on horseback. The plants, although numerous and standing close together, appear to grow singly and unconnected, the whole force of the vegetative power expanding itself upward. But in the rich undulating prairies, the grass is finer, with less of stalk, and a greater profusion of leaves. The roots spread and interweave so as to form a compact even sod, and the blades expand into a close thick sward, which is seldom more than eighteen inches high, and often less, until late in the season when the seed-bearing stem shoots up.

The first coat of grass is mingled with small flowers; the violet, the bloom of the strawberry, and others of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in size, these disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their brilliant colors upon the green surface, and still later a larger and coarser succession rises with the rising tide of verdure. A fanciful writer asserts that the prevalent color of the prairie flowers is, in the spring a bluish purple, in midsummer red, and in the autumn yellow. This is one of the *notions* that people get, who study nature by the fireside. The truth is, that the whole of the surface of these beautiful plains, is clad throughout the season of verdure, with every imaginable variety of color, 'from grave to gay.' It is impossible to conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, or to detect any predominating tint, except the green, which forms the beautiful ground, and relieves the exquisite brilliancy of all the others. The only changes of color observed at the different seasons, arise from the circumstance, that in the spring the flowers are small and the colors delicate; as the heat becomes more ardent a hardier race appears, the flowers attain a greater size, and the hue deepens; and still later a succession of coarser plants rise above the tall grass, throwing out larger and gaudier flowers. As the season advances from spring to midsummer, the individual flower becomes less beautiful when closely inspected, but the landscape, is far more variegated, rich, and glowing.

In the winter, the prairies present a gloomy and desolate scene. The fire has passed over them, and consumed every vegetable substance, leaving the soil bare, and the surface per-

fectly black. That gracefully waving outline, which was so attractive to the eye when clad in green, is now disrobed of all its ornaments; its fragrance, its notes of joy, and the graces of its landscape have all vanished, and the bosom of the cold earth, scorched and discolored, is alone visible. The wind sighs mournfully over the black plain; but there is no object to be moved by its influence—not a tree to wave its long arms in the blast, nor a reed to bend its fragile stem—not a leaf, nor even a blade of grass to tremble in the breeze. There is nothing to be seen but the cold dead earth and the bare mound, which move not—and the traveller with a singular sensation, almost of awe, feels the blast rushing over him, while not an object visible to the eye, is seen to stir. Accustomed as the mind is to associate with the action of the wind its operation upon surrounding objects, and to see nature bowing and trembling, and the fragments of matter mounting upon the wind, as the storm passes, there is a novel effect produced on the mind of one who feels the current of air rolling heavily over him, while nothing moves around.

AUNT MARY.

Since sketching character is the mode, I too, take up my pencil—not to make you laugh, though peradventure it may be—to get you to sleep.

I am now a tolerably old gentleman—an old bachelor, moreover—and what is more to the point, an unpretending and sober-minded one. Lest, however, any of the ladies should take exceptions against me in the very outset, I will merely remark, *en passant*, that a man can sometimes become an old bachelor, because he has too much *heart*, as well as too little.

Years ago—before any of my readers were born—I was a little good-for-naught of a boy, of precisely that unlucky kind who are always in every body's way, and always in mischief. I had, to watch over my uprearing, a father and mother, and a whole army of older brothers and sisters. My relations bore a very great resemblance to other human beings—neither good angels, nor the opposite class; but as mathematicians say, '*in the mean proportion.*'

As I have before insinuated, I was a sort of family scapegrace among them—and one on whose head all the domestic

trespasses were regularly visited, either by real actual desert, or by imputation.

For this order of things, there was, I confess, a very solid and serious foundation, in the constitution of *my* mind. Whether I was born under some cross-eyed planet, or whether I was fairy-smitten in my cradle, certain it is that I was, from the dawn of existence, a sort of 'Murad, the Unlucky'—an out-of-time, out-of-place, out-of-form, sort of a boy, with whom nothing prospered.

Who always left open doors in cold weather? it was Henry. Who was sure to upset his coffee-cup at breakfast, or to knock over his tumbler at dinner? or to prostrate saltcellar, pepper-box, and mustard-pot, if he only happened to move his arm? why, Henry! Who was plate-breaker general for the family? it was Henry. Who tangled mamma's silks and cottons, and tore up the last newspaper for papa, or threw down old Phœbe's clotheshorse with all her clean ironing thereupon? why Henry!

Now all this was no 'malice prepense' in me—for I solemnly believe that I was the best-natured boy in the world; but something was the matter with the attraction of cohesion, or the attraction of gravitation—with the general dispensation of matter around me, that let me do what I would, things would fall down, and break, or be torn and damaged, if I only came near them; and my unluckiness, seemed in exact proportion to my carefulness, in any matter.

If any body in the room with me had a headache, or any manner of nervous irritability, which made it particularly necessary for others to be quiet, and if I was in an especial desire unto the same, I was sure, while stepping around on tiptoe, to fall headlong over a chair—which would give an introductory push to the shovel—which would fall upon the tongs—which would animate the poker—and all together would set in action two or three sticks of wood, *and down they* would all come with just that hearty, sociable sort 'a racket, which showed that they were disposed to make as much of the opportunity as possible.

In the same manner, every thing that came into my hand or was at all connected with me, was sure to lose by it. If I rejoiced in a clean apron in the morning, I was sure to make a full-length prostration thereupon on my way to school, and come home nothing better, but rather worse. If I was sent on an errand, I was sure either to lose my money in going, or my purchases in returning; and on these occasions my mother would often comfort me with the reflection, that it was well that my ears were fastened to my head, or I should lose them too. Of

course, I was a fair mark for the exhortatory powers not only of my parents, but of all my aunts, uncles, and cousins, to the third and fourth generation; who ceased not to reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine.

All this would have been very well, if nature had not gifted me with a very unnecessary and uncomfortable capacity of *feeling;* which, like a refined ear for music, is undesirable; because in this world, one meets with discord ninety-nine times where it meets with harmony once. Much, therefore, as I furnished occasion to be scolded at, I never became *used* to scolding, so that I was just as much galled by it the *forty*-first time, as the first. There was no such thing as philosophy in me —I had just that unreasonable heart which is not conformed unto the nature of things; neither indeed *can* be. I was timid, and shrinking, and proud—I was nothing to any one around me, but an awkward unlucky boy—nothing to my parents, but one of half a dozen children, whose faces were to be washed, and stockings mended, on Saturday afternoon. If I was very sick, I had medicine and the doctor—if I was a little sick, I was exhorted unto patience; and if I was sick at heart, I was left to prescribe for myself.

Now all this was very well—what should a child need but meat and drink and room to play, and a school to teach him reading and writing, and somebody to take care of him when sick?—certainly, nothing.

But the feelings of grown-up children exist in the mind of little ones oftener than is supposed; and I had even at this early day, the same keen sense of all that touched the heart wrong —the same longing for something which should touch it aright —the same discontent, with latent, matter-of-course affection, and the same craving for sympathy, which has been the unprofitable fashion of this world in all ages. And no human being, possessing such constitutionals, has a better chance of being made unhappy by them than the backward, uninteresting, wrong-doing child. We can all sympathize, to some extent, with *men* and *women;* but how few can go back to the sympathies of childhood—can understand the desolate insignificance of not being one of the *grown-up* people—of being sent to bed, to be *out of the way* in the evening, and to school, to be out of the way in the morning—of manifold similar grievances and distresses, which the child has no elocution to set forth, and the grown person no imagination to conceive?

When I was seven years old, I was told one morning, with considerable domestic acclamation, that aunt Mary was coming to make us a visit; and so, when the carriage that brought her

stopped at our door, I pulled off my dirty apron and ran in among the crowd of brothers and sisters to see what was coming. I shall not describe her first appearance, for as I think of her, I begin to grow somewhat sentimental, in spite of my spectacles, and might perhaps talk a little nonsense.

Perhaps every man, whether married or unmarried, who has lived to the age of fifty, or thereabouts, has seen some woman, who in his mind is *the* woman in distinction from all others. She may not have been a relative; she may not have been a wife; she may simply have shone on him from afar; she may be remembered in the distance of years as a star that is set, as music that is hushed, as beauty and loveliness faded forever; but *remembered* she is with interest, with fervor, with enthusiasm; with *all* that heart can feel, and *more* than words can tell.

To me there has been but *one* such, and that is she whom I describe. Was she beautiful, you ask? 'I also will ask you one question:' If an angel from heaven should dwell in human form and animate *any* human face, would not that face be *lovely?* It might not be *beautiful*, but would it not be *lovely?* She was not beautiful, except after this fashion.

How well I remember her as she used sometimes to sit thinking, with her head resting on her hand—her face mild and placid, with a quiet October sunshine in her blue eyes, and an ever present smile over her whole countenance. I remember the sudden sweetness of look when any one spoke to her—the prompt attention, the quick comprehension of things before you uttered them—the obliging readiness to leave whatever she was doing, for you.

To those who mistake occasional pensiveness for melancholy, it might seem strange to say that my aunt Mary was *always* happy. Yet she was so. Her spirits never rose to buoyancy, and never sunk to despondency. I know that it is an article in the *sentimental* confession of faith, that such a character cannot be interesting. For this impression there is some ground. The placidity of a medium common-place mind *is* uninteresting; but the placidity of a *strong* and *well-governed* one borders on the sublime. Mutability of emotion characterizes inferior orders of being; but he who combines all interest, all excitement, all perfection, is '*the same* yesterday, to-day and for ever.' And if there be any thing sublime in the idea of an almighty mind, in perfect peace itself, and therefore at leisure to bestow all its energies on the wants of others, there is at least a *reflection* of the same sublimity in the character of that human being, who has so quieted and governed the world within, that nothing is left to absorb sympathy, or distract attention from those around.

Such a woman was my aunt Mary. Her placidity was not so much the result of temperament as of *choice.* She had every susceptibility of suffering incident to the noblest and most delicate construction of mind; but they had been so directed, that instead of concentrating thought on *self*, they had prepared her to understand and feel for others.

She was, beyond all things else, a sympathetic person, and her character, like the green in a landscape, was less remarkable for what it was in itself, than for its perfect and beautiful harmony with all the coloring and shading around it.

Other women have been talented, others have been good—but no woman that ever I knew possessed goodness and talent in union with such an intuitive perception of feelings, and such a faculty of instantaneous adaptation to them. The most troublesome thing in this world is to be condemned to the society of a person who can never understand any thing you say without you say *the whole* of it, making your commas and periods as you go along—and the most desirable thing in the world is to live with a person who saves you all the trouble of talking, by knowing just what you mean to say before you begin.

Something of this kind of talent I began to feel, to my great relief, when aunt Mary came into the family. I remember the very first evening, as she sat by the hearth surrounded by all the family, her eye glanced on me with an expression that let me know she *saw* me, and when the clock struck eight, and my mother proclaimed that it was my bedtime, my countenance fell as I moved sorrowfully from the back of her rocking-chair, and thought how many beautiful stories aunt Mary would tell after I was gone to bed. She turned towards me with such a look of real understanding, such an evident insight into the case, that I went into banishment with a lighter heart than ever I did before. How very contrary is the obstinate estimate of the heart, to the rational estimate of worldly wisdom. Are there not some who can remember when one word, one look, or even the *withholding* of a word, has drawn their heart more to a person than all the substantial favors in the world? By ordinary acceptation, *substantial* kindness respects the necessaries of animal existence; while those wants which are peculiar to mind, and will exist with it forever, by equally correct classification, are designated as *sentimental* ones, the supply of which, though it *will* excite more gratitude in *fact*, ought not to in theory. Before aunt Mary had lived with us a month, I loved her beyond any body in the world, and a utilitarian would have been amused in cyphering out the amount of favors which produced this result. It was a look, a word, a smile—it was that she

seemed pleased with my new kite—that she rejoiced with me when I learned to spin a top—that she alone seemed to estimate my proficiency in playing ball, and marbles—that she never looked at all vexed when I upset her work-box upon the floor—that she received all my awkward gallantry and *maladroit* helpfulness, as if it had been in the best taste in the world—that when she was sick, she insisted on letting me wait on her, though I made my customary havoc among the pitchers and tumblers of her room, and displayed, through my zeal to please, a more than ordinary share of insufficiency for the station. She also was the only person that I ever *conversed* with, and I used to wonder how any body that could talk all about matters and things with the grown-up persons, could talk so sensibly about marbles, and hoops, and skates, and all sorts of little-boy matters; and I will say, by-the-by, that the same sort of speculation has often occurred to the minds of older people in connection with her. She knew the value of varied information in making a woman, not a pedant, but a sympathetic, companionable being, and such she was to almost every class of mind.

She had, too, the faculty of drawing others up to her level in conversation, so that I would often find myself going on in most profound style, while talking with her, and would wonder when I was through, whether I really was a little boy still.

When she had enlightened us many months, the time came for her to take leave, and she besought my mother to give me to her for company. All the family wondered what she could find to like in Henry; but if she *did* like me, it was no matter, and so was the case disposed of.

From that time I *lived* with her—and there are some persons who can make the word *live* signify much more than it commonly does—and she wrought on my character all those miracles which benevolent genius can work. She quieted my heart, directed my feelings, unfolded my mind, and educated me, not harshly or by force, but as the blessed sunshine educates the flower, into full and perfect life; and when all that was mortal of her *died*, to this world, her words and deeds of unutterable love, shed a twilight around her memory that will fade only in the brightness of heaven. H. E. B.

TO T——.

Oh, there are many to be loved,
Few to be loved as thou,
Few to be thought of when away,
As thou art thought of now.

Goodness, though *good* where'er it be,
Oft wants a nameless *grace*,
That while the mind is calmly pleased,
The heart retains no trace.

And some there are, against our will
Loved, while we disapprove,
Reason looks grave—the heart, ashamed,
Scarce dares to own its love.

But thou, with all which coldest sense
Or reason could implore,
With all thy well-tried *worth* of mind,
Hast round thee something *more*.

A 'something more'—perhaps no words
That 'something' can express;
But yet, who has not *felt* the power
Of 'something *more*'—or less.

That lingering softness which some leave
Like twilight round the heart;
Which makes their name a charm to us
Long after they depart.

Those to whose thought such sacredness,
Such holy power is given,
The love we feel for them on earth
Is like the love of heaven.

God bless thee, gentle, heavenly friend;
And when life's storms shall cease,
May'st thou, a precious pearl, be cast
On the bright shores of peace. G. E. M.

Cincinnati, April 27.

A FEW DAYS IN ENGLAND.

It is not, Mr. Editor, because I know your strong attachment to the English people, and your unprejudiced manner of looking at them and their works—it is not for this reason that I offer you this, my first sketch of England; but because I have never seen the peculiarities which most strongly strike an American upon his first visit to his mother, father, or grandfather land—as you please to call it—fairly set down, as our wonderful ways

have been, time and again, by the Messieurs John Bull; and I think they should be.

There are a thousand little things which come across a man in England as very odd, if he knows but little of English ways of thinking and acting; and such of these as were crooked enough to hang on to the loops and corners of my brain, and still remain there, I will, with your aid, friend Editor, proclaim for the good of my brethren.

We have just come, as you will perceive, sir, by standing on this hen-coop, within eye-shot of Liverpool. The Welch mountains which have been seen all the morning, like giant ghosts, here to our right, are now no more; while in place of the light green waves that have been laughing and dancing on our left, behold the hills of Lancashire, each crowned with its wind-mill. The crowd of little sloops, luggers, and nondescripts that we were dashing through an hour since, are now far astern; but here we are amid another bevy of them, and while our crew are preparing to drop anchor, let us see if there is not something in the cut and rig of these small craft, that shows them of a very different parentage from our clean, taper, ship-shape, yankee and Baltimore coasters. There is, you think? Yes, indeed, there is. Look at their hulls, round, fat and Dutch-like; reminding one of the vessel in which the three wise men of Gotham set sail; and their bows, how different from the fishlike shear of a Chesapeake schooner, which has so much of the 'go-ahead' in its make, that, had not the experiment been tried, we could almost think it would sail without wind, tide, or any other prime mover, through mere inclination; their masts, too, heavy and cumbersome, what are they fit for, you would ask, unless to sink the craft? Look at the sails, my friend, and you will see the wings of this strange water fowl are not of the spotless canvass that whitens the bays and harbors of America; they are square and clumsy; and many of them painted red, blue, and green; and others that are not painted, black with coal smoke. While the breeze fills our sails without difficulty, it has evidently a hard task to shake the creases out of these tarpaulings around us. Sleepy and slow, these creatures creep about the coast of England, as their predecessors did, in ages gone by; they and their masters alike wanting some of the yankee sharpness and enterprise that called forth, sixty years since, the encomiums of Edmund Burke. This is the first peculiarity we have met with, and remember, it is in our favor.

But turn now and take a look at another river craft, with the species of which you are well acquainted, but of which this is to you a new variety. Should you know that as a steamboat?

Scarcely, I think: it bears but little resemblance to the broad, bulky, dashing patrollers of the Hudson and Ohio. It is black, you see, as if it were a floating shop of Vulcan; and there is a vast deal of iron about it; and its long, thin hull cuts through the water, you scarce know why, for there is no machinery in sight; no lever-beams nor fly-wheels, and being low-pressure, you have not the eternal puffing of the boats of the West. But you would ask me if she is very fast? no; ten miles an hour, perhaps; more than that, or twelve, at the outside, an Englishman can hardly dream of. A very intelligent sea-captain of this very port once demonstrated to me, as he thought, the impossibility of a steamer's exceeding twelve miles an hour. What will they say when our Burdens, and ultra-Burdens, our twenty, twenty-five, and thirty miles reach them. Here again the yankees take the lead. But why build their boats in this way? they are ugly and incommodious. Every thing in its place, my friend; these boats are built to cross to Ireland, and in the Irish channel, there runs occasionally a worse sea than is ever kicked up in the open ocean. Now, had these boats the breadth of ours, and their immense superstructure of cabin, they would be knocked to pieces like a bit of this foam that is floating by us; therefore they build them to stand heavy seas. As to the iron chains that are so numerous, they are needful to prevent the chimneys from going by the board, in the rolling and pitching of a trip to Dublin. The machinery is of thehorizontal kind, such as is used in the West, and is packed away down at the bottom of the boat, to keep it out of the way of harm, and to save ballast—a good deal of which would be needed, were the machinery above water. As to the color, that is not of much importance to the Irelanders, and the coal smoke would soon spoil their bright colors, if they used such. Thus, you see, the boat is for its place, well-built, and well-arranged; and what is a great virtue in my eyes, it is safe: you may get on board, and eat, sleep, and be sea-sick, in a comfortable and gentlemanly manner, without thinking, every time your neighbor blows his nose, that you are going up into the moon astride a red hot boiler. And here is an advantage on the side of the English; here is one case in which American sagacity has overleaped itself, and fallen on the other side.

But look, they are coming round, as though they intended to come alongside. And so they do; the port officers are on board of her, and are after our mail bags. I trust you have put all your letters into the bag, for you know there is a very heavy fine upon all that attempt to impose upon the department, and cheat them of postage; and though a bribe might perhaps carry

you safe through, the experiment is hazardous, and I would advise you not to try it. But let us, while they are arranging these things, step below and take a cut of that cold turkey we had for dinner, and put up what articles we want to take ashore to-night, for most of our baggage must remain on board to be tumbled over to-morrow by the customhouse officers; and by the time we are ready, the boat will be ready to land us.

And now, that we are alone, let me give you a word of advice, as respects these same tide-waiters, the custom-men. Treat them civilly, but haughtily. If you kick them, or seem fairly to despise them, they have you much in their power, and will make you smart, if they can. And still, you must be distant, or the rascals will wheedle you still more into their clutches. But if you go to them as to inferiors, and give them the customary gratuity, they can save you much trouble. But you must give them money; smiles and politeness won't do; they have wrinkled their own cheeks too often for brass farthings, to place much value on the creases that others can make. And here, my friend, you have the first specimen of a system of which in America we know, I am happy and proud to say, scarce any thing—that of forced gratuities. You cannot do any thing in this island without you pay for it; you cannot have any thing done unless you pay twice for it, first the price and then the gratuity. It is a system of beggary or swindling, I care not which you call it, that is disgraceful to such a nation as the English; and upon an American it comes particularly hard, for we know not when to give, nor how much, and the trouble and fuss of the custom is even worse than the imposition of it.

The last time I was here, I was ignorant of the extent to which the thing was carried; and though the customhouse sentinel looked wistfully at me when I paid the steward his fee, (for that you have got to do too, though the ship is American,) yet I never dreamt that he considered me bound to him. I had cause the next day to repent my ignorance, for I found in the morning all my things had been sent off to the customhouse, while a fellow-passenger who was wiser than I, had been permitted to send off one particular portmanteau to our inn, unquestioned. I went to the customhouse, and there had the pleasure of seeing all my clothes and property turned out on to a dirty floor, amid a crowd of Irish porters and draymen, any one of whom might have helped himself *ad libitum*. Having thus displayed my chattels, they proceeded to take out all my books, a cannister of powder, a pair of pistols, and some other articles which they thought fit, and despite all my protestations

and assurances that they were for use and not sale; they could not think of such a thing, and weighing them very kindly for me, demanded duties to the amount of something like twenty dollars, I think, beside a handsome fee for themselves and their draymen. In the course of this examination, I discovered that a carpet-bag containing some especially taxable articles was not there, and as soon as I could repack my disconcerted moveables, I started for the ship again. There was my missing property, and having by this time discovered the potency of shillings, I very coolly called upon the officer, and observing that I was a stranger and ignorant of the customs of England, dropped a crown into his conscious hand, and suggested that perhaps my carpet-bag might as well go direct to the inn, as my other apparel had passed the ordeal. The young man lifted the article in question, stroked his chin, observed he presumed the bag contained dirty linen—to which piece of presumption I made no reply—and calling to John, told him to take the gentleman's baggage to the Star and Garter; so that by paying a crown, I saved ten; nor did I cheat the King either, for such articles were never meant to be taxed. But I think they must be nearly ready to put us on *terra firma*, so let us once more go on deck.

And here is Liverpool; the great seat of Anglo-American commerce: here she is with her steeples, towers, warehouses, and docks, all in full view. Yonder you see the cupola of the exchange, which is one of the finest in the world; and here directly before us are the seven-story stores of which I told you, and which would seemingly hold all the wealth of the Indies; and the magnificent series of docks, stretching for a mile or more along the river, and if we count those that are now building, covering nearly one hundred and seventy acres, if I mistake not. These docks are of very simple construction: when the tide is up, the gates are unclosed and the communication open, and vessels pass out and in; as the tide falls, the water within pressing outward closes the gates, and while the flats below are bare, the shipping is afloat. Among them are some dry-docks for repairing vessels. In these the gates are reversed; they open outward, so that the water may all run out, but can't come again unless it be desirable, in which case, when the tide rises the gates are fastened open. But, come, the captain beckons us to the boat, and in two minutes you will have the pleasure of stepping upon the soil of Old England.

There, now, how do you feel? Here we are, safe on shore: in the land of our fathers: does it not excite, and elevate, and inspire you? This is the soil of Newton, Milton, Byron,

Lock, Bacon—ah! that makes your Kentucky mouth water. Bacon! should you not like now, of all things, a fine ham with a smart chance of corn cakes? I know you would; and though we may not be able to find hoe-cake here, depend upon it, we'll not go to bed hungry; no, nor be taken in as I was once, in this same city. I had arrived, hungry as a man first from sea-sickness usually is, and when my companion proposed a welch-rabbit, though I thought *one*, a small allowance, unless they were larger than American rabbits, yet I was willing to try anything, in the meantime, and therefore offered no objection. The table was set, the cloth laid, the coffee poured out, and a few thin slices of toasted bread and cheese placed before us; these were very good, but I still felt an inward itching for the rabbit, and expected every time the door opened, to see the delightful creature come in; but my patience was tried severely. I drank three cups of coffee, eat up every crust and crumb of bread, and I suspect began to cast such glances at my friend, across the table, as led him to think I intended to top off by eating him; for after much hesitation he inquired, if I thought I could safely eat another? Another what? said I. Another rabbit, to-be-sure. I thought the man was mocking me, and was upon the point of bursting out upon him, when the truth came to me, that my welch-rabbit was mere bread and cheese. And though a sickness came over me, arising, as David Crockett says, from the state 'of the tender parts produced by disappointed' hunger, yet I rang the bell, and desired the waiter to bring me some cold meat; he brought a fine round of beef, and then I was perfectly happy.

But, come, we must not stand here amid this crowd of draymen, coachmen, sailors, and pickpockets, or we shall have nothing but our shirts left on us, in an hour or two. Liverpool is a great place for street robberies. It was in 1831, and may be now, dangerous to walk out after dark, not only on account of the crowds of rioters and rowers one meets, and the consequent danger of getting into a scuffle, but also because you may be, perchance, knocked down, without the previous ceremony of a challenge or an insult, and be stripped of all valuables in a wonderful little time. Indeed, Liverpool is a very immoral place, in all respects. There are a vast many jack-tars here, whom, as you may have heard, are somewhat loose in their notions; and a great number of young clerks, also, and among them I presume there is as much wickedness as in any city in the island; I mean for its population, of course. But, come, I say again, let us to the inn; and as we pass along, perhaps one or two things may come up worth observation.

Ah! I think you see something already, in that group of children. What is it—their rosy cheeks? You will find them all such; boys and girls; fine, round, rosy-cheeked urchins, full to the brim of health, and strength, and happiness. See how they whip their tops about, despite the passing crowd; and that too is a peculiarity, for the game is seldom played in America. Here, at least in early spring, you find them all at it; with their satchel over one shoulder, and perhaps a large piece of bread and butter in their left hand, you find them whipping along to school, winding in and out through the crowd, in a way that is truly wonderful; or at evening you will find them gathered, as now, half a dozen round a door-step whipping their tops at each other for a fight, or guiding them in circles, or running races. But here is another odd sight to you; on the top of this garden wall in the place of pickets or nails, you see the owner has arrayed an infinity of broken bottles, well set in mortar; this kind of defence is very common here, so much so, that a somewhat simple acquaintance once said to me, he thought there must be a manufacture of broken glass bottles in Liverpool. Here again is something entirely anti-American, a soldier and a sentinel-box at the side of the street: you find them here through all the city, marching their regular round. But I think we are at our port of destination, the Star and Garter Inn, is it not? Well, knock, and we shall be welcomed; it is not an open bar-room here, as with us: but here comes the waiter, and now we are fairly housed. N. S.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to find that our list of correspondents is increasing, and that we can promise our readers, something in the ensuing numbers from the pens of our friends.

We have received the note of our correspondent A. who is assured that the idea suggested by 'a friend,' never occurred to us. The motives of the writer, if we are not mistaken as to the source to which we are indebted for that article, and another more recently received, are above the suspicion of any other motive than the one avowed.

A lady has sent us a nosegay of flowers—and a very pretty one. We prize such favors too highly to conceal them. The 'Flowers' came too late to be displayed on this occasion. On the first of August they shall make their appearance.

Our friend B. has our thanks for an article on Finance, which we will throw into circulation in August.

We have received an excellent article on the American Periodical Press, which is too long for insertion in this number. It will appear in the next.

'The Orphan,' a tale, has been received, and the postage paid. The author can have it back for half what it cost us; and he could no doubt gratify his laudable desire to appear in print, by offering it to some of those *weakly* periodicals, which, by their extensive larcenies from our pages, seem to be in absolute want of original matter. We have always on hand some surplus manuscript which we would cheerfully make over to our indigent brethren, but we must respectfully request them to desist from the practice of plundering our table to spread their own. It is unfair, and uncourteous, that while a number of the Magazine is in the process of circulation, its best articles should be culled out and given to the public through other sources. We hope we shall not be obliged to be more explicit.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE WRITINGS OF CALEB ATWATER. Columbus. Published by the author. 1833.

THE first subject that we shall place on our dissecting table, for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, on the presen occasion, shall be Caleb Atwater, a gentleman who has been writing so long, that it would seem ungracious to withhold from him the notice which he so richly merits. He appears now as the author of a book, to which he has affixed several titles; that on the back, is 'Western Antiquities'—within the cover is the one which we have placed at the head of this article—and a little further on is another; from all which, it may be inferred, that this remarkably comprehensive volume, treats of a miscellaneous assortment of subjects in general, and not of anything in particular, and that the author has kindly furnished several titles, in order that each reader may choose the one which pleases him best. We have chosen that which promises least, and by which the reader will be least likely to be misled. Thus premising, we shall proceed to place our subject on the table. Having no acquaintance with him, we know not whether he is in the habit of wincing under the knife of the operator. We should hope not; at all events, there is not the slightest cause for alarm. The operation is soon over. It takes but a few minutes to cut up a common sized author; and if he will lie still, shut his eyes, and stop his ears, he will never know what hurt him. We shall proceed, therefore, with due tenderness, and with all the expertness which we possess; promising to cut no deeper than may be necessary, and to lay the pith and marrow of the matter before the reader, with all convenient despatch.

The first one hundred and sixty-four pages of this book is occupied with a dissertation on 'Western Antiquities,' made up as we are informed in the preface, of a series of essays, formerly communicated to the 'American Antiquarian Society,' whose archives are kept, if we mistake not, at Worcester, Massachusetts. The wise men of the East, were wonderfully pleased with the profundity of these researches into Indian lore, and published them in the first volume of their proceedings, in 1820. Their value may now be more properly appreciated, from the author's own account of them. He says, that 'those antiquities, which, in the strict sense of the term, belong to the North American Indians, are neither numerous nor very interesting.' These of course require no comment. There is another class of antiquities, which he assumes to have belonged to a race of people, who existed in this country, antecedently to our Indians, and which he pronounces to be very interesting, because, among other reasons, of 'the total absence of all historical records, and even traditionary accounts respecting them.' The first proposition assumed by the author, and some other theorists, and which supposes the existence of a race of people different from our Indians, and who lived in this country anterior to them, is not only unsupported by proof, but is destitute of the slightest shadow of probability. The entire annihilation of a whole race so numerous, and so highly civilized, as that in question is alleged to have been, the destruction of all their arts, and the obliteration of every tradition respecting them, would present a phenomenon so different from any thing which has ever been witnessed, and so extravagantly improbable, that we cannot for

a moment yield it our credence. Not a trace of such a people remains, except it be found in the class of antiquities, which the author asserts 'were once forts, cemeteries, temples, altars, camps, towns, villages, race-grounds, and other places of amusement, habitations of chieftains, videttes, watch-towers, monuments, &c.' Yet that there *ever were* cemeteries, temples, altars, and *other places of amusement*, is not proved, and the whole theory respecting them, is the merest idle guessing, founded in puerile wonder, and eked out with querulous gossip. And no one is better aware of this than the author, who declares with a modesty peculiar to himself, 'no other accurate surveys were ever made of these works, but mine, and it is now too late for any to be made hereafter!' We therefore pass over this part of the work, as not worthy of more particular attention: if we have no authority for all that has been asserted, but that of Mr. Atwater, who has made the *only* 'accurate surveys,' and if he has so used up the subject matter, that no further discoveries remain to be made, any further inquiry into it is needless.

We proceed to notice that part of the volume, which contains the writer's tour to 'Prairie du Chien,' whither he was sent by our government as a commissioner, to negotiate a treaty with the Winnebagoes and other Indians. We propose to step into the steamboat with him, and notice some of his remarks as he passes along. At Cincinnati he makes the following sagacious observations upon the gentlemen of the several liberal professions:

'There are nearly sixty lawyers, who, for learning, zeal, fidelity, industry, morality, honor, honesty, and every other good qualification of head and heart, are equal to a like number of the same honorable and highly useful profession, in any city in the United States.'

That is to say, who are just like any other sixty lawyers, in any other place: for they are neither more nor less than '*equal* to a like number.'

The physicians come off a little better:

'The number of physicians and surgeons in the city, must be, I presume, nearly eighty, who are skilful, learned, and highly respectable in their profession.'

The clergy do not rank quite so high:

'I give them credit,' says he, 'for a considerable degree of usefulness.'

What nice distinctions! and how closely Mr. Atwater must have noticed the deportment of our professional gentlemen, to have classed them thus accurately. The clergy *useful;* the physicians *skilful*, *learned*, and *highly respectable;* and the sixty lawyers exactly *equal* to a *like number* 'in any other city!'

Pass we on to Louisville. Here our author discovered something very remarkable:

'In this town, I can say with great truth, that order and good family government *everywhere* prevail—that youth are trained by their parents to virtuous habits—and the soundest moral principles are instilled into the youthful minds of both sexes. Better parental government *never existed on earth*, than I found in this town.'

'On entering the drawing room'—meaning any and every drawing room, for he is not speaking of any one in particular—'the daughter and mother I found employed in sewing, or some other labor, all except one, who was reading aloud to the others, or they were discussing some topic growing out of the remarks of the author. I scarcely saw one novel among the books thus read; but history often, scientific works frequently.'

How mathematically exact! History *often*, scientific works *frequently*. How very attentive the commissioner must have been to the manners of the people of Louisville. He proceedeth as follows:

'There are probably more ease and affluence in this place, than in any western

town; their houses are splendid, substantial, and richly furnished; and I saw more large mirrors in their best rooms, than I ever saw anywhere else.'

Perhaps Mr. Commissioner Atwater had never seen a great many large mirrors before he went to Louisville.

'The hospitality of this people consists not solely in furnishing the guests with the best of every thing the house affords, but all his inclinations are consulted, (I mean his virtuous ones,) and every art, though exhausted to do so, carefully concealed from him.'

Here is another instance of the severe fidelity of this writer. His scrupulous care to advise the reader, that the public of Louisville consult only the *virtuous* inclinations of their guests, is truly admirable. Would that the hospitable dwellers in other towns were equally conscientious, and tender of the morals of their friends, and other tourists equally faithful in noting down such praiseworthy, and remarkably characteristic peculiarities!

'Their perceptions are instantaneous; their manners are highly fascinating; and he must be a bad man, or a very dull one, who is not highly pleased with them.' p. 194.

Finally, he recommends Louisville as 'a place where as much happiness is to be attained' as 'anywhere in the world'; in which shrewd remark every reasonable man will agree with the author—that is, every reasonable man, who believes that happiness is pursued, and found, pretty much after the same fashion all the world over. Sometimes our author seemeth to forget his grave diplomatic character, and groweth sentimental, after the following fashion:

'Pleasant towns, villas and villages, appear frequently as you glide along this enchanting river. You see cities with their tall and glittering spires; steam vessels, with their dashing oars, leaving a stream of dense smoke behind them, floating horizontally along in the air, attended by a convulsive swell in the water, and hear them snore and snort, as they appear and disappear on the silvery surface of the water.'

No wonder Sir Peter Teazle used such bad words when speaking of sentiment—our classical friends all recollect the expression—for it sometimes betrays a man into most profound nonsense. Here we have steamboats with their *dashing oars*, 'floating horizontally along in the *air*,' where we should think their oars would be of very little use to them—'attended,' however, 'by a *convulsive* swell of the water'—which in our opinion had no business to swell at all, when the boat was floating in the air; and then we hear them 'snore and snort, as they *appear* and *disappear*, on the silvery surface of the water,'—as if they were in the habit of diving for amusement.

Whether the following is intended for sentiment or science, we do not pretend to say: it is obscure enough for either.

'The Wabash river is a geological boundary, from its utmost spring to its mouth, below which, along the Ohio river, few hills, and not one pleasant prospect to my eye, appears.' p. 196.

Supposing it to be true, that below the mouth of the Wabash, 'along the Ohio river few hills,' &c. '*appears*,' we are at a loss to discover by what magic this 'geological boundary' can be extended *along the Ohio*, from the *utmost spring of the Wabash to its mouth.*

At St. Louis, 'the market is good, and not very dear, though I saw chickens brought to it from the state of Illinois, a distance of one hundred miles'—that is, the distance from St. Louis to the state of Illinois, is one hundred miles—although the whole of that distance consists in the width of the Mississippi river, which separates them.

After commenting on the state of society at this city, he breaks out in the following strain:

'Let us hope that a people so worthy, deserving every pleasure this earth has to bestow on human beings, will soon build villas and country seats, near the town, where they can assemble and enjoy, not only all the pleasure they now do, under their delightful groves, but even an additional one, the company of their beautiful and accomplished wives, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts, (a homely expression.') p. 218.

A homely expression, sure enough, but not at all out of place. The remarkable fact alluded to in this sentence, indicates a most singular state of society, and we learn with surprise and regret, that '*a people* so worthy, deserving every pleasure this earth has to bestow,' actually live in continual separation from their wives, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts! How they spend their time in the absence of the ladies, we are not told, and cannot but deplore the omission of intelligence, which would have been curious and instructive; but we agree with him, that the 'additional one,' which he recommends, would greatly enhance their enjoyments. What renders this singular nonintercourse the more mysterious, is the information contained on the next page, where we are told, 'the state of intercourse between the sexes is as pure, as agreeable, as good, and as exalted, so far as my opportunities enabled me to judge of it, as can be found anywhere.' Really this is a curious kind of business, and the more we read, the more inquisitive do we grow. It is a matter which we desire to look into. That the intercourse between ladies and gentlemen who *do not* enjoy each other's *company*, may be 'pure,' is very readily conceived; but that it should be as 'agreeable,' and 'as good,' as can be found elsewhere, is too marvellous for belief; and we are compelled, for the solution of our doubts, to take refuge in that member of the above sentence, which propounds, that this state of things exists only, *so far* as the *author's opportunities* enabled him to *judge of it.* His opportunities might have been brief.

The author's account of the treaty, is highly amusing, especially to those, who are acquainted with the persons who are named, and who happen to be conversant with the facts which are detailed, or what is more to the purpose, with the facts which are not detailed. According to the author, the whole business of treating with the Indians fell upon his shoulders, and the other commissioners, colonel Menard and general McNeil were mere cyphers. The former of these gentlemen, particularly, who is a resident of Kaskaskia, has spent his life among the Indians, and is widely known as a successful trader, and negociator, is entirely lost sight of in the halo of glory which surrounds the diplomatic deeds of Caleb Atwater. And then the off-hand way in which he does things—as thus:

'Taking Keokuk aside, and alone, I told him in plain English all I wanted of him, what I would do for him, and what I expected from him and his good offices. He replied in good English, "I understand you, sir, perfectly, and it shall all be done." It was all done faithfully, and he turned the tide in our favor.' p. 243.

With another chief, who could not speak English, he was equally successful, in the use of a different language. 'When arrived at the spot, the conversation was carried on between us with as few words as possible, using signs for objects, by pointing to them.' 'If he approved of my proposition, "oah," (yes) was all he said in reply; and I answered him in the same way. If the proposition pleased either of us very much, the reply was uttered with great vehemence, otherwise faintly.' How edifying

such a conversation would have been to a bystander! Imagine Mr. Caleb Atwater, and Nawkaw, a Winnebago chief, standing confronted, in the attitude of emphatic oratory, upon the open prairie.

Mr. Atwater makes a sign.

NAWKAW, *loquitur*, 'Oah!' Pronounced *wah!*

Then Nawkaw makes a sign.

ATWATER, loquitur, 'Oah!'

Another sign.

ATWATER, *vehemently*, 'Oah! Oah! Oah!'

Another:

NAWKAW, faintly, 'O—a—h!'

Thus they proceeded, probably for an hour, the one crying *wah!* the other reiterating *wah! wah!* until an auditor who had heard them from a distance, and especially if it had been in the night, would have supposed they were baying the moon, and have acknowledged how remarkably appropriate such an exhibition was to the place where it occurred—the Prairie *du Chien*. We are however not surprised at the expertness of our author in the language of signs, when we recollect that he is an universal linguist. We learn this fact at p. 254, where he says: 'I am not unacquainted with all the alphabets in the world, ever used by man. I have examined them all carefully.'

Nor is the author's knowledge merely philological. It seems that he knows more about the history of the Indians than they know themselves, and was looked up to by them, as an oracle of wisdom:

'I have often listened to their traditions with pleasure, because they appeared very anxious to obtain from me a satisfactory explanation of them.' p. 262.

At p. 283, he tells some of the tricks which the Indians played upon him, while holding the treaty. Unsuspecting Mr. Atwater! If he had repeated all the jests which were cracked at his expense, by his tawny acquaintances, and which are still told over with great glee at the Prairie, his book might have been considerably increased in size, as well as improved in matter.

The following assertion is *interesting*, *if true*, but *wants confirmation:*

'Cæsar travelling in Britain, and British travellers in the United States, have outdone all others in slandering mankind, against which all nature cries aloud, in a voice that reaches the heavens, and is approved there.' p. 289.

If it be true that nature has turned critic, we shall throw up the office, and betake ourselves to some calling in which the competition will be less powerful; if she now cries aloud against British travellers, she will probably soon take other authors in hand, and as she has 'a voice potential and double as the Duke's,' which reaches the heavens, and is approved there, it is quite out of the question for the rest of us, to open our lips, in rivalship with such a competitor.

Talking about nature, reminds us that our author dabbles in natural history. He says, 'I was delighted at the sight even of a prairie wolf, and the chirping of a grashopper was music to my ear.' Those were happy days, when the grashopper was not a burthen.

The following we take to be a new discovery:

'The artichoke, a helianthus, grows in almost every prairie in the West; but in Illinois, I have seen ten thousand acres thickly set with this plant, at one view. Four acres of them will feed and fatten one hundred hogs every year.' p. 353.

In the following instance, the author realized that curious phenomenon in vision, of seeing what was not to be seen:

'The pacawn-bearing walnut, though growing as high north as latitude forty-one degrees thirty minutes, I did not recognize above that latitude. I saw groves of it on the waters of the Illinois river, and in the vicinity of Rock Island.' p. 353.

The author of the Geography and History of the West, makes the same mistake, and Mr. Atwater probably '*saw it*,' in that book. The peccan-tree does not grow in the northern or central parts of Illinois.

He is very learned in prairie wolves:

'The prairie wolf, in size, color and disposition, is half way between the black wolf and the grey fox.' Half way between *black* and *grey* would make, as we suppose, only a darker grey; which is not the color of the prairie wolf. 'His food consists of almost every thing within his reach—*grasses*, birds, and their eggs—pigs and poultry. He is the greatest thief on a small scale in the world. He *can live on grashoppers*, *crickets* and *bugs*'—how did the author find this out?—'He can steal from a hencoop or a barn yard'—no doubt he can, if he chooses—'and when pinched with hunger, he will even venture into a kitchen, and steal a crust of bread'—for which, if the fact could be established, he ought to be punished; but we incline to doubt whether such a larceny could be proved.

Whether the following should be classed with natural history or sentiment, we cannot determine:

'As I walked over the very summit of Laurel hill, in October, 1829, in a bright moonlight night, to enjoy the resplendent scene which the heavens then showed me, a large deer, with lofty and wide branching horns, stood in the road before me, until I came close upon him; when stamping with his foot, he showed me as little ceremony, and no more respect, than an independent western farmer would the courtiers and courtezans who assemble in Washington every winter! Snorting and stamping at me, he took his latitude and departure, and in a few moments more, was off, out of my sight and hearing.' p. 368.

We remark here an instance of the nice judgment, with which the philologist who has studied all the alphabets in the world, distinguishes between *ceremony* and *respect*, when the deer showed him *as little* ceremony, and *no more* respect, &c., before he snorted and stamped, and took his latitude and departure.

The next extract that we shall offer, is not only sentimental, but eloquent. It alludes to the Allegheny mountains:

'Should the despots of Europe, combined in arms, transport all their armies across the Atlantic, to put down free government in this country, these mountains are the CITADEL, where liberty would take refuge, and rushing thence, drive the invaders into the sea.' p. 269.

Oh, Liberty! what nonsense has been uttered in thy name! What a most momentous and mountainous figure of rhetoric is this! Here is Liberty practising 'ground and lofty vaulting,' like the exhibiters in a circus, climbing up a high mountain, and rushing thence, with the advantage of the momentum of a run and jump, to drive the invaders into the sea!

'The Alleghanies stand as proud and lofty MONUMENTS of creative wisdom, goodness, and power.' p. 369.

We are not aware that there is more wisdom, goodness, or power, displayed in the creation of a mountain, than in the creation of any other part of the globe; we should

suppose that it was just as easy to make the one as the other; and as to the goodness and wisdom, these would seem to be most evident in the parts of the earth which afford most sustenance and happiness to man, though they are everywhere gloriously displayed. 'They,'—the Alleghenies—'are stamped, too, with characters so legible, that no human being can fail to read and understand them'—especially, no one who is acquainted with all the alphabets in the world—'and there they will stand forever'—no doubt of that, unless they shall be overthrown by an earthquake.

But we must draw our remarks to a close. After passing the citadel of liberty in the mountains, our author soon arrived at the headquarters of liberty, at Washington. He reached the city 'at two o'clock in the morning,' and 'left the tavern, as soon as the day dawned, for the white house.' 'General Jackson was in his room, at that early hour, doing business, and he received me, as he always would have done at the Hermitage, with smiles and with kindness. Tarrying with him and his amiable family to breakfast, I spent my time very laboriously, during two weeks, in explaining every thing connected with the treaties we had negociated.'

Here we know not which to admire most, the promptness of the plenipotentiary, the hospitality of the president, or the unprecedented length of this diplomatic breakfast. Arriving in Washington at two o'clock, the indefatigable and hungry traveller hastens to the presidential mansion at the dawn of day, is received with kindness by the newly risen chief magistrate, and tarrying to breakfast, spends two weeks laboriously at that meal, in detailing his successful negotiations with the Winnebagoes! This is the longest breakfast on record. Happy Mr. Atwater, how he must have enjoyed it! Happy president, with what eagerness he must have devoured the feast of reason, and the flow of western antiquities, whose rich stream was poured out with a fulness which it required a whole fortnight to exhaust!

THE INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE in improving the Understanding and Moral Character. By John Matthews, D. D. President of the Theological Seminary, at South Hanover, Indiana. With a Preliminary Essay. By Albert Barnes. Philadelphia: Harrison Hall. 1833.

THIS work was originally published in numbers in the Evangelical Magazine, conducted by the late reverend Dr. Rice. It is now collected into a neat volume, with the consent of the author, in the hope of diffusing more extensively the views it expresses in regard to the important influence of the scriptures.

Doctor Matthews, the writer, is a gentleman who is extensively known as a sound and able divine, and an accomplished scholar; and is now at the head of a flourishing theological seminary in the West. The work is written in a chaste, correct, and manly style; and the subject is treated in a manner somewhat different from that usually pursued. The effect produced upon the understanding and on the character, by a careful study of the scriptures, is clearly and strongly marked out, and no one, not already impressed with the importance of the Bible, can read this little work, without rising with a deep respect for the sacred volume.

We can recommend this as a most excellent little book. To the young, especially, it is suitable, from the clearness and correctness of the style, which enables it to be easily understood—and to all it will be valuable on account of the strong vein of original thought which runs through it.

LETTERS OF JOHN RANDOLPH, TO A YOUNG RELATIVE; embracing a series of years, from early youth, to mature manhood. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1834.

THE career of John Randolph presents a remarkable instance of splendid genius, blazing forth with unrivalled brilliancy, maintaining through a long series of years an enviable and undisputed eminence, and expiring at last without leaving any trace of its path, to attest its superiority to future generations. His mind was brilliant, vigorous, and comprehensive—he had great powers of analysis, a copious flow of language, a ready and commanding elocution—he was, in short, an orator of the highest order, one of the gifted few, who on all occasions could enchain the attention of an audience. He was one of those extraordinary men, who is always great, and whose greatness is selfcreated, and independent of circumstances. He owed nothing to party, nothing to temporary excitement, nothing to patronage or favor. He stood alone, acting from the dictates of his own reason, and sustaining himself by the vigor of his own mind. He belonged to no party, and delighted in opposing the majority, rather than in following, or even leading public sentiment. His powers of sarcasm, of ridicule, of rebuke, have never been surpassed, and they were indulged with a freedom that knew no bound, and a severity so blasting that nothing escaped unhurt upon which the hurricane of his vengeance directed its fury. Yet no man ever commanded such respectful attention, on the floor of congress. When he rose, every voice was hushed—every eye was bent on the orator—every ear was engaged in listening to the accents of his voice. Nothing that he said was lost; not a word was listened to with indifference. Such a man must have been greater than those around him: yet he stood among the greatest in the land. Singularity may attract a momentary attention, but it cannot continue long to attract notice, because it soon ceases to be singular. It is destroyed by imitation, or by repetition loses its novelty. Nothing but mind, vigorous, fresh, original, and rich, can thus stand for a long series of years, before the public, without palling upon the taste of those who are compelled to witness its often reiterated efforts. It is only the strong and copious fountain, whose stream flows without exhaustion, and whose waters are ever refreshing. There are few such minds; yet there are some, whose treasures are so abundant, that no expenditure, however lavish, seems to waste them, nor any effort, however gigantic, to impoverish. Such was the mind of Scott, which poured out its riches in profusion to the last hour of its earthly existence—such was the genius of Byron, which scattered its exuberant fruits with generous profusion—such was the intellect of Randolph, which, though exerted in a different channel from those we have named, was always full and fresh.

His opportunities were superior to those of most men. His mind was highly cultivated, and his fortune ample. He was a native of a state, which is proud of the genius of her sons, rewards the labor of public service, and never abandons one who has served her with honor. In his own district, he was so popular, that he continued to be its representative in congress, throughout nearly the whole of his long life. With all these advantages, the path of ambition seems to have been deprived, as it respects him, of the thorns which usually beset, and the difficulties which ordinarily obstruct it. Without the cares of life, the burthen of poverty, or the opposition of malignant ignorance, which fetter and cripple other men, he had only to press forward in the bright path which opened itself before him. He did press forward, but it was only to gather the temporary applause of the moment. He lived an useless life, and

has left no monument to attest his public services, or prove the superiority of his genius. He will be mentioned in history, as one who filled a large space in the eyes of his contemporaries, and fragments of his splendid bursts of eloquence and satire will be preserved with the same care which is bestowed upon the curious, but useless relics, of the ancient arts. But posterity will seek in vain for any substantial evidence of a meritorious public career; his name will not be found recorded as the originator of a salutary law, as the steady supporter of a system of national policy, or a laborer in any department of useful legislation. Honorable, highminded, and patriotic, he undoubtedly was; but his name is not identified by useful exertion, with the best interests of his country.

Had not Mr. Randolph been placed in easy circumstances, had he been forced to take an active part in the business of life, had he been pressed into professional exertion, and thrown into collision with other men in private stations, it is probable that his career would have been widely different, and his services eminently useful. But situated as he was, his independence of public opinion seems to have placed him above the ordinary incentives to active usefulness. He seems to have spent a large portion of his time in seclusion and in severe study. His writings and speeches evince an intimate acquaintance with the best ancient and modern writers, a fine perception of the beauties of elegant literature, a taste highly refined, and a critical knowledge which could have resulted only from close application. He read for his own enjoyment, not to accumulate materials for the instruction of others, or the service of his country; but that he studied with great advantage to himself, is obvious from the rich profusion of classic allusions which are found scattered through his speeches, the felicity of application by which he adorned his subject with classic illustrations, and the severe beauty of his style and imagery.

The only evidence we have of Mr. Randolph's capacity for business is found in his excellent management of his estate. His farm was well conducted, and his affairs directed with a liberal economy. He was respected by his neighbors, and beloved as a kind master by his numerous dependents. He was a keen sportsman—delighted in horses, dogs and guns, and seems to have engaged in hardly any other pleasures than those of the closet and the field.

After all, he was perhaps indebted for the celebrity which he enjoyed, as much to the eccentricity of his character, as to the brilliancy of his talents. In the political world he stood alone, appearing to scorn the alliance of kindred intellect, with the same contempt with which he trampled upon the ordinary forms of business. He would neither lead nor follow. He placed himself at the head of no party, proposed no system of measures, nor advocated any policy suggested by others. His talents were exerted in opposing, denouncing, ridiculing, and crushing, those whose measures he disapproved, or whose personal deportment had awakened his vengeance. Wo to him who provoked the ire of John Randolph, of Roanoke! When he rose, every eye was directed to his tall, attenuated form. His sallow, cadaverous cheek, and debilitated frame, gave no promise of the fire that burned within. But when his fierce, restless eye, rolled over the assembly, as if in search of a victim, a premonition of danger caused the boldest to shrink, and calmed the most careless into breathless attention. None knew upon whom the storm would burst—for he had no confidants: but when his long arm was extended, and that thin, skinny, spectral finger, so celebrated in our parliamentary history, was extended towards the individual, there was no longer any doubt, the vengeance of the orator burst upon him in rapid and merciless flashes, the victim recoiled

and withered, and the spectators gazed in terror or admiration at the unequal conflict. Sometimes the noble animal was disposed to sport with his game, to turn over some puny orator with his paw, to toss some petty demagogue in the air, or whisk his tail in the faces of a party—and then he was infinitely amusing. He could expose others to ridicule without becoming a buffoon; he could make another an object of contempt and sneering, without descending from his own dignity. His usual weapon was sarcasm. In broad humor he indulged but seldom. His wit was pointed, easy, elegant, and well directed; but it was always caustic, and often malevolent.

Mr. Randolph's public character is not attractive; we see little to admire, and nothing to love, in the portrait of himself which he has chosen to give in his public exhibitions; and we therefore opened with no small degree of curiosity, a volume which exposes his mind in its moments of repose, and exhibits the character in its social and domestic relations. And we found here much to conciliate our favor, many redeeming traits of private worth, to balance the repulsive hardness, and unamiable asperity, of Mr. Randolph's public character. These letters are addressed to a nephew, whom he had adopted, and towards whom he evinced the affection of a father. The early part of the correspondence is addressed to the youth at school, successive portions to the same individual while pursuing his professional studies, and the remainder to the mature man. In the early letters, the writer confines himself chiefly to such advice as would be suitable for the protege to receive from his experienced patron; in the latter, he addresses a friend, and speaks more frequently of himself.

The advice given by this distinguished gentleman to his young friend, is admirable, and places Mr. Randolph in an estimable light, as respects his intellect, his morals, and his feelings. His affectionate solicitude for the welfare of his nephew, his parental tone, and uniform kindness, show, that however forbidding his exterior, however, from some unknown causes, his affections had become perverted, and all their sweetness turned to gall, he must have had a sound and pure heart, and a rich vein of native benevolence. The man who could write as he wrote, and who conducted himself with such an uniform fidelity and warmth of friendship towards this and other relatives, was not originally selfish or malignant. His morality, with one or two very slight exceptions, seems to have been unexceptionable; and his notions of honor and gentlemanly propriety, in the highest degree nice and proper.

It is remarkable, that although he is writing to a bosom friend, he says little of himself, except in reference to his health, and almost nothing of his public life. He makes no attempt to appear great in the eyes of his correspondent. He was probably too proud a man to be vain.

Neither is there in these letters, any play of the fancy—any of that easy and elegant trifling, so natural to a man of leisure who is addicted to literary pursuits, and whose mind recreates itself after the labor of study by sportive sallies of wit. Judging from the speeches of Mr. Randolph, we should expect to find much classic ornament and sprightly allusion in his private correspondence. But we do not find them here; on the contrary, these letters are didactic, grave, and shadowed over with a melancholy train of thought.

His allusions to himself betray a mind of acute sensibility, which had become morbid and perverted, by an early disappointment. He seems to have brooded over some real or fancied wrong, until the whole turn of his mind had become disturbed, and a deeply seated melancholy had taken possession of his bosom. Like Byron, he had chaffed the wounds of his heart, until all his benevolence for makind became extin-

guished. His domestic affections alone remained pure; he clung to a few cherished relatives—he was kind to his servants, his horses, and his dogs, and hated all the rest of the world. The following extracts afford the only clue which we can discover, to this singular obliquity of character:

'Love to godson Randolph, and respectful compliments to Mrs. R. She is, indeed, a fine woman; one for whom I have felt a true regard, unmixed with the foible of another passion. Fortunately, or unfortunately for me, when I knew her, "I bore a charmed heart." Nothing else could have preserved me from the full force of her attractions.' p. 94.

'Take care of your heart. Pity is akin to love. Grief prepares the affections for the sway of that seducing tyrant. The ladies of Philadelphia are fair and alluring, and your time of life is most propitious to their power over your heart. In the language of your profession, there is in every young man of a just and honorable way of thinking, of refined and elevated notions, a strong predisposition to this universal disease, which like some others, all of us have once in our lives. If the case be desperate, make me your confidant, *if you can:* I will endeavor to prove myself not unworthy of the trust. But I protest against extorted confidence and forced prayers. I too, have been young, and know how to make allowance, I trust, for the noble infirmity of our nature; which none but the young, or those who have not forgotten the feelings of their youth, can duly estimate.' p. 107.

'I am much concerned, my son, to hear that you "have been very unhappy since you got back to Virginia." I am afraid you will find nothing in our solitary and deserted habitation to raise your spirits. I shrink at the idea of returning to it. Disappointed of every rational hope in my life—looking forward to nothing better in this world—my faculties jaded, and daily forsaking me—with recollections of the past, which I would gladly dismiss forever from my memory—it is for me, and such as me, to talk of being unhappy.'

'The world has used me ill—yet, why blame the world? Those from whom I had a right to expect a very different conduct, have betrayed such shameless selfishness, so barefaced a disregard of my feelings, and of *my rights*, that, but for you, I should sink into inveterate misanthropy. Nature (to use a certain fashion of speaking) intended me for something very different from what I am. I have been ossified by a petrifying world. All life, and spirit, and confidence, and enthusiasm, I have become cold, suspicious, and dead to every better feeling, except through a sort of faint remembrance of such as I formerly experienced.' p. 156.

'I am reading, for the second time, an admirable novel, called "Marriage." It is commended by the great unknown, in his "Legend of Montrose." I wish you would read it. Perhaps it may serve to palliate some of your romantic notions, (for I despair of a cure,) on the subject of love and marriage. A man who marries a woman that he does not esteem and treat kindly, is a villain: but marriage was made for man; and if the woman be good-tempered, healthy, (a qualification scarcely thought of now-a-days, allimportant as it is,) chaste, cleanly, economical, and not an absolute fool, she will make him a better wife, than nine out of ten deserve to have. To be sure, if to these, beauty and understanding be added, all the better. Neither would I quarrel with a good fortune, if it produced no ill effect on the possessor—a rare case.' p. 250.

'My heart was offered up with a devotion that knew no reserve.' p. 207.

These extracts must suffice. The book should be read; for it contains nothing pernicious, and much that is valuable. We perused it with feelings of the deepest interest; with sentiments of respect and sympathy for the writer. It is melancholy to behold the scintillations of genius, bursting forth from the wreck of so noble a mind. The career of Mr. Randolph affords a lesson which should not be suffered to pass without a salutary effect upon the rising scholars and statesmen of our country. The waste of his fine intellect, and the misemployment of his rich stores of knowledge, should warn others, to avoid the indulgence of those unbridled passions, which inevita-

bly destroy the mind of which they attain the mastery. It is melancholy to reflect, that one who could advise others with so much ability and prudence, should have adopted no salutary rule for his own conduct, nor have directed his public life by any of those maxims of policy, or even of ambition, which would have conduced to his own happiness and the useful employment of his talents.

Nor were we less interested in those parts of these letters which seem of the smallest importance—the little parentheses, and episodes, wherein the writer lays aside the mentor, and suffers the ruling whim of the moment to appear, or the native feelings of the man to speak. At the close of a sententious letter, he congratulates his ward on his proficiency in shooting, sends his love to a younger nephew, and longs 'to see his rosy cheeks.' He often speaks of books and partridges in one breath, and sends by the same conveyance good advice, and 'four fishooks, worth four thousand of the common sort.' Latin verbs and double-barreled guns are mentioned in the same page; and a member of congress is grouped with a woodcock. His dogs are often introduced, and always with kindness—Carlo, Echo, Dido, and Little Dash are great favorites, of whom he sometimes speaks with as much feeling, as if they were christians—'the death of poor Echo,' he says, 'is a severe blow upon me,' and when a favorite pointer escaped with a chain on her neck, he writes thus: 'I fear that the poor thing may have got entangled with it, so as to prevent her getting along; and in that condition may be exposed to perish. I cannot express how much I am distressed at this thought.' He always writes kindly of his servants—speaks of a fever 'among the poor slaves'—mentions Juba, Quassia, and several others frequently—and on one occasion desires to be remembered to 'Old Essex, and Jupiter, and Nancy, and little Molly, and Hetty, and all the people.' We notice this, because it proves a great deal: where there is kindness in the relation of master and servant, there must be virtue and good faith on both sides. There is always solid worth in the character of the man who is exemplary in the performance of the duties which he owes his family, and who is just and affectionate in that sphere where he is most independent, and least subject to public observation. He is also 'very anxious about his little bay *Minimus*,' 'the heir of Brunette, and Duette's grandson,' and inquires after a pair of horses that he had sold, and hopes that 'his old servants are used well.'

We naturally feel curious to learn something of the religious opinions of a man, who suffered so much, and who lived so long estranged from the world, in communion with his own heart. The following extracts afford all that we can gather:

'Long an object of proscription and treachery, I have at last (more mortifying to the pride of man,) become one of utter indifference. But these are the chastenings of a tender Father, desirous to reclaim his lost and undone child from the error of his ways, and who has humbled my weak, unthinking pride beneath the dispensations of a mysterious wisdom. To that wisdom I bow with an implicit and awful submission; too happy, if I had not daily and hourly cause to upbraid myself with the vilest ingratitude and disobedience to my heavenly corrector and benefactor.' p. 207.

'I wrote you a few days ago, perhaps the last letter that you will ever receive in my handwriting; for it has pleased him who gave me sight, to take it away almost entirely. I must endeavor to be thankful for the little that is left me of this blessing, as well as for innumerable and greater blessings.' p. 213.

After describing to his nephew a narrow escape from sudden death, he proceeds thus:

'In the course of my life I have encountered some risks, but nothing like this. My heart was in my mouth for a moment, and I felt the strongest convictions of my utter

demerit in the sight of God, and my heart gushed out in thankfulness for his signal and providential preservation. What, thought I, would have been my condition, had I then died. "As the tree falls, so it must lie." And I had been a short time before, saying to a man, who tried to cheat me, some very hard and bitter things. It was a poor auctioneer, who had books on private sale. He attempted to impose on me, in respect to some classical books of which he was entirely ignorant, and I exposed his ignorance to the people in the shop, many of whom were members of congress, and no better informed than him. The danger I escaped, was no injury to the speech that I made out of breath, on finding, when I reached the house, that there was a call for the previous question. So true is it, that of all motives, religious feeling is the most powerful.' p. 249.

We hope that other letters of this distinguished and eccentric man have been preserved, and will be published; and that his countrymen may have further opportunities afforded them of gaining an insight into his singular and highly original character.

United States Military and Naval Magazine.

We regret to see it announced, in the last number of this useful work, that 'the support hitherto given to it has not been sufficient to meet promptly the expenses of printing,' and that it is sustained only by the most determined resolution on the part of the editor. This is an evidence of the little spirit with which literary enterprises of any kind are supported in the United States. The officers of the army and navy are sufficiently numerous of themselves, to support such a work, and it is essential to the interests of both those services, that they should have a periodical devoted to them. The public know but little of the condition of our army or navy, and have no idea of the services rendered by our officers. Those who are acquainted with the subject, are aware that they are usefully employed. But the public ought to know it: and it would add greatly to the dignity and popularity of both branches of service, if their labors were made known. Many of the naval officers are actively employed abroad, and might gather a vast deal of valuable information for the pages of such a work; and a number of our military officers are engaged in making surveys, which put them in possession of scientific facts worth preserving. From these sources the most valuable materials might be accumulated. The country ought to feel a pride in its army and navy; but that feeling will certainly never be entertained by the public, unless they have some means of discovering that there is something in those departments of the public service to be proud of. The United Service Journal, is one of the most useful periodicals published in England, and the officers take care to keep themselves, by its means, continually before the public. An effort of the same sort here, conducted with talent and spirit, would be beneficial to the officers, and gratifying to the public. We have no acquaintance with the editor of this magazine; but we consider a well-supported military and naval periodical, to be a *desideratum*, and we hope that the one now commenced, and conducted thus far with a fair degree of promise, will not be abandoned.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our publishers request us to suggest to our friends a few ideas on the subject of finance. We receive a great many letters burthened unnecessarily with *postage*—letters requesting the change of the address of the Magazine, or its discontinuance, or other matter which might be arranged through the postmasters, or paid for by the writer. It is not fair, that from the small sum of *three* dollars, a deduction of 25 or 50 cents should thus be forced on us—and particularly, as it usually happens that a further expense is incurred, in sending an agent to collect the subscription.

Our subscribers will recollect, that according to the terms heretofore published, a payment made between the 1st of January, and the 1st of July, in any year, is considered *in advance for that year;* a payment made after the 1st of July, in any year, is not considered in advance for that year; and in all cases, where payment is delayed beyond the 1st of July, the *additional fifty cents is charged.*

In December last, we offered to any subscriber who would remit us a good *five dollar* bank bill, to credit him in full for the last year, and with two dollars for this year in advance; *he paying the postage.* By this arrangement, we proposed to release the additional *fifty cents*, on being paid for last year, and getting part of this year's subscription in advance. Some persons have made such remittances *lately*, leaving us to pay the postage—making us pay *fifty cents* postage, on a payment of *five dollars*, which *is due*—and expecting besides a deduction of fifty cents, for *prompt payment:* making *one dollar* which we should give up, to collect *four and a half.* This was not our offer. Those who owe for the year 1833, cannot expect us *now* to receive less than three dollars and a half, or to pay postage on a debt which was due more than a year ago.

But if any subscriber who owes for the year 1834, will now remit us a *five dollar* bank bill, of a good bank, we will credit him in full for this year, and with two dollars on account of next year in advance; *the postage to be paid by the person making the remittance, but the risk of the mail to be borne by us.*

We shall only remark further, that the amount due us from several thousand subscribers, is very large, and to us a matter of importance; while the trifling sum due from each subscriber, cannot be a matter of any consequence to him. The cost of postage, and agency in making collections, are among the heaviest items of our expenditure; as our friends may readily believe, when they reflect on the smallness of the amount due from each, and the wide extent of country, over which such debts are scattered.

We shall therefore take it as a great favor, if our friends will adopt any arrangement, most convenient to themselves, by which the amount due us for each year, shall be paid to us *within the year*, and as early within the year as possible, without the expense of agency or postage. They may thus render our concern profitable to us, and enable us to conduct it with a spirit and punctuality, which may render it a credit as well as a benefit to the country; while a little delay or negligence on their part will absorb all our profits, and leave us without that encouragement to exertion, which is necessary to give energy to an enterprise so laborious and expensive as ours.

NOTICE.

Joshua L. Tracy has become united with Eli Taylor, as one of the publishers of the *Western Monthly Magazine*, and is therefore fully authorized to obtain subscribers, to receive moneys due, as well for arrearages for the past and present year, as from future subscribers, and generally to transact any business for the concern. Letters on business, and communications for the Magazine, will hereafter be directed to Taylor & Tracy, Cincinnati, Ohio.

June 9, 1834.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

[We publish, with great pleasure, the following letter from a friend in Illinois; and would be happy, if other gentlemen, practically engaged in agriculture, would enable us to present to our readers the result of their experiments in subjects connected with rural economy.]

HISTORY OF THE INTRODUCTION OF FINE-WOOLLED SHEEP, and the Growth of Fine Wool, in the southeastern part of the State of Illinois. By GEORGE FLOWER.

WHEN Ferdinand the Seventh was detained by Napoleon a prisoner in France, sir Charles Stewart, then envoy from England, purchased six thousand of the finest merinos from the royal flocks of Spain. The haste with which these sheep were driven to the Spanish coast, their crowded state on board ship, and the change of climate and pasture, engendered so much disease and death, that in one year after their purchase in Spain, not more than two thousand remained alive in England. These two thousand were purchased by my father, and for four years were tended with great care and attention by me.

During this period, I made several purchases of individual sheep from celebrated flocks belonging to the convents of Spain; and particularly from the flock of the monks of Paula.

In 1817, I emigrated to Illinois, and settled in Edwards county, ten miles from the Wabash, in a pleasant and gently undulating prairie country. I brought with me six rams and six ewes, selected for the fineness of their wool. From these I have bred and increased, ever since. I have also bred from three hundred country ewes, by my merino and Saxony rams. The continued use of fine rams, for seventeen years, has brought the descendants from the country ewes as fine woolled as the original merinos. The flock, from their first introduction up to the present time, have been remarkably healthy. The only disease I have observed amongst them, is the foot rot; about six falling with it in the course of the year, and about the same number with the rot, from pasturing in wet places on the prairie, in the spring of the year.

My flock now consists of four hundred sheep. Two hundred and sixty of which are ewes; two hundred of them fine woolled, and sixty common and half-blood; the rest are wethers and rams.

The distance I reside from any flocks of size and celebrity, obliges me to keep a large number of rams. My original stock being from distinct breeds and flocks, I have been enabled by selection and crossing, to keep up their fineness of wool and healthy constitution. I once introduced two rams from Kentucky, but they being no better in form, and inferior in wool, I have ever since bred from my own stock.

I have for sixteen years bred my sheep alone, and without any comparison with the eastern flocks, or newly imported sheep from Saxony. It will be a curious fact, if it should so turn out, that the interior of America contains as fine wool as can be found in Spain or Saxony. For the purpose of ascertaining this fact, I will forward to the office of the Western Magazine, samples of wool for the inspection of breeders and manufacturers in the neighborhood of Cincinnati.

Having given this brief history of the origin, and present number of my flock, I will mention a few facts relative to the cultivation of fine wool, and the new varieties of sheep now possessed by me. Some few years ago, the merino was considered the finest woolled sheep in the world. The Spanish king allowed the elector of Saxony to select a given number of sheep from his flock. The agents of the elector, selected the finest woolled animals, regardless of their form or size. From these, a race of sheep has been reared, producing extremely fine wool, but tender, small, and generally illshaped. These have been bred so long together, that the Saxony sheep have now very different characteristics from the merino. The wool of the Saxony is 20 or 25 cents per pound higher than the merino. When in possession of the 2000 Spanish sheep, I examined with great care, every individual in the flock, and selected from them seventy of extreme and uniform fineness. These were kept in a little flock by themselves, and the manufacturer who purchased the merino fleeces, at a dollar per pound, in the grease, gave for the wool of the selected flock, two dollars per pound. Are there any manufacturers of shawls, or extra fine cloths, in the United States, that will give an extra

price for extra fine wool? I have now five breeds of fine woolled sheep, in my flock, suitable for different soils, and whose wool is adapted for different manufactures. The merino and Saxony, both too well known to need description. The Illinois grazier, a most useful race of sheep, perhaps more generally useful as a substitute for the common sheep of the country than any other. It is a short-legged, stout sheep, with a long-stapled soft wool, alike acceptable to the manufacturer and the housewife. It will live and thrive on the richest, as well as the poorest land. It fattens easily: its mutton is excellent. The second variety I call the prairie down, bearing a strong similarity to the celebrated breed of 'south downs,' in England, but clothed with the finest fleece. This breed is entirely without horns, and divested of the loose skin about the throat and chest, that has so much disfigured the merinos. The whole appearance of this sheep is neat, with a form sufficiently broad for easy fattening. This breed should be kept exclusively upon high ground and fine herbage.

Almost every thing in breeding, depends upon the perfection of the male animal. Hence we see such high prices given in England for good rams of any breed. This extraordinary price is connected with a fact not generally known in this country, viz: that not more than one lamb in three hundred ought to be saved. It is this well-selected animal that bears so high a price.

The fifth variety is a Moorish ram.—This animal is the choice production of a full-blooded merino ewe and ram. Its wool is very fine, black and white, but the colors are so well mixed that without any addition of labor, or expense of dye, it is ready for producing a handsome piece of mixed cloth. This variety I shall attempt to confirm by arresting the valuable qualities that are developed, and perpetuate them into a distinct breed. I call it a Moorish ram; for the Spaniards obtained the merinos from the Moors, and the Moors cultivated this species of mixed wool with great care. My belief is that the merino white wool is a selection from the Moorish black and mixed flock. Although centuries have elapsed, an occasional individual with the characteristics of its ancestors will be produced.

Whilst upon the subject of sheep and wool, I will also mention that not three miles from me is a valuable breed of sheep, possessed of opposite qualities to mine. Mr. Wm. Pickering imported some fine Lincoln and Leicester sheep, producing the English combing wool, a large well-formed breed weighing about 140 lbs. when fat, producing a fleece from 8 to 12 lbs. This breed is adapted to fat and rich pastures in rich bottom land. A great adavntage is found in breeding from the largest and coarsest woolled country ewes with these heavy fleeced rams. The increase of wealth and comfort to farmers would be almost incalculable, if they were to pay strict attention to their wool-bearing animals. First, by procuring the best breed suited to their soil and situation. Secondly, by taking good care of them. Thirdly, by selecting and preserving every variety that possesses any new and improved quality.

South Hanover College. A correspondent, who is a student at the college at South Hanover, in Indiana, writes us as follows:

'I have never seen a class of people like this. Simplicity and morality of a high order combine to render them happy and interesting. One or two facts will give you a better idea of the state of society, than my description, for my limited observation and experience, prevent me from forming an accurate estimate of character. I have been connected with this institution more than two years. Eighteen months had passed before I heard an oath; nor have I ever seen an intoxicated man in our vicinity. There is not a place within several miles of our village, so far as I know, where ardent spirits can be procured. This is the more remarkable, as Madison, a flourishing town on the river, with every inducement to vice and dissipation, is but six miles distant.'

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public schools of philadelphia. *Sixteenth Annual Report.* These schools have now on the rolls 6767 pupils, of which number 3713 are boys, and 3054 are girls. In parts of the city where the population is too scattered to admit of the establishment of public schools, the children are placed in the private schools nearest to the residence of their parents. The number thus provided for is 1098, making the total number of children educating at the public expense 7865. A new and excellent brick school-house has been erected in the city, and although it

had been opened only three weeks at the time the report was made, nearly 400 children were already in attendance.

The expenses of the year were $74,170; but this amount includes $40,630 expended in purchasing ground and building school-houses. The report thus concludes:

In presenting this brief outline of proceedings in the sixteenth year of their labors in a branch of public service of incalculable importance, the controllers again beg permission most earnestly to solicit the attention, influence, and active cooperation of their fellow-citizens in the promotion of this great work. It is one to which every individual may effectually contribute by advice, exhortation, authority, and explanation afforded to the proper subjects for these establishments. It is to *sound*, *practical*, Christian education that we must look for improved morals, judicious industry, for the maintainance of truth, order, and justice, for the intelligent assertion and manly support of those principles upon which alone our free and happy institutions can be preserved from destruction. This is a work which every friend of man—every lover of his country and of freedom, ought to lend his most zealous and unwearied efforts to promote; it is one in which combined effort is demanded, and in which the united strength of the philanthropist, the patriot, the christian; of the good and the wise, will be sustained by Divine aid, and ultimately crowned with universal and triumphant success.'

CHARITY-SCHOOL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

This is a society supported by vested funds and contributions, which has a large school-house in Walnut, between Sixth and Seventh streets. There are now 260 boys in the male department, and 250 girls in the female. The girls are instructed in sewing and the common rudiments of education. The total expense of instruction, including teacher's salaries, books, stationary, press, &c., was $2002, and the average number of pupils being 510, it is seen that the annual cost of each scholar is but $3 93.—*S. S. Journal.*

HURON INSTITUTE.

A manual-labor school under this name has been established at Milan, Huron co. Ohio, which contains eighty-seven students; twenty-four in the classical department, and in the English department, thirty-four males and twenty-nine females. The board in the institute is given at cost, varying from seventy-five to eighty-seven cents per week; and the tuition is only twelve or sixteen dollars a year.

EDUCATION CONVENTION IN MISSOURI.

We are gratified to see, that a convention on the subject of education has been called in *Missouri*, which was to meet on the 15th ult. [May.] We earnestly hope 'the great West' will awaken to its own wants, and make efforts proportioned to its power. Who will go from the 'land of schools' to aid them?—for the too common result of such efforts is, that the interest and hope excited, sinks into despair, from the *impossibility* of procuring competent teachers.

BOSTON FARM SCHOOL AND ASYLUM.

We are gratified to learn that the Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys, has been united with the Farm School. A farm, removed from temptation, has been secured on Thompson's Island at a short distance from the city; and buildings are soon to be erected to receive the pupils.

Annals of Education.

PERIODICALS ON EDUCATION.

It is encouraging to find new efforts made, in various directions, to establish periodicals on education, for they indicate an increased interest in the subject on the part of the community, for want of which the few that exist have languished. 'The Mothers' Magazine,' from assuming a distinctive religious character, has gained an extensive circulation, and we are told, has been republished in England. 'The Fathers' Magazine' has been established the present year, at New York. The 'Southern Journal of Education,' in Georgia, has reached its eleventh number. A spirited paper called 'The Inciter,' has been published by a teacher, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, which contains much that is useful on education. 'The Journal of the Flushing Institute' has an excellent character.

ILLINOIS SCHOOL FUND.

A paragraph, which has gone the rounds of the newspapers, containing the assertion that Illinois has a fund of $2,000,000 for the support of common schools, is founded entirely in mistake. Her school fund consists, almost wholly, of vacant lands—valuable, but as yet unavailable.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

Taken at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the month of MAY, 1831; *by* D. LAPHAM, *Civil Engineer.*

The thermometer hangs under a roof, sheltered from the direct influence of the sun and winds; in latitude 39° 6′ N.; longitude 84° 22′ W.; and at an elevation of 554 feet above the ocean. Times of observation, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and at 1 and 9 P. M. Fahrenheit's scale.

DATE. May, 1834.	Thermometer. V.	I.	IX.	Mean of each day.	Course of the Wind. A.M.–P.M.	Character of the Weather.	Character of the Wind.	Miscellaneous Remarks.
1	51.00	62.00	53.00	54.58	NW–NW	vari.	lt. wd.	water 56.25°.
2	46.50	66.00	58.00	56.25	NW–NW	fair.	lt. wd.	foggy.
3	43.00	66.00	58.00	57.50	NW–NE	vari.	lt. wd.	
4	54.00	58.00	59.00	57.83	NE–SE	rainy.	lt. wd.	
5	59.00	58.50	58.00	57.33	S–SW	rainy.	lt. wd.	rain in the night.; th.&lt.
6	52.00	66.00	58.00	58.50	SW–SW	vari.	lt. wd.	
7	51.00	61.50	57.00	55.37	SW–SW	vari.	str. bre.	
● 8	44.25	60.00	53.00	53.33	SW–W	vari.	lt. wd.	
9	49.75	69.00	55.75	57.21	SW–NW	vari.	str. wd.	water 56.75°.
10	44.00	61.00	54.00	54.00	NW–NW	vari.	lt. bre.	rainy P.M.
11	50.00	78.00	64.00	64.10	N–W	vari.	str. bre.	foggy at morn.
12	50.50	65.00	56.00	55.91	NW–NW	fair.	str. bre.	
13	43.00	59.00	50.00	49.83	NW–N	fair.	str. bre.	
14	38.00	62.50	56.00	52.16	N–NW	fair.	str. bre.	frost.
15	38.00	60.00	51.00	49.66	NE–NE	fair.	str. bre.	frost; high wind in night.
◐ 16	38.00	63.00	54.00	51.71	NE–NE	fair.	str. bre.	frost; water 56.50°.
17	38.25	74.00	62.00	59.37	NE–NE	fair.	lt. bre.	frost.
18	46.00	77.00	70.00	65.66	NE–S	fair.	lt. bre.	cloudy at eve.
19	54.00	76.00	71.00	68.66	S–SW	vari.	lt. bre.	cloudy P.M.
20	64.00	77.00	68.00	69.33	SW–SW	vair.	lt. bre.	light rain at morn.
21	62.00	78.00	71.00	70.41	SW–SW	vari.	lt. bre.	
○ 22	62.50	82.00	76.00	73.75	SW–SW	fair.	lt. bre.	thunder.
23	64.00	86.00	70.50	73.66	S–SE	vari.	str. bre.	shower with thun. & lt'g.
24	65.00	81.00	74.00	73.83	S–S	vari.	str. bre.	water 57°.
25	68.00	78.00	69.50	71.50	N–S	vari.	lt. bre.	rainy P.M.; thund. & lt'g.
26	66.00	77.50	73.00	72.16	S–S	vari.	lt. bre.	
27	66.00	82.00	76.00	75.00	E–E	fair.	lt. bre.	thund. and shower at nt.
28	68.00	78.00	71.00	70.33	SW–SW	vari.	lt. bre.	rain at morn. and eve.
29	56.00	75.00	66.00	65.25	SW–S	vari.	str. wd.	
◑ 30	53.50	76.00	71.00	68.58	SW–SW	vari.	lt. wd.	lightning bugs first seen.
31	64.00	82.00	75.00	73.66	SW–S	fair.	lt. wd.	water 57.50°.
Mean	53.41	70.76	63.15	62.46	mean temperature of the month.			

Mean temperature for the month 62.46°; Maximum 86°, on the 23d, at 1 A. M.; Minimum 38°, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th, at 5 A. M. Range of the thermometer, 48°. Mean temperature of well water 56.78°.

Fair days 11—variable 18—cloudy 0—rainy 2. Prevailing, variable and fair.

Wind N. 2 days—NE. 4½ days—E. 1 day—SE. 1 day—S. 5½ days—SW. 10 days—W. 1 day—NW. 6 days. Prevailing wind, SW. and NW.

The observations of the well water are made weekly, near the middle of the day. The pump being in almost constant use at that time, the water will be nearly of the same temperature as at the bottom of the well. The observations, however, indicate a slight accession of caloric; whether it is acquired at the bottom of the well, or whether it receives it on being drawn up, I am unable to determine. The proper place to observe the temperature would be at the surface of the water in the well. But as this is impracticable, it is thought that the mode adopted, with proper precautions, will be found sufficiently accurate.

THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE CONDITION AND INFLUENCE OF THE AMERICAN PERIODICAL PRESS.

The periodical press, in the usual acceptation of the phrase, is that which issues publications at regularly recurring periods. It is manifested in those works which appear annually; in the higher department of reviews and quartely journals; in the less assuming sphere of magazines, and in the still less elaborate form, though far more widely extended range, of daily and weekly newspapers. It is not of the press in general, that we propose to speak in this essay, but of the press in this single mode of its action: and surely if there be among the great agents which are now acting upon the moral and intellectual character of civilized society, one most comprehensive in its range, most mighty and diversified in its influence, one, whose voice comes nearest home to the bosoms and the business of men—that agent is the periodical press. From the simple manuscript sheet, first issued by the republic of Venice, in the year 1563, and communicating to a small circle, only military and commercial information, it has become a vast and complicated machine, of unceasing and untiring activity; through which the intellectual energies of the age are enabled to act; collecting and distributing all human knowledge; embodying opinion; giving at each moment some new impulse to the great interests of mankind, and ceaselessly operating, like a univer-

sal spirit, upon millions of minds. It is the part of a laudable curiosity, to desire some accurate notions of this agent. We would have it subjected to an analysis. We wish to know the elements of which it is composed. What is its tendency? Is it the champion of good or of evil? Has the ingenuity of man conjured into being an angel of darkness or a spirit of light?

Our remarks are intended to apply chiefly to the periodical press of *this* country; and for a clearer apprehension of the subject, it may not be superfluous to observe in the outset, that it is the purpose of this press, in all its various action, to meet certain intellectual *wants* in the community. It was created, and it exists for the sole end of administering to these wants, and it perishes as soon it fails to perform its duty, or the wants which originated it have ceased to be. Is there a literary or scientific class in the country, and does it demand an organ? the press instantly responds to the call. Has religion gathered worshippers around her altar, and do they wish to have their feelings interchanged and their cause maintained? the pen and the arm of the press are ready at their bidding. Has the spirit of benevolence been awakened, and does it long to have embodied its divine sympathy with human suffering? it is the press which performs the office. Has a political party arisen in the republic, and does it desire that its principles may be promulgated and defended? a thousand tongues instantly send up one mighty diapason of encomium or denunciation. It is then the various mental wants of the people which have created, and which sustain the periodical press.

So far as our imperfect statistical information goes, there are issued in the course of each year, one thousand two hundred and twenty publications from the different periodical presses in the United States. Of these, some fifty are of an anomalous description, which it is extremely difficult to classify. They may be said to be employed in diffusing miscellaneous intelligence. About twenty are devoted to the various branches of medical and physical science. One hundred are professedly engaged in the cause of religion and benevolence. About fifty are of a literary character; and probably one thousand are political. The want of time limits us to a very brief and general view of the principal divisions just enumerated.

The scientific journals, which almost invaribly appear at intervals of one month, or quarterly, seldom embrace other subjects than those which lie within their legitimate sphere. They are the depositories of recent observations and experiments in chemistry. They embody the latest discoveries in geology, botany, and mineralogy. Here may be found the

highest truths of astronomy, the most interesting facts relating to medical science, and in short, all that multifarious knowledge which philosophical inquiry is continually bringing to light. Never, since the world began, has the spirit of this inquiry been so active as during the last fifty years. Never before has human energy labored so intensely and with so much success, for the physical welfare of man. Never before was nature plied with so direct and searching interrogatories; and abundantly hath she revealed to the fearless inquirer, her mighty secrets. These secrets, or truths, are proclaimed through the scientific journals, attended often by ingenious, original, and profound speculations. It is here that new theories are developed and illustrated, assailed and defended; and he who would keep pace with the ever onward spirit of scientific investigation, must be familiar with their pages. Thus serving as the vehicles through which the ever multiplying truths of natural science are communicated to the world, their salutary influence cannot be questioned. They spread far and wide the most useful information, on the most useful subjects. They are continually opening new fields for human research. They create and keep alive a taste for physical studies. They are the instruments by which much valuable knowledge is popularized. They impart concert and uniformity to the progress of science. Minds are brought into collision with each other, and new principles are thence struck out. An invention in the arts, or a discovery in science, is no sooner made, than it is borne upon the winged sheet to every quarter of the world, and what was the possession of an individual, becomes, almost immediately, the property of a million. The character of the topics discussed by some of these journals—for example, that conducted by professor Silliman, and several of the medical periodicals—almost necessarily limits their circulation to a scientific few. A consequence of this has too often been a pecuniary support so inadequate as at times to jeopard their existence. Yet there are others of a more popular cast—of which may be mentioned the scientific tracts, the mechanic's and the republished penny magazines—which it is believed receive a very liberal support, and find their way into the hands of the numerous artizans of the country. To all these works, the remark is applicable, that they are conducted with an ability not more honorable to their contributors, than advancive of the landmarks of scientific truth.

From the *religious periodical press* are issued, as has already been observed, about one hundred publications. It is designed to address members of a community widely distinguished from

each other in their intellectual as in their moral habits, and therefore it speaks to them through organs varying from the common weekly newspaper—intelligible to all—to the more elaborate and profound quarterly journal. As through it are conveyed the moral and religious sentiments of the people, its channels are as numerous as the numerous sects which exist in the country. The Presbyterian, the Episcopal, the Methodist, the Unitarian, and the Baptist denominations, have each their ever active press, which they respectively support. Through it are published to the world the distinctive tenets of each. It explains, illustrates, and vindicates them. It gives expression and relief to the full heart of religious feeling. It reflects from mind to mind the ever various light of religious belief. Acting in one of the noblest spheres, it moves the best principles and impulses in the human bosom. It tends to bring those far removed from each other into close communion, and to hold them in the strong band of christian sympathy. It is continually radiating in a thousand directions, and over a thousand leagues, the light of moral truth. The tones of a preacher's voice are only heard within a very narrow circle; but the thought which those tones have uttered, may be caught up by the press, and on its hundred tongues, be echoed through distant lands, giving strength and gladness to thousands, by whom the name of its author was never heard. Regarding, as we do, the action of this press as a fair exponent of the moral and religious power in the community; looking up to it as a most zealous and efficient champion in the field of spiritual controversy; reflecting upon the vast influence which it may exert upon the moral destinies of the world; it assumes an importance and a magnitude which alternately fill the mind with hope and fear. Thus far its operations, unlike that of the religious press in Germany, and, in past years, of France, has been highly beneficial. It will not be pronounced unexceptionable. It would be difficult to deny that from a mistaken, though a well-intended zeal, it has at times exhibited a spirit which the gentle voice of christian meekness and charity would unhesitatingly rebuke. Yet, generally speaking, its tendency has been good. It has taken up arms to contend with the worst foes of man. It has opposed a moral barrier against the destroying march of infidelity and vice. Philanthropy and piety must equally unite their wishes, that it may still go on and add new triumphs to the cause of virtue and of truth.

That branch of the periodical press which, by way of eminence, is called the *literary*, is exceedingly miscellaneous. There is hardly any department of human knowledge or of intellect-

ual amusement which it does not deem its own. History, philosophy, the fine arts, science, political economy, biography, voyages and travels, fiction, poetry and criticism, have all been regarded as lying within its legitimate empire. In the higher review, many of these subjects are frequently treated with an eloquence and ability which rank the articles among the finest compositions of the time. Indeed, since the triumphant career of the Edinburgh, these quarterly journals have multiplied, and found great favor, not only with the literary gentleman, but with the statesman and philosopher. They constitute a focus in which are concentrated the chief intellectual power and brilliancy of the age. In England, Mackintosh, Jeffrey, Scott and Brougham, and in this country, the ablest writers, have made them the depositories of their best efforts, and what under other circumstances would have expanded into a volume, is here condensed into an essay.

In this age of mental restlessness, thousands will learn from a brief article, which, while running they may read, what would not be attended to if presented in a larger and more imposing form, and he who would willingly permit himself to be drawn by the attractions of a quarterly, would start back shuddering, from the ponderous and recondite quarto. Such being the temper of readers—which, in truth, these very journals have contributed to generate and nourish—the master minds avail themselves of the facilities thus afforded, to act directly and immediately upon taste and opinion; and from the era of their unparalleled success, has been dated the deterioration of standard literature.

One of their happy tendencies has no doubt been, to give a higher, clearer, and more uniform tone, to public taste. The age is one of fluctuation. Comparatively little is settled. Men's habits, opinions, and feelings, are ever on the change; and taste, proverbially variable, is not exempt from the universal lot. To furnish a standard, pure and true, by which this principle may be guided, has been one of the aims of the highest class of periodical writing. In the accomplishment of this end, it has, in the main, been successful. In spite of the myriad counter and cross currents which are incessantly shooting athwart the public mind, from magazines and newspapers, the higher review has still continued, steadily and tranquilly, to pursue its lofty course, leaving upon its bosom the corrected opinions and taste of the people. In eloquence, poetry, fiction and the fine arts, it has ventured to be the arbiter, and its decisions on these subjects have generally been submitted to, as those from which there could justly be no appeal.

In criticism, it has almost invariably preserved a sober and manly deportment. It has fostered with peculiar care, our infant literature. It has interposed a shield between it and the malicious jealousy of foreign assault. It is distinguished for that rarest of merits—impartial blame and praise. While conveying a literary bark into the tranquil sea and clear sky of public favor, it has not hesitated, from a mistaken delicacy, to expose the imperfections of the builder; nor from jealous motives, has it refused to point out the breakers that lie concealed in its pathway. In this respect, its candid and calm sobriety, forms an honorable contrast to the dashing and murderous spirit which has often characterized the English and Scotch reviews. The parody of the nursery tale,

> 'Who killed John Keats?
> I, says the Quarterly,'

quite emphatically illustrates the annihilating power of their denunciations. Perhaps our own have acted on principles of too great gentleness and generosity, as if indeed, in the wit of Byron,

> 'The sublime, ethereal particle,
> Might be extinguished by an article.'

In this matter, the course of a review would seem to be clear. Sad experience has taught us that too many authors, can be looked upon in no other light, than as thieves upon the time and money of the public, and it is the duty of the review to stand sentinel, and to warn that public of the approach and designs of the intruder.

But its capital distinction, that in which reside its chief excellence and energy, is, the formation and reflection of a sound *opinion*, on those important topics which interest and agitate the national mind. It does not, like those of England, espouse the cause and advocate the principles of any particular party in the state; but standing as it were, upon some high eminence, it seems to make a survey coextensive with the whole republic, and to contemplate, only its common interests. On internal improvements and popular education, for example, it has disseminated the most enlightened and comprehensive views, doing more, perhaps, than any other single agent, to give form and stability to public sentiment on these and kindred subjects. Thus appears its tendency to add strength and permanence to the union of these states; implanting in them a living persuasion of reciprocal interests, and rallying their patriotism around the standard of kindred feelings, and of uniform, concentrated, according opinions.

Among the evil consequences resulting from the establishment of reviews, and their monopoly of the intellect of the times, we shall only mention the hasty and superficial habit of judging, and of discussing matters whose importance would seem to demand long-continued and profound thought. This tendency to the superficial, must be manifest to every one. Facts are not sufficiently accumulated. Those which are collected, are not sufficiently accurate, or pertinent. The style of reasoning is oftentimes lax and desultory. Wide chasms separate premises from conclusions. Half-fledged thoughts are untimely ushered into being. Immature suggestions are put forth. The reflecting reader is continually disappointed with partial and disjointed views of subjects the most momentous. The indications of hurry are too often meeting the eye. The writer has not thoroughly elaborated his speculations. There are wanted the unity, the calmness, the perfect finish of deliberate and philosophical composition. An explanation of this, is to be sought partly in the *temper of the age*, which is one of action, not of profound meditation. We have banished profoundness to the closets of German metaphysicians—partly in the *vocation* of a professed periodical writer. There is none, perhaps, of more mental drudgery and weariness. So many pages of composition must be furnished at a specified time. Whatever be the condition of his literary finances, he must needs make his quarterly contribution. It is not surprising, that thus subjected to the torture of a sort of intellectual inquisition, he should become exhausted of his usual strength and resources, and be compelled at times to adopt a course analagous to that of the stage-manager, who, when he had *snowed out* all his white paper, was forced to resort to the brown. It is well known that the reputation of a review is often sustained by what is denominated a *leading article;* the residue is only designed to *fill up.*

But if these remarks be applicable to the review, what shall be said of the monthly magazine? One distinction of this from the former is, its admission of original tales and poetry. But it is chiefly distinguished by the more diffusive and ephemeral character of its composition. In the *selection* of topics, it frequently imitates the higher review, in the *treatment* of those topics, it hath no parallel but itself. The most weighty and perplexing questions have been started, discussed and disposed of in the brief compass of two pages. Is a reader deluded into the perusal of an article upon some favorite philosophical subject. After wading through thoughts diluted, opinions fanciful and crude, declamation common-place and sophomori-

cal, all flung together in most admired disorder, he arrives at the end, lost and confounded, his mind filled with a medley of dreaming, chaotic impressions, among which is predominant, what has been happily termed the expansion of vacuity. We observed, that in the review, was a tendency to the superficial. It may here be subjoined that in the magazine is a mournful realization of the diffuse. It is related of Bentham, that he was wont to epitomize a large volume into a single chapter. This single chapter was subsequently abridged into a small tabular view. And at last, by another intellectual process, the whole contents of the tabular view were condensed into a single word, and that a word of but one syllable. Under a like process, of condensation, what! O, what! would be the fate of the vast multitude of original tales, leisure-hour essays and fugitive rhymes that are spread in monthly diffusion over the pages of a magazine!

But it is equally distinguished for the instability and discordance of its opinions in the department of criticism. Sad indeed is the condition of that public whose judgment of books is regulated by the dictation of a magazine critic; and mournful that author's fate, who entrusts his reputation to this dispenser of immortality. We need not enlarge upon the confusion, the irreconcilable contradictions, the perplexity and crudness which mark the decisions of this tribunal. *Here* is the fulsome eulogy of friendship or interest; *there* the denunciations of personal pique or jealous hostility. On one side, all is panegyric and incense; on the other, all is wormwood and censoriousness. 'Fair is foul, and foul is fair,' according to the relations of the critic to the writer or the public. The merit of a book is graduated by the scale of personal consideration. It has just so much eloquence and originality as its critic has esteem or fear for the author. If a volume be presented for magazine recommendation, the reviewer will often inquire: 'Do I ever intend myself to become an author? Has this gentleman ever done *me* a service? Has he firm nerves, and a spirit of castigation? Is he my particular friend?' If an affirmative reply be given to these queries, there is no obstacle in the way; the coast is clear; and having glanced an instant at the title page, he composedly sets himself down and indites what afterwards meets the public eye, in something like the following form: 'We know not who is the author of this unassuming little volume, but this we know, that he has beguiled us of many weary hours. His mind is cast in the finest mould. His powers of conception and execution are extraordinary. It is difficult to determine which is most worthy of applause, the purity of

his style, the ingenuity of his plot, his wonderful graphic power, or the high tone of moral feeling which seems to pervade his whole character. We cheerfully recommend his book to our readers, with the assurance that its perusal will afford them as much pleasure as it has already given us.' Thus, by a mysterious pneumatic process—a windy suspiration of forced breath—is the unassuming little volume puffed into a mighty notoriety. But, alas! this happy fortune is not destined long to continue. While the author is congratulating himself, and feeding his hopes on the first visions of fame, the cloud is gathering, and what must be his indignation, and what the surprise of the public, upon observing in a subsequent number of the same magazine, or in another periodical of equal literary pretensions, a summary denunciation of this very same work, in a strain not unlike the following: 'It is seldom that common sense and good taste are assailed with more hostility, than in the volume before us. We do not hesitate to pronounce the author a dolt, and his book nothing but stuff. As guardians of public taste and morals, we cannot too seriously warn our readers against the patronage of that which equally wars upon both.' It is believed, that the history of magazine criticism, is not wanting in practical verifications of these remarks. We omit the notice of several other traits equally remarkable, and equally characteristic. It is, however, no more than just to observe, in concluding this topic, that in our land are to be found honorable exceptions, to which these remarks are, in the main, inapplicable.

We pass hastily over another class of literary periodicals, which has but recently made its appearance and sported in the sunlight of fashion under the name of 'splendid annuals.' Nature has never associated excellence of voice with brilliant plumage. The analogy holds good here. The annual is not, however, altogether useless. It gratifies a certain want which refinement and luxury have created. It embodies some beautiful specimens of the fine arts. It catches up, if I may be permitted to use the figure, the spray of the intellectual wave. Still it is the short-lived creature of the fashionable few.

'It blossoms, is exhaled and gone.'

There is no magic in its little contents, no power in its perfumed sentences, to save it from forgetfulness. For a moment it pleases the eye, and then goes down forever, like its forgotten predecessor, to the 'tomb of the capulets.'

We come to the *political press*. In this country, it is almost synonymous with the newspaper press. The number of its

organs has been estimated at one thousand. Of the one hundred and sixteen periodicals printed in this state, ninety are supposed to be political. In Great Britain there are only three hundred and seventy newspapers of every description. But in that country, the reviews and magazines often enter the field of politics. The vast predominance in the United States, of the political want, is a remarkable feature, and one of the peculiar results of our free institutions. It has been estimated that in Europe, there are about four hundred literary and scientific periodicals, to every one hundred of a political character. If the same proportion existed in this country, we should have four thousand, instead of one hundred publications devoted to literature and science. But these are not the themes which most deeply interest the mind and heart of this republic. We are far more pleased with the stirring impulses of political controversy. It is the agitation of great interests connected with self-government, which awakens our profoundest feelings, and gives exercise to our best powers. It is this which has created the political press—the engine by which the mighty few move and mould the mighty many.

One consequence of this immense number of papers is, a *cheapness*, which makes them accessible to every member of the community. Intelligence is thus more widely disseminated. There is no secret corner into which the light does not penetrate. But it has also the tendency to destroy that independence, which forms one of the cardinal virtues of a political editor. The 'Journal des Debats,' and the 'Constitutionnel,' printed in Paris, have, the former fourteen, and the latter twenty thousand supporters, at a subscription price of fifteen or twenty dollars. The 'London Times,' has ten thousand subscribers, at forty dollars each. This powerful support removes them from the reach of pecuniary want. In our own country, as is well known, this number is far less; the avails of a newspaper are comparatively small, and there is a continual struggle for mere existence. It is manifest that in such a state of things, the suggestions of pecuniary interest, will often be listened to, that one strong guarantee, that the press may not be *bought up*, does not exist; that one of the surest safeguards of the political integrity of an editor is destroyed.

Another consequence of some moment, may here be noticed. It is the absence of that ability, which under other circumstances might be secured. The standard of intellectual power in the political newspaper is not so elevated as desirable. In France, the great patronage of the few newspapers, enables them to pay thirty or forty dollars per column, and thus are

obtained continual contributions from the ablest men of the nation. In this country, no adequate compensation can be afforded, to enlist the highest talents into the service of this press. Hence the notorious crudity of its opinions, its narrow and distorted views—and more than all, those ludicrous manifestations of the prophetic gift, in which the inspired seer designates the times of fair and foul weather in the political calendar, with all the sagacity, and much of the assumption which distinguish the most modern and approved almanac maker.

Still its power is tremendous. It pulls down, and it builds up. It overthrows one dynasty and elevates another at its pleasure. 'Give me the making of the national ballads, and you may have the making of the laws,' was the profound remark of a British statesman. With equal truth might he have said, give me the control of the political press, and you may have the sword and the purse.

When connected with the improvements in machinery, and the present facilities for communication, the rapidity of its action is immense. It forms, as it were, an intellectual railroad for the transportation of thought. Let but the cry of injury and oppression be heard, it is borne as if upon the wings of the wind, over mountains and seas, to the remotest corners of the earth. The press of the 'London Times,' strikes off, in its usual activity, at the rate of thirty newspapers per minute. It is stated that the *beginning* of a speech is in the hands of the compositor, whose *middle portion* is travelling to the office in the pocket of the hasty reporter, 'while its eloquent *conclusion*, is perhaps at that very moment making the walls of St. Stephens vibrate with the applause of its hearers.' We have not advanced to a like rapidity of mechanical execution. Yet even in this country, a thought has hardly fallen from the lips of an orator, ere it is repeated at the distance of a thousand miles; kindling other thoughts, giving new vigor to patriotism, or awakening a more fervent love of liberty. The Grecian and the Roman orator, could only impress the assembled few. But by the aid of this agent, whose iron muscles never tire, a single speaker is enabled to act simultaneously upon dispersed multitudes. And here is another source of its power, viz: its *universal address*. It speaks to every man. It operates on every class. The review and magazine are limited in their influence. They affect a small number in the higher places of society. They shine only on the mountain tops. But the light from the newspaper streams over the valleys. It penetrates into the cottage. Its illumination is broad and general.

as the air. It is the farmer, the mechanic, the artizan, in short, it is the *people*, those on whom devolve the destinies of this country, and the cause of free institutions, it is *these* whom the political press agitates or soothes, purifies or corrupts. It is *their* heart which vibrates to the touch of its skilful hand. It is *their* understanding which yields to its absolute guidance. They look up *to it* for instruction in their political rights and duties. In the perplexity and confusion of public affairs, they await implicitly upon its suggestions.

What now is its character? Has it the will, as it has the power to promote the greatest good of the greatest number? Does it act worthy of its high vocation? Has it the calm dignity and moderation of a political mentor? Has it a lofty standard of opinion and action? Does it worship truth and consistency? Does it aim to harmonize the discordant elements of civil society? Is it a trustworthy guide in political darkness and storms?

To hardly one of these interrogatories can a favorable answer be returned. We speak not in the spirit of any party. We make no invidious distinctions. Our remarks are intended to be general. We leave their particular application to be made by the reader.

What is the present character of the political press, as to *veracity?* Unhappy must be that mind, which only contemplates truth refracted through this medium. How many thousand facts are suppressed! How many thousand others are only partially disclosed! Of how many do we have only the profile view! How many are distorted! How many base fabrications are put forth! What dogmatic assertion on one side; what absolute denial on the other! The old German proverb, '*he lies like print*,' might not inaptly come into vogue at this day. And such are the existing feelings and opinions, as to the standard of veracity, that their representations are made with impunity and a quiet conscience. Apparently there are no 'compunctious visitings of nature.' It is related, that in the highest part of a certain castle in Ireland, is a stone, which is said to have the power of imparting to the person who kisses it, the unenviable privilege of hazarding, without a blush, that species of romantic assertion which many call falsehood. One would not think improbable, that in *this* country, was a similar castle, containing a similar stone; that its location was well understood; and that not a few of our political writers were accustomed to resort thither for frequent and fervent salutations of its wonder-working deposit.

What is the present character of the political press for

moderation, consistency, and decorum? Certainly not such as pure patriotism would desire. Angry heat, recklessness, passionate turbulence, and excitement—these surely are not amiable traits. Yet how universally do they pervade this press! How do they mingle with, and taint the development of good principles! If it be true, that the higher journals monopolize the *talent* of the country, it is equally so, that the political newspaper gives vent to its *passion*.

Is it consistent? In other words, does it maintain an inflexible adherence to good and fixed principles? Is it not blown about by every wind of political doctrine? Does it not truckle and bow down before the shrine of party? Is it not ready to sound blasts of any tone? It may be, that a transient virtue has erected here and there an occasional landmark; but the tide of interest and of passion comes bursting in, and all is swept away.

How is it with its decorum? Does it observe that refined and respectful deportment which imparts the grace and charm to the intercourse of society? Far from it. It is the vehicle of the worst of thoughts in the worst of words. It wars without remorse, in the cut and thrust of gladiatorial combat. Those courtesies which adorn and protect, while they invest the character, are torn off and trampled into the dust; and revenge, and hate, and jealousy, and foiled ambition, appear in all their naked hideousness.

It is not necessary to dwell upon other repulsive features in the character of this press. We will only add, that its acts are perpetrated under the mask of the *anonymous*. Indeed, this is an incident, (and one the most objectionable,) that appertains to every department of the periodical press. It is that convenient darkness under which malignity assassinates the reputation of the wise and good. It is the cover under which dulness presumes to dictate to public taste and opinion. It draws the veil of secrecy over the critic, while he eulogizes his own or his friend's imperfections. One of the important steps in a radical reform of the periodical press, would be the entire abolition of this most reprehensible system.

We have concluded what we designed to say on this very extensive and interesting subject. Although it is manifest that in some of its departments, there is much on which the indignation of an enlightened public must frown, yet it cannot be denied, that a great many of the tendencies of the periodical press are good. We know that it keeps pace with the progress of liberal principles, and a better spirit of morality and religion. For example, in this country, there is one press to every ten

thousand inhabitants; in England, one to every fifty thousand; in Austria, one to every four hundred thousand; and in China, one to every hundred million.

It is continually widening the circumference of its usefulness. Its foot is already planted upon the shores of Iceland. In the oceanic islands, there are at this time ten presses in active operation. Even in Constantinople, that citadel of despotism, a newspaper has recently been established. There seems to be no barriers strong enough to resist its onward march. 'I want no learned men,' said the emperor of Austria, on a late occasion, 'I want no learned men in my territories; give me only loyal and obedient subjects,' and he again essayed to muzzle the press, and to spread a deeper darkness over his people. Yet even there, where now, as it has ever been,

> 'the faculty divine
> Is chained and tortured, cabined, cribbed, confined,
> And bred in darkness, lest the light should shine
> Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
> The beam pours in.'

How vastly has the periodical press multiplied the number of books, and through them, the number of readers! Thousands read now, where one read thirty years ago. There is, perhaps, less learning, but there is certainly more knowledge. In the language of another, 'philosophy has been brought out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in the sitting-room of the tradesman and the mechanic; in the cottage and the kitchen, with the school-boy between his tasks, and the apprentice when his daily work is done.'

Quickening impulses have been sent abroad. New and noble objects of ambition have been presented. The human mind has been made to know its power, and society has every where been raised up. We think that here is much for the congratulation of wise and good men. They know, that while the press is free, the tide of human improvement will know no returning flood. The hand will never again be put back upon the dial plate of time. How may this thought cheer on the philanthropist, the christian, and the patriot! And if in imagination, we may be permitted to go back *to the humble inventor of this art*, how would *he* have been cheered, when borne down by poverty, or flying before the cruel jealousy of the monks, could he have had but a glimpse of the triumphs that awaited his sublime invention! What enthusiasm would have filled his breast, had the veil which shut out the future, been gradually raised, and from his solitary cell, in the purlieus of Strasburgh, could he have seen the vast revolutions to which, in

the progress of four centuries, his art has given birth, could he have beheld the press walking hand in hand with religion and liberty; her broad banner unfurling throughout the earth, and her mighty voice ascending, like the sound of many waters, from the distant islands of the sea. J. J. J.

For the Western Monthly Magazine.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LAKE—AN IRISH TRADITION.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

[The story which, with very slight variations, is embodied in this poem, is given in the writings of a late traveller in Ireland, as related to him with great apparent sincerity, by the boatman who served him in a visit to the lake of Killarney.]

In Erin's verdant, ocean isle,
A shining lake is seen,
Where many an islet peers the while,
To dot the lake with green.

And these are crowned with tree and flower,
And vine; or ruins grey,
That show where human art, and power,
Have been and past away.

They 're edged with grass, or fringing brake,
Or moss, or beetling cliff;
And, round between them, on the lake
There dances many a skiff.

The boatman's hardy hand propels
His boat with varying oar,
While stories wild and strange he tells,
About the things of yore.

And, if you touch that hand with gold
Or silver, you shall find,
A smoother tale was never told
Than he will soon unwind.

But then, no sign of secret doubt
About what may be said,
From lip or eye must venture out,
As this would snap the thread.

For, though he may in truth believe
The things he tells to you,
Or not, 'tis fit that you receive
Each syllable as true.

In sooth, the honest boatman seems
A man sincere, and acts
Like one, who, often telling dreams,
Refines them into facts.

He 'll take you in his boat and row
Till fairly from the shore;
Then, fast his nimble tongue will go,
And slow, the lazy oar.

And there, in haste to let you know
How much is known to him,
He 'll tell you what is hid below
The water that you skim.

For, how Killarney's lake arose,
His sober lips protest,
That, if a son of Erin knows,
Himself must know the best.

And, having paid his holy priest
For past and future sins,
And lived a saint through lent and feast,
The tale he thus begins:

'You see that in this spacious cave
There 's now a mighty flood;
But once, if you 've a soul to save,
'Twas full of flesh and blood!

'And now I row my trusty boat
O'er heaps of human bones,
That, by the waters where we float,
Are hardened into stones!

'For, here an ancient city shone
In splendor, wealth and pride;
And, that, in power it stood alone,
Can be by none denied.

''Twas peopled by a noble clan
Of brave and warlike men;
If ever Erin had a man
Of courage, it was then.

'Twas governed by a mighty chief,
The great O'Donaghue;
And, just to give him in the brief,
A mighty tyrant, too!

He was a man of giant size,
Of odd, but rich attire,
With haughty bearing, and his eyes,
They flashed like living fire.

He often led his men to fight,
And led them safely back;
But, left the foes that lived, in flight,
With blood upon their track.

For, when they saw his hordes advance,
And knew him in the van,
His very look was like a lance,
To enter every man.

His eye was worth a thousand shafts,
A thousand arms, his one!
His will was like the wing that wafts
The eagle to the sun!

And such the great O'Donaghue;
And such the race of men,
Whose like, if e'er creation knew,
'Twill never know again!

And, all that mortals ever need,
This noble clan possessed;
For they had all to clothe and feed,
And give the body rest.

But, still they lacked one thing, and this,
The burden of their song,
Was what no living thing can miss,
And live to miss it long.

And, "water! water!" they would sing,
For water sang they all;
They'd neither well, nor brook, nor spring,
Within their city wall.

At length, without, the streams were dry
That brightened vale and hill,
And then, from thirsty mouths, the cry
Was "water! water!" still.

There came a great magician there,
A man of power and skill,
Who had the gift to answer prayer,
And do the suppliant's will.

To him in crowds the people came,
As pilgrims to a shrine:
Approaching in Saint Patrick's name,
The man of gifts divine.

And, water, water, was the thing
For which they humbly bowed,
Entreating him the boon to bring
From either earth or cloud.

But still he answered not their call;
For in his searching sight,
There was not one among them all
Who asked that boon aright.

At length a little soft-eyed maid,
With looks and voice to melt
A rock to water, came and prayed,
And asking water, knelt.

A ring the great magician wore,
Of gems so clear and bright,
They looked like drops of dew before
The rays of morning light.

Then, in the earth, from off his hand,
He hid the sparkling ring,
When, straightway from the burning sand
Came forth a cooling spring!

And every one with parching lip,
Who ran to fill his cup,
Perceived that, fast as all could dip,
The water bubbled up.

The great magician said, the spring
Must, every night, with care,
Be covered close, or it would bring
An evil none could bear.

And thus to let the spring be hid,
He gave a shining gift—
A large and massive silver lid,
That none alone could lift.

Upon its surface smooth and bright,
Were strange devices traced;
And o'er the water every night,
With care 'twas closely placed.

At morning it was set aside
To let the spring appear,
And all the city was supplied
With water fresh and clear.

At length, the proud O'Donaghue
Began to jeer and scoff,
Because the cover must go through
This putting on and off.

"I 'll to my dwelling bid them take
The shining lid," said he,
"And turn it upside down, to make
A silver bath, for me."'

He ordered then, his men to bring
The cover home to him;
And quick with water from the spring
To fill it to the brim.

But all implored him not to touch
The lid with this intent,
Because the giver's charge was such
They dreaded what it meant.

'Away!' replied the chief, in wrath,
'Ye cowards, from my sight!
For I will have my silver bath
Before I sleep to-night.

'So, off, to get the cover, go!
The water will but be
The cooler, if the night winds blow
Upon it fresh and free."'

'Then, when they went, as they were bid,
To do the stern commands,
It set the figures on the lid
To stirring in their hands.

'And, reptile, bird, and beast began
To move, and writhe, and twist,
As if to caution every man
Who bore them, to desist!

'The scaly serpent showed a sting,
And, hissing, seemed to say,
They'd rue the hour, when from the spring
They bore the lid away.

When, by their chief, with water filled,
They left it, to retire,
Their breasts were some with horror chill'd,
And others burnt with ire.

'But every clansman sought his home,
And saw the fall of night,
With gloomy thoughts of what might come
Before the morning light.

'They feared that earthquake, fire, or wind,
Or famine, or the sword,
Would punish all who did not mind
The great magician's word.

'Then one sad, solitary man
Escaped from out the gate,
And, to a hill, in secret, ran,
To mark the city's fate.

'At midnight hour, when all was still,
And not a leaf was stirred,
That lonely watchman on the hill,
The shrieks of anguish heard.

It was a solemn, awful sound,
For one alone to hear,
As through the hills it echoed round,
Then died upon the ear.

'Twas but a little while, and all
Was over with the clan!
For, not within the city wall,
Was there a living man!

'The spring had bubbled up, and swelled,
And to a deluge spread.
Till now the silent dwellings held
But water and the dead!

'And still the waters spread and grew,
Till in a single night,
This mighty lake arose to view,
A city sunk from sight!

'And, when the deep is calm and clear,
These little isles between
The walls and dwellings buried here,
May yet, in part, be seen.

'But often, when the raging storm
Is now about to wake,
A cloudy boat and spirit form
Will sail above the lake.

'They say, 'tis old, Donaghue,
Who haunts the waters still,
And having nothing good to do,
Is busied yet with ill.

'The costly bath in which he died
Is turned to silver mist;
But still upon its bright outside
The serpents crawl and twist.

'The boatmen shun his troubled path
Across the frowning flood,
For he is still a son of wrath,
Though not of flesh and blood!

'On yonder rock there sits a man,
Who saw him yesterday,
An hour before the storm began,
That drove his boat away!

'Now, when your honor likes to take
Another pleasant sail,
To view the islands of the lake,
I'll tell another tale.'

H. F. G.

FINANCE.

REMARKS UPON FINANCE, AND ON THE NATURE AND FUNCTION OF MONEY: WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF CAUSES THAT HAVE LED TO THE EXISTING EMBARRASSMENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is no time so appropriate for investigating the causes of national calamity, as when the people are in the act of suffering. Then the powers of perception are roused and quickened into life and action, by an audible address to the interest of every individual connected with the business of the country.

In times like these, when established values, and the relations between debtor and creditor, are so deeply affected—when the interests of one and all are the threatened victims of some fatal errors in the management of our national finance, it is deemed a most appropriate occasion to suggest some views on this branch of political economy, rather with the expectation of arousing attention and eliciting thought and inquiry, than with the hope of shedding new light on the subject.

It becomes all, on occasions like the present, to examine boldly into existing and long-cherished sentiments, entertained by the nation on principles connected with this subject: for there we may discover and bring to light the fruits of prepossession, prejudice, and false reasoning, that have not only led to the existing calamity, but will forever bind and cramp the energies of an aspiring people, who, with fair play, have more to hope in the future, than the whole world besides.

It may be said with truth, the errors to which the present monetary condition of our country may be referred, are not of our day; but are remote in their origin, and have attended the financial policy of our government from its first formation.

Vexed and ruined by the paper money and over-excited credit of the revolution, our fathers contracted a prejudice against paper currency and credit, which no subsequent reflection enabled them to overcome. This prejudice has been in some degree inherited by their descendants, who will never enjoy or comprehend their immense resources, until it be finally rooted out, and replaced by the conviction, that a country with a dependent industry, and a dependent currency, has little cause to boast of its political independence.

Although the disease under which the nation is suffering may be chronic, yet nothing can be more certain, than that the late movements of the administration upon the United States bank, and the consequent destruction of confidence, is the approximate cause of the present rapid decline in prices. But that measure has merely hastened an impending event, that could not have been deferred beyond the period of a few years.

Prosperity and reaction are the inevitable tendencies of trade in a wealthy country like ours, that neglects to provide a permanent national currency, sufficiently abundant at all times to represent its yearly creations of capital, and to sustain private credit engaged in its distribution.

The yearly creations of capital—or commodities, which mean the same thing—are the only objects of trade; and private credit throughout the civilized world, is the principal representative of exchange value that acts upon them. When private credit is alone left to sustain prices, or when it is feebly supported by public credit, it cannot be otherwise than that, even sagacity and caution will be disappointed, and endless fluctuation in the condition of men will ensue.

The groundwork of the mischief of which we now complain, may be said to be perpetuated from a careless inattention to what is now and has been for years going on in the world. No practical views on the theory of trade and the nature of money seem to have been entertained by those charged with the conservation of our national prosperity. The principles on which are based the financial policy of Great Britain, either have not practically addressed their minds, or have been entirely overlooked; and it is a striking subject of speculation why it has been so; since nothing is more obvious, than that, under practices drawn from these principles, have been achieved the wealth, power, and greatness of that country.

Great Britain, with an enormous viciously contracted debt of rising *forty hundred millions of dollars*, and a mass of profligate yearly expenses, exceeding credibility—with an aristocracy largely monopolizing the realty of her national wealth, and these together pressing inordinately on her working classes, has contrived to constitute and sustain herself, the grand focus of universal wealth. That she is enabled under these apparent, if not real disadvantages, to maintain a degree of prosperity, energy and power, unequalled in the world, is an uncompromising solecism to plain republicans, who entertain a kind of superstitious veneration for money, and a national aversion to the word debt.

That Great Britain has effected so much, with her contracted natural resources, is an argument so conclusive in favor of her financial system, that one would suppose, the searching eyes of political economists at least, would be turned toward her with intense interest.

The midusian secret that draws into the lap of Britania the wealth of the world, and exacts tribute from all nations to her necessities, even to the sustaining of her forty hundred millions

of debt, together with her proud hereditary aristocracy, is simply that she allows no national resource to remain unessayed, no enterprise to slumber, and no industry to languish for the want of money. Her politicians have said, let there be money, and there was money; and this creation has diffused light, and life, and energy, not only throughout her own country, but the whole world.

This money, which is nothing more or less, than her national credit, well protected and supported by her system of finance, serves to swell her productive power beyond calculation; on the other hand, her productive power not only sustains her credit at home, but draws in the shape of interest alone, from other countries, millions on millions, as a rich tribute to her sagacity.

In treating this subject, it is proposed to remark on the principles of national wealth, national capital, and the nature and use of money. To some, these inquiries are familiar; yet there are many who have never deemed them so far connected with their private interests, as to possess claims on their attention: this is a great mistake, for if there be one class of national principles more directly blended with the daily interests of every individual in society, than another, it is that embracing the principles of finance.

Without knowledge on this subject, the changes we may witness in the pecuniary affairs of a nation or people, are addressed to our idle hopes—excite merely our wonder, or dismay our feelings or passions; we can neither act nor be acted upon by the moral power of intelligence; we have no choice, no alternative, but to remain the passive victims, it may be, of political imbecility. And have we a right to expect our candidates for political distinction will labor to possess themselves of a science, of which their constituents are cold and indifferent judges? Most assuredly they will not; and it is no less certain, if those who elect, and those who engage on our political arena, fail to give their serious attention to the practical effect of financial principles, the future history of our country, must present a most melancholy and distressing picture of financial revolutions, and individual suffering consequent thereon.

By analysis it is demonstrated, that the aggregate mass of exchangeable commodities, produced by sagacity and labor, and demanded by the necessary and factitious wants of man, constitutes the great element of trade. To act on this element, by invigorating the powers of production, by facilitating distribution, and by increasing consumption, is the grave intent of all business, and the only real object of human industry. The plough of the farmer, the loom of the weaver, the ship of the

merchant, and the money and credit of all, are not the objects of commerce, but auxiliaries to the powers of production; for if man wanted nothing for his subsistence and enjoyment, that could be furnished by others, his relation to his species, would be narrowed down to the footing of other gregarious animals; he would have no professions, no trade, no commerce—and no use for credit, money or like facilities.

The power and means possessed by a nation, of producing a greater or less quantity of these commodities, indicate its greater or less degree of wealth. In this way, intelligence, religion, morals, civil government, education, the liberal and mechanic arts, the devisements of ingenuity, inventions, facilities of intercommunication—in short, every thing contributing directly or indirectly to stimulate and swell the powers of production, are constituent parts of national wealth.

The farmer who holds the plough, or the boy that drives, has no greater agency in the business of production, than the clergyman or schoolmaster who preserves and improves his moral, or the mechanic who supplies him with labor-saving implements, or the law-giver who affords him protection, or the merchant who finds him a market. Strike out or impair one occupation that necessity or virtuous inclination has created, and you disturb the interest of all, and inflict an absolute injury on society. And hence, there is nothing more preposterous than the popular distinction attempted to be made between working and nonworking men, so entirely unworthy the good sense of this age.

The surplus commodities of national industry, while in *transitu* from the hands of the producer to the consumer, form the only capital of a nation, on which its business transactions are founded, and on which its financial operations are based; for these are the natural and exclusive objects of trade, whose exchange price in commerce is represented by general and local credit, which includes all our ideas of money, as will be hereafter explained.

In using the term *exchange price*, it is not intended to include the idea of value; for there is a marked distinction between price and value: the former is familiar to every market—we have a general idea of the latter; yet there is no fixed standard for it. It lies somewhere between the cost of production, and the use for consumption; perhaps in practice, the equation between the maximum and minimum of regular prices, acted upon by no extraordinary event, is sufficiently near the truth.

It is obvious to the most careless observer, that supply and demand are the only regulations of price, and that fluctuations

in a market are produced by the alternate pressure of supply and demand on each other. But the fact that demand involves the action of two principles, is not quite so obvious, but not the less true. The demand for consumption, is a steady law of trade, impressed by nature. But when prices depend on that single principle alone, they will forever fluctuate with seasons; for the requisitions of demand are limited, progressive, and continuous, while the supply is periodical, rapid, and in some instances unlimited. At one season prices will fall below the cost of production; at another, rise far above it: and therefore to maintain prices at a point, that will afford a steady encouragement to production, it is necessary some great reservoir or magazine of national capital should exist.

This necessity begets, what may be called a *speculative demand*, and gives origin to the class of distributers, (traffickers or merchants,) who live on the difference between the price paid to the producer, and that received from the consumer. To preserve this principle of demand in its most efficient state, by insuring to its agents, the greatest encouragement to enterprise and competition, is among the most important principles of political economy.

To carry on his business successfully, the distributer must hold at his command, some convenient representative of exchange value, and it is quite immaterial what that may be, if it fulfil his purpose. Either that description of facilities which go under the popular name of money, or his individual credit, is alike to him and all others, so long as they produce the desired result.

It may be well here, by way of illustration, to glance again at the existing embarrassed state of our country. It surely does not arise from a decay of national wealth, for it is yearly increasing beyond all ordinary calculation. The annual creation of national capital has been for the last year unusually abundant, and it flows into commerce with plethoric facility. There is no unusual deficiency of circulation, such as it is, and the country was never in possession of more coin than at this moment.

Where, then, have we to look for an efficient cause for the tremendous effects before us, if not to that total prostration of public confidence in individual credit, everywhere exhibited to us. This is the true seat of the disease, and if it be not constitutional, it is chronic in our country. Our conservative heads, have never considered the necessity, of supplying a sufficient national curency, in aid of industry and trade; individual credit has been forced, and left to grope its feeble way, unsupported and unprotected, by the nation, and the inevitable tendency of

such an abandonment, has overtaken it. Reaction, (the usual determination,) has taken place! loss, bankruptcy and ruin, broadly stare on all whose enterprise and daring have prompted them to press forward in the laudable duty of extending the resources of their country.

Had wisdom marked the financial policy of our government, our prosperity and security would never have been withered by the paralizing grasp of one man, or a set of men. We should have ridden triumphantly over those measures that have undermined and prostrated the fabric of our credit.

As things now stand, the resources of the distributer are dried up. He can no longer command a more diffusive credit, to sustain his own. The great reservoir of national capital is closed. The speculative principle of demand has ceased, and the whole mass of the created capital, in the hands of the producer, presses at once on consumption, and reduces prices below the cost of production.

The disease has commenced in this function, and will be gradually diffused—if it be not arrested—throughout the entire mass of property. In this state of the case, the physicians are disputing over the patient, who is gradually growing worse, and it is a prominent question, whether they have within their reach a curative remedy. It is more likely, the complaint will work itself off in the natural way, as it has done before. The annual products of national capital will force their way into market; necessity will renovate individual credit, a healthy condition will ensue, until over action shall again test the constitution, and then, we have recurrence of syncope and the same disease to encounter again.

In this country, ten or twelve years appear to be the regular period for a general or partial return of those property revolutions; and the recurrence of these seasons of financial derangement, are attended with threatening dangers to our institutions, since they serve to take wealth from the hands of the middling classes, and concentrate it in those of the rich. They defeat the calculations of the prudent, cause sudden changes of property from hand to hand, and give wealth to the undeserving. They also produce discouragement, and disaffection in the minds of the active and enterprising, who are left to writhe under disappointed hope, and to mourn over the blasted prospects of unsuccessful industry.

Why should we submit to those uncalled for sacrifices, when we have a great practical example, in the financial management of the British nation, that would effectually prevent them? Shall we cast from us, at the bidding of foreign political econo-

mists, the experimental wisdom of the world, and allow ingrafted or inherited prejudices and errors, to smother the natural good sense of the nation? If we blind our eyes to truth, shall we not deservedly suffer for our folly?

Let us turn our eyes again on Great Britain. That nation, with a debt on which she pays an annual interest of one hundred and twenty millions of dollars; a civil list, and other yearly expenses, amounting to one hundred and thirty-five millions; together, forming an aggregate of two hundred and fifty millions of yearly disbursements, is yet flourishing and prosperous in every department of her immense operations.

How she continues to meet this annual demand upon her resources, with a less favorable climate, a territory not larger than three of our states, and a population of twenty millions, not exceeding ours in intelligence, enterprise, and industry, is an interesting, but not a difficult subject of inquiry.

Her sagacious politicians have contrived a system of credit, better than an inexhaustible mine, that furnishes abundant facilities to every branch of industry within the range of her trade, and at a moderate rate of interest. Her industry is wisely and carefully protected from foreign competition. Her mercantile and insolvent laws afford the most broad encouragement to adventure and enterprise.

With a national bank, operating a capital of seventy millions, whose notes are a legal tender in all transactions, except at the counter of the institution, where they are redeemable at the pleasure of the holder, she effectually sustains the local credit of her people.

With an unfaltering determination of purpose, and a steady eye of foresight, she has so wielded these principles of creation and protection, that her productive power, at this time, is bounded only by the ability of the world to receive and pay for her surplus.

Her national debt serves as a scare-crow to frighten those less wise than herself, from the field of competition. Her politicians give it not a second thought; for they well know, so long as they can sustain their present system of finance, their country is more safe and prosperous with, than it would be without it.

It is not true, that a national debt is a national evil; it is only so, to countries unwisely governed: to all others, where the securities can be kept in the pockets of their own citizens, convertible at any moment, and divertible to any point, it is a decided advantage. It is actually an important item of national wealth; for it is a national reservoir of surplus capital, from which money may be drawn at pleasure, to sustain individual credit,

and in aid of any enterprise or industry, that may require its use. But the debt of England has been wantonly and improvidently contracted, and the charges of it, is made to press too heavily on the middling and lower orders; whereas, it should repose on those points to which the avails of its surplus industry determine. These are its vices, worthy of reproof; its virtues claim grave and careful consideration.

Whatever debt a nation contracts with its own citizens, either to develop its resources, or increase its trade, affords them a threefold return. The debt, in the first view, is worth itself to the nation as an item of wealth. The disbursement stimulates industry, and increases the value of property equal to the whole outlay; and the improvement or developed resource, is worth to the nation all it cost, providing it has been wisely undertaken; a tax assessed to pay the interest on such a debt, is the most valuable investment the people can make for their own advantage.

For instance, should the United States make a debt with its citizens, for opening a rail-road communication with the Pacific ocean, by which the voyage to India and China and back, could be completed within four months, and by which the whole trade of the American Pacific coast, would be monopolized by our country, the tax to sustain it could not be considered a burden, but a most invaluable disbursement.

The odium connected in the public mind with the word tax, is a great absurdity; but our masters in political economy have so taught us, and it is our misfortune to have employed interested or ignorant instructers. How stands the truth? Does the farmer think he is paying a tax, when about purchasing a wagon or a plough? Is he paying a tax, in building a house for the protection of himself and family? Does the mechanic pay a tax, when purchasing the tools for carrying on his business, or the merchant in building a warehouse, or a steamboat, or in borrowing money to increase his traffick? Most persons would be pleased to have an opportunity to pay such taxes; yet, they are just such taxes as the people pay for the maintainance of civil institutions, and for improvements that increase their powers of production; just such taxes the people of Great Britain pay, to meet the interest on their public debt, on which their scheme of credit is founded. They are taxes that make them richer as a people, inasmuch as they furnish an abundant use of money, at the moderate interest of three per cent.

This view may be illustrated by a familiar example. A tradesman in England borrows ten thousand dollars in aid of his business, for the use of which he pays an interest of three hundred dollars: an individual in this western country, borrows the

same sum for the same purpose, at an interest of ten per cent. or one thousand dollars—a difference against the American borrower of seven hundred dollars. This is a heavy assessment on industry and enterprise, exceeding any tax paid in England, with all its vices, on the same extent of business.

British politicians are familiar with these facts, but do not wish other nations to comprehend them; for they know, so long as they can secure a monopoly of these principles, they can retain their preponderating attitude; they also know, that whenever other nations shall enter into competition upon them, they must take the stand assigned them by their territory and population.

There are many opinions prevalent in the United States, on political economy, in addition to those noticed, that do not accord with the experience of practical men.

The fanciful notion, that money cannot be heaped up—as the phrase goes—in one nation, since its inevitable tendency is to obey the law of fluids, and find its equilibrium, cannot be true. In a suppositious condition of free trade, it is true of commodities, that they will find their level; for men are very prompt in their efforts to buy cheap and sell dear. Coin being a commodity, would not of course be exempted from this law of trade. But the world supposes nothing,—things are taken as they are. Existing circumstances will control the movements of trade, and man has nothing to do, if he would do wisely, but to follow them.

Great Britain at this time, uses more money or credit, (which in effect means the same thing,) than the whole world beside; yet, she retains it under the influence of reducing interest to three per cent., while in the United States it ranges from eight to twelve per cent.

An individual may heap tons of coin in his coffers; yet, if he live upon his industry, and within his income, he will suffer no diminution of his hoarded treasure. So with a nation. If it moves onward under protected and stimulated industry, and maintains a balance of trade in its favor,* it is secure in the possession of any quantity of money it may choose to create and employ.

It is said again, that an increase of money, of itself serves

* It is not intended here to speak of statistical *trade balance exhibits*, which are always fallacious, inasmuch, as the profits on the outward and homeward voyages together with the freight, are never taken into the account. Fifteen per cent. added to the value of vessels and cargoes, may be taken as a low estimate for these items. Under a prosperous condition of trade, official balances will always be increased, and a depressed trade will decrease them. It is here intended to say, a nation should consume less foreign products than it can obtain in exchange for its own.

only to increase prices; and that it is immaterial whether a nation has much or little, since the comparative price of all things will be the same. This position also is untenable. Before Great Britain discovered and opened her mine of credit to the world, the cotton fabric that now sells for eight and ten cents per yard, cost to the consumer forty cents per yard. The price of iron, now forty-five dollars per ton, was then two hundred dollars per ton; and nearly the same change has taken place in all manipulated commodities, where their production could be facilitated by machinery, division of labor, and task-work; and these auxiliaries to production, have been controlled, through the possession and use of her vast invented capital.

It is true, subsistence, and land from which its materials are drawn, have risen in price; because the operatives, being more promptly and better paid, can live better and consume more, which has the effect of increasing the demand for agricultural products. Moreover, England, that she may insure from her own resources, all that can possibly be obtained for the subsistence of her population, stimulates her agricultural industry, by affording it the most ample protection.

The introduction of money into the circulation of a country, must be effected through the operative classes. It must pass through them, and perform its function of stimulating their industry, and improving their condition, before it can have the least effect to increase prices; and then, the increase of price must depend on other circumstances than the mere introduction of money. In short, whoever will take the trouble to investigate the question, will find that the modern invention and introduction of money through national credit, has had the effect, on the whole, to decrease prices, and not to increase them.

But it is time to close this article, by some suggestions on the nature and use of money.

The whole mass of facilities used by mankind to represent value in the exchange of their commodities, and which go under the various names of specie, bank notes, private bills, credit, etc., have their origin in public confidence alone; through public confidence they exist, and exert their salutary influence as a circulating representative of value. They repose on no other foundation, than the credit awarded to them by the opinion of those whose use they are intended to subserve.

For the purpose of analysis, they may be classified into two principles, of credit—general and local. The first of these principles, admits of a sub-classification into universal and

national credits: the second into local corporation and private credit.

It will be seen, the rules of this classification are based on the greater or less credence usually given to the various kinds of currency used in trade. The word currency is here employed; for, in strict parlance, they are all currency, differing only in the range of their influence. They alike represent value; and are alike intimately and largely connected with the business of life.

The first class of the first division of general credit includes coin and bullion. Coin, when considered abstractly, in relation to its function as a circulating medium, has no intrinsic preference over paper; it is even less valuable. The cost of its production, its irretrievable loss by wear, its inconvenient weight, its use in the arts, and its liability to be acted upon by the laws of supply and demand, together with the impossibility of controlling it to accommodate the business of a country and to meet its requisitions, are all objections to be placed against the universal estimation in which it is held.

This universal credit, however, gives to it a quality that no other article possesses; therefore, in transactions where no other exchange can be made, its use is indispensable to the prosecution of trade. Moreover, no panic, no revolution, can attack the habitual use of coin: the denominations of value are graduated by it, and there is no other universal substitute to rest upon, should it be overturned. Hence the necessity that all other currency should refer to, and be based upon this.

The proportion of specie required to sustain a given mass of currency in a healthy condition, has never been estimated. Trusting to recollection, we state, that at a time when Great Britain was using a public and private credit of fifty hundred millions of dollars, it possessed by returns, about fifteen millions in specie. And yet, her financial affairs were easy, and no panic or distrust disturbed her trade.

The second class of the first division of general credit, embraces three varieties: public securities, corporation stocks, and national bank notes.

Public securities and corporation stocks, if retained within the country, and by a wise financial organization, are made convertible and divertible at all times; become a great head reservior of surplus capital to the invigorating and fertilizing streams of credit, that flow into the channels of trade and commerce. In this condition of a national debt, it may be classed among the most considerable objects of national wealth; but if a relaxed and mawkish finance, managed by the rule of thumb,

prevail, then indeed, a national debt becomes a highway calamity.

When corporation and local stocks are held abroad, and their dividends assigned to nurse some other industry than our own, they operate as drains to national capital, and serve to impair the resources of a country. But the use of money even on these terms, is better than none.

The question occurs here, wherefore is it, that the United States, with elementary resources for the creation of national capital infinitely more extensive than those of Great Britain, pay a yearly tax of not less than a million and a half of dollars, for the use of British sagacity. The yearly interest we transmit on the stocks, she has taken in exchange for her surplus creation, fall but little short of that sum; and disguise it as we may, the analysis clearly shows, it is her sagacity we import, wrapped up in her merchandize! It is to be hoped, the time may come, when the importation of sagacity may be no longer required, on terms so discouraging to the rising greatness of our country.

A national bank circulation, when cherished and fostered as it should be, by national policy, and when its credit is coextensive with the home trade, is not only identical with coin as a medium of exchange value, but theory and experience show it to be more steady and useful than any other currency. It is economical in its creation; it can be renewed and extended at pleasure; it is easy of transmission, and can neither be exported or used in the arts; it possesses one of the most essential attributes of currency, in not being subjected to the contingencies of supply and demand, and it is secure from all panics, but those resulting from national fanaticism and folly. In its relations to local banking institutions and to private credit, a national bank circulation is like the oak, around which the ivy entwines, and with confidence puts forth its fragile branches in the upper air.

National bank, and indeed all circulation founded on national credit, is a most salutary bond of political union. With it, no deep-seated political disorders can exist, without producing a total derangement of credit throughout the whole country; and this financial convulsion, that must precede revolution, will so startle and alarm the people, as to arrest the action of party and faction. We have now before us, the influence of political obliquities on the business and credit of a country, and will witness, how unerringly the movers of them will be admonished and put back.

The first order of the second class, or local bank credit, is so

nearly allied to private credit, that scarcely a shade of difference exists between them, with the exception, that this has the sanction of law, as a moneyed circulation, while that is the spontaneous result of necessity; they are alike subject to the same infirmities, and the same accidents; they both live on local confidence. The breath of suspicion alike taints, and panic prostrates them. This, is under the restraint of a nominal legal responsibility and accountability; that, of individual responsibility—between the two, unsupported and uncontrolled by a national institution, it would be difficult to decide which is the most safe and efficient agent, in prosecuting the buisness of a country. In proportion to the extent of operations and the nature of the risks, the bank credit exhibits much the largest list of defalcations; on the other hand, it originates more extended facilities for the minor transactions of man. A tendency to overtrading, however, is common to both, where a salutary national check is not interposed to prevent it.

Private credit, although the last in our classification, is the great artery of neighborhood and commercial exchange: eight-tenths of all trading operations are propelled through it, from the central organs of production to the exhalents of consumption. Necessity is its parent, confidence its nurse, and suspicion its sexton. It has the march of a giant, combined with the frailty of a gossamer; and when unsupported by an efficient national credit, its fragile and fickle constitution, opposes no formidable resistance to the ordinary transitions of trade, and when it falls, its colossal weight crushes all who have had the temerity to cluster about it. But with the aid of that credit, which every good government is bound in common justice to afford, and which every wise politician will hasten to supply, it will stand erect on the approach of danger, and vindicate its claims to confidence and respect.

Private credit is capital; it is one of the means of carrying on trade, and producing wealth. If an individual who is worth one thousand dollars in money, or other exchangeable property, possess the confidence of the public to such a degree that he can purchase produce to the amount of two thousand dollars, and carry on business prudently and successfully to that amount, his credit is as much capital as his money, and is advantageous to the community, and to himself, to the same amount. The individual note of a person in business, is as advantageous to the community, as a bank note, or a silver coin, if it be punctually paid when due; for it represents property as much as the one or the other. It is not so convenient a medium of exchange, because it is not so easily transferred

from hand to hand; but as far as it can be made to circulate, it is just as useful as either of the others. So the mere bond of an honest and responsible man, is capital to a certain extent, because it performs the office of a circulating medium. A vast portion of the capital of any commercial community, is nothing more than a *confidence* which one man places in the honesty and ability of another. The elements of credit are, the ability of the individual to perform his contract, the faith of others in his integrity, and the stability of the laws. Any act of the government therefore, which decreases the ability of the individual to comply with his contract; which destroys the confidence between man and man; which weakens the sense of responsibility, or impedes the collection of debts, does actually decrease the wealth of the country, by throwing out of employment all the talent, industry, and experience, which is supported by confidence only; and by reducing the traffick of the community to exchanges of such commodities as are valuable in themselves. The proper action of government, therefore, should be to maintain a steady and wholesome administration of law; to protect, equally the various branches of industry; to preserve the currency and moneyed operations of the country from sudden changes; to sustain the national faith inviolate, and to promote confidence between man and man.

JAMES KIRRWOOD.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

James Kirrwood was a Virginian. Young, ardent, moral, learned, talented and ambitious, who could doubt of his success in the profession of his choice? To the law he was enthusiastically devoted, and had made proficiency in that science, rarely equalled by one so young. He removed to C. in the state of Ohio, as furnishing the best situation, in the best field for professional enterprise, in the west, and in the world. His arrival was greeted, his friends increased, his popularity was unbounded, he became the idol of his acquaintances, and every circumstance seemed conspiring with his every wish, and every effort to elevate and promote him. His merit commanded tokens of regard even from the aged; while his equals showed, as he passed, that spontaneous deference, so easily distinguished from the mere effect of gravitation upon the crania of fops and fools,

which is always in proportion to the quantity of *solid matter* reciprocally concerned.

He was free from prejudice; or rather, he was above its influence, to an unusual degree. He accommodated himself, at once, to the society in which he moved; without deteriorating in that manly bearing and courteous affability, which mark the manners of most young gentlemen from the 'old dominion.' He talked with such candor and good sense on the subject of slavery, that he was soon elected an offier of that patriotic, but much slandered institution, the colonization society. Such was his liberality on this subject, that the abolitionists began sagaciously to surmise, that he might be brought, in time, to advocate the judicious measure of 'immediate emancipation.' They even cherished a hope, that his *taste* might not be so fastidious, but that an *early attachment* to some lovely negress might come in aid of his 'melior natura,' (better nature) and induce him to *prevent*, if he could not *wash out*, at least half the stain of her legitimate descendants.

But Kirrwood paid the price of his great popularity. He was to be found everywhere, except in bad company and in his office. He had in his character much more of the *suaviter in modo* than of the *fortiter in re*. He could not find in his heart to neglect a friend, in order to wait upon a client. The kind regards of 'stranger-friends' must not meet with an ungrateful return. His clients were politely requested to 'call again:' but they were in haste, and called on another. It was once or twice hinted in the proper place, by his competitors for professional business, that Mr. K. was too much of a *gentleman* to please ordinary clients. However this might have been intended, it was understood to mean that he was not a man of *business*. This insinuation spread, and formed his character with a large class of honest citizens in the surrounding country. When he began to have more time unoccupied by the calls of his friends, he had also fewer interruptions from those who might have been his clients. His real friends surmised the reason, and attempted to remedy the mistake. A few cases were procured for him. His efforts were splendid—his success complete. But the people said, 'He is too much of a gentleman for us.' His friends commended his eloquence and legal ability. But still the reply was—'he is too much of a gentleman. He can make white look black, and black white,'—which was their pithy version of making 'the worse appear the better reason.' Thus his superiority became his detriment. It furnished a fallacious but plausible corroboration of their charge. It was evidence that he was too much above them to be trusted.

He now tried to conciliate favor, by an affected condescension to that familiarity, which, in the case of others, he had observed to be successful in commanding the confidence and goodwill of the populace. But it was all to no purpose. His natural manner, free from misconstruction, could not have failed to be agreeable, even to the sensible rustic. A departure, therefore, from that manner, was not judicious as a means to obviate that misconstruction. Kirrwood had not observed that those who hunt for popular applause, artfully claim great superiority over their patrons; and only misrepresent the means by which others have attained to that superiority which their circumstances suggest. The translation, for example, of such apologies as we sometimes hear from the pulpit, for a want of learning, and other usual qualifications for the sacred office, amounts about to this—'without learning, and without opportunities for immediate preparation, my natural *talents* and the special grace of God vouchsafed to *me*, an especial favorite of heaven, are sufficient to produce results far surpassing what the cultivated talent of others and the meagre supplies of assistance which they usually receive from on high, because they trust to human wisdom, have ever been known to furnish.' Thus it is in every profession. The man that has risen to eminence without the ordinary advantages of education and training, finds it easy to have his superiority admitted, and admitted without scruple, provided he claims no superiority in respect of rank, education, or refinement. But the better educated and more competent are looked upon with suspicion; and so Kirrwood found it. His efforts to regain his waning popularity, hastened its decline. 'We knew,' said the people, 'we knew he would have to come down. All this is hypocrisy. We like an honest man. He is too much of a gentleman for us.'

Kirrwood had written to his father, at the end of the first year, that things looked favorable; and he hoped, that another year's remittance would be the last that he should need to ask from paternal liberality. But by the commencement of the third year, he had discovered, as he then stated in a letter to his father, that C. was not the place he had taken it to be. Its citizens were fickle in their friendships; and the surrounding inhabitants altogether incapable of appreciating professional merit. This last was demonstrated by the character of those members of the bar, who were almost exclusively patronized by them. They were, he said, vulgar in their manners; and ignorant, shamefully ignorant of their profession. He added in a postscript, that his next year's remittance would

find him in W. farther up the state, as he had heard a good account of that place. But the remittance did not arrive, James went to inquire the reason of the delay. The family were overjoyed to see him again under the paternal roof. The old gentleman in particular, was so delighted with his society, that he could not consent again to part with him; and without much difficulty, prevailed on him to remain and superintend the farm, and direct the hospitalities of the mansion.

At the death of his father, James succeeded to the estate. But it was less than when it came into the hands of its former proprietor, by exactly the amount expended in J.'s law education, and in his crusade to Ohio. Whether his legal acquirements, and experience gained in the profession, will enable him to refund to his heir the amount expended, time alone must determine. It is observable, however, that he never speaks of his professional career; and does not seem to be taking any measures to prepare his sons for the bar. But, reader, hear another story.

SETH BUSHNELL.

A YANKEE TRICK.

Seth Bushnell came to C. about the same time that Kerrwood arrived, a stranger and on foot. And why on foot? Because it enabled him to economize a small sum, that he might not be pennyless at his journey's end. And because he could thus mingle with men when under less disguise. And because—But it is needless to enumerate. Those to whom his character will not explain *all* his reasons for preferring this mode of travelling, would not understand them, should they herewith be detailed. He 'put up' at the same tavern with our former hero. He very soon asserted his claim to some part of New England, as his birthplace, by the almost endless interrogatories, of which his conversation consisted. His questions were none of them impertinent; though from their extreme particularity, some of them were most embarrassing to answer. They even seemed to convey a reproof for the want of *accurate observation* on the part of the citizens of C. with whom he conversed. But whenever this was the case, they were pressed no farther. In less than twenty-four hours from his arrival, he had made himself acquainted with the topography and statistics of the place; had introduced himself to most of the professional men of the place, as 'a stranger who was desirous of obtaining all the information possible of the west, and especially of the town of C.' All this was literally true. But his *particular* motive was still unavowed. Yet so judiciously did he manage his

conversation with all, that instead of his entering the offices of the distinguished men of the respective professions, being thought an intrusion, he left their occupants pleased with his intelligence and frankness; and by his well-timed and well-turned compliments of C. and its inhabitants, more than once elicited a proffer of *service* from distinguished individuals, should he conclude to become a citizen of their borough. These proffers they might, after a little reflection, have been disposed to recall. They could not well tell why they had been induced to take such an interest in a *stranger*, of whose character and intentions they knew absolutely *nothing*. They were, however, never called upon to redeem their pledge. Seth Bushnell was not a man to take advantage of such ingenuous, though somewhat instinctive emotions, in favor of a stranger. To such an offer made by judge H. the most successful attorney of the place, he replied, 'that it conferred an obligation which he could not otherwise cancel than by accepting it. And though he had not made up his mind determinately as to the course he would pursue, yet, if the judge pleased, he would, while he remained in town, resort occasionally to his office to look through his books; for which privilege, he would consider it a favor to be permitted to do any writing which might be required in the office, and to which he was competent. This was cordially assented to.

Upon his return to the hotel, he paid his bill, and commenced 'a regular boarder,' to the no small relief of the landlord, who always looked with suspicion upon yankee pedestrians; especially if, as our hero, they deposited nothing of much value in the bar, that might serve as a pledge for the payment of their bills. His embarrassment was especially relieved upon 'Mr.' Bushnell's being incidentally compelled to display a 'considerable' bundle of bank notes in making change for the payment of his already incurred expenses. In removal of some objections which he had at first made to taking Mr. B. as a boarder, he promptly now recollected that one of his former boarders had that morning 'left.' 'A worthless fellow! To be sure, he always paid his way. But then he was never *prompt*. Had to be dunned. It was always more pleasant to have those for boarders who had money, and did not depend upon their *wages* for the means of remunerating their "*entertainer*." Mr. B. should be most heartily welcome to his place at the table and in the bar.' He concluded by hinting that it was sometimes convenient for strangers who had money about them, to pay a little in advance! Seth Bushnell did not comprehend the *convenience*.

The stranger soon became a favorite in judge H.'s office, with its owner, with his students, and with the clients who called on business. He executed with accuracy and despatch, the business assigned him. His services in the office soon became indispensable. He read law with indefatigable perseverance and the most astonishing success. He attended the lyceum, and soon became distinguished as a lecturer and a fair and candid polemic. He frequented the church and formed an important acquisition to the choir. He was useful in the sabbath school—attentive in time of sickness—the first man at '*a fire*.' He modestly suggested plans for the improvement of common schools, which were found worthy of adoption. He showed himself interested in all the interests of his fellow-citizens—was active in promoting them, but without obtrusiveness or impertinent interference. He was often a leader, but only when he was entreated to become such. In short, he was welcome every where he went, for he was never found beyond the sphere of his business; unless in cases of such unequivocal propriety as silenced all complaint.

At the end of a year, it was the advice of his instructer to apply for license to practise law. He underwent the requisite examinations; was admitted to the bar; taken at once into partnership with judge H. and immediately commenced to practise in the courts. His *first attempts* were successful. This stimulated him to still greater application; and by the time that James Kirrwood was ready to remove from C. as not affording sufficient encouragement for *an enterprising* attorney, Seth Bushnell commanded a practice worth $2000 per annum, and a sound popularity worth twice that sum. His success has been still increasing, because his merits and his industry have continued to increase. And now, sir, can you tell me why Bushnell did not come to C. in the stage? Why he did not announce himself as S. B. Esq. either in person or by letters of introduction? Why he did not take pains to have it known that he was a graduate of Yale college, and had studied law at one of the first law schools in New England? Why he did not '*advertise for business*,' and give his 'references,' in the Gazette? Why he chose to come into his profession by a review and re-examination on the whole ground of his professional studies, rather than to wait a year in idleness, until he could be regularly admitted, according to our statute, 'on that subject made and provided?' If you cannot tell the why and the wherefore of all this, and especially, of his success, notwithstanding all this, perhaps you can tell of some dozen, or more, young gentlemen, who did all that Bushnell did *not* do, and yet

have failed of success. Failed, not like the hero of our former tale, simply for want of energy and decision of character; involving in their failure the wonder and *regret* of all who knew them; but through their unwarrantable pretensions to superiority of education, and even of that knowledge which inspection and experience *alone* can give! Who failed, not in *consequence* of a good education—through professional reading—superior talents—respectable connexions, and the most unexceptionable testimonials of moral character; but *despite* of all these, wholly for the want of that degree of common sense which would have taught them, 'that the only way to *conquer* is to *obey*.' And that selfesteem is not incompatible with the means of a sound and lasting popularity. SENEX.

ABUSES IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

It is certainly singular, in a nation like that which spreads itself among the states of this vast union—a nation peculiarly free and independent, where the people spy with readiness, into all actual or imaginary abuses of a political nature—that the reading public should be deceived, and bullied, and led, like cattle in the market, with respect to literary works of a periodical character. Yet such is the melancholy truth. The professional finesse of ignorant publishers, and their still more ignorant editors, or rather instruments of compilation—for they are editors only by name—may be said to have done more in the way of obstruction and injury to the welfare of letters in this country, than all other causes combined. The ways by which this finesse is made to operate, are manifold—their name is legion, and we design to discuss them without fear, favor, or affection. Situated in the bosom of the West, where the true American spirit exists in its purity, we feel exempt from all unworthy influences, and warmed by a sincere love of country. And, in probing the subject upon which we have entered to the bottom, if we develop empiricism and trickery in the research, be it remembered, that we perform our office with no rude hand, and with no unkind spirit. We would seem cruel, only to be kind. We know our periodical literature to be, with a few honorable exceptions, heterogeneous, corrupt, and unhealthy; and while we show the cause of the disease, we have suggestive remedies at hand, which we know to be infallible. We are sure, if the present evils which

environ our little world of letters be permitted to spread, that they will soon be incurable. Concealed they may be; but they diffuse themselves more widely by their concealment. Those who contribute to the secrecy, are accessories to the subversion of many a noble intellect. For the pure bullion of native minds, pining for support and action, they substitute the dross that reaches us from beyond the Atlantic: they foster that which they must ultimately deplore; and while they make the outside of our literary escutcheon falsely radiant,

> ——————'they do but film and skim the ulcerous place,
> While rank corruption, mining all within,
> Infects unseen.'

There are three prominent reasons which operate with a poisonous and deadly effect upon the literature of our country. These are the indiscriminate republication of poor foreign matter; the peddling spirit of sundry ignoble publishers; and the slavishly *partial*, or else utterly incompetent criticisms, which resident reviewers, of foreign birth and habits, with little education, and no genius, disseminate among our countrymen.

Generalities in assertion, cannot be reduced in a limited space, to specific proof. What we here assert, however, is given from the strongest possible confirmation. Assured of this, we assume as facts, that which we shall not hereafter establish. In the meantime, we may properly indulge in a few prefatory observations.

The crowning glory of every nation, is its intellectual character. It affords a subtile, an indefinable, a mighty influence, impossible to be gainsayed. What a glorious flood of light did it pour upon the golden age of Augustus, in Rome; on the era of the Medicis, in Italy! How it glowed among

> ——————'the olive groves of Academe,
> Plato's retirement,'

in the pure air of Athens! In the Elizabethan age of England, lighted the land with lustre. Why should it be hindered as it is, from illuminating *our* country? Must the sordid *auri sacra fames* turn our literary market into a mart where the meanest foreign wares, because furnished gratis to the seller, are so disposed of as to supplant the rich harvest of our own mental cultivation? Shall unscrupulous *smugglers of mind* supplant, with the produce of weak souls and meagre tastes, that which is the growth of vigorous, native thought?

——————'*Can* these things be,
And overcome us, like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is as true in literature as in politics, that there is no success without a proper degree, and a great degree of independence. We know that *mind* is of no country, and we hail its emanations with pleasure, wheresoever they flow. But we know public taste may be corrupted to such an extent, that choice intellects can take no part in ministering to its gratification. We know, that through the force of some lucky circumstance, a spirit, barren and unenlightened, may *follow* the taste he has perverted, cater for its low wants, and fill by the fame of wealth thus acquired, the very place which should be occupied by one competent to lead and direct the public taste. We know that some petty trafficker in literary publications may dole out the offscum of foreign minds of no repute nor merit, until he fills his pockets with avails that are the reward of prostituting the souls of his countrymen, by depressing the talent of the land, glutting the places of demand, and shutting up every avenue through which better matter might prevail. We know these truths but too well; and if we do not make them ultimately clear and impressive, then we have mistaken the character of the unbound West, into which the *ruses* practised by the cheap Atlantic retailers in literature, have as yet found but a limited admission.

The multiplying facilities of the press are, strange as it may seem, among the greatest obstacles to the growth of pure native literature among us. That great moral engine is in this respect, the procreant cradle of evil. It nurtures a thousand puny offspring, that are palmed upon the public, like hapless bantlings, laid at rich men's doors in great cities. The American system of subscription perpetuates their recurrence, and so the endless brood spawns on; the nationality of our minds is merged in that of other countries, until the really good domestic acquisitions of an industrious reader become so inevitably mixed with baser matter, that he finds, when at the end of a year's patronage to some Atlantic work, *professedly* American, that he knows as little of his country's literature as when the obsequious agent enrolled his name upon his record.

We are tilting no lances, now, against windmills. In the scope which our close and patient observation has embraced for several years over our young vineyard of native literature, we have seen with regret that the fecundity of the press has enabled the unlettered *tactician* to supplant the industrious

student, the delicate-minded scholar, whose writings might have added honor to his country, and lustre to his name. The easy reproductive power of typography, while it may be made the parent of innumerable benefits, is also susceptible of being an instrument, in vulgar hands, inconceivably pernicious. To the citizens of the West, it may yet be a mystery, how this can be; but it is one *of* which we have the clearest vision, and *to* it, a clue.

In pursuing hereafter the conscientious task and duty of unveiling this mystery, we shall be careful to trench upon the *honest* rights of none. But we will evince, beyond disproval, how much our countrymen are misled by giving their patronage to works *falsely* called American; works which boast of originality, and give republications alone. We will show how alien reviewers, because the public is carelessly kind, defile the asylum which protects them, by oppressing the literature of the very country which tolerates and even rewards their shallow pretensions. Our opposition will be directed to *pretended*, not real, American works—deriving their sustenance by reason of that pretence, yet made up of any thing, and every thing, but American writings. Shakspeare says, 'Men should be what they *seem*,'—and so should books, and periodicals; especially American ones. Why they are not, remains to be shown.

If there ever existed a field for the exercise of intellect, in all the departments of literature, it is spread abroad throughout this magnificent country. How many splendid fictions did Sir Walter Scott draw from the history of *his* native land. The scenes and events of England, have been pourtrayed with unflagging interest, over and over again, and yet they never wear the same aspect. History melts imperceptibly into fable, and the realms of imagination are boundless. It is true, the annals of these countries extend a much longer way into the vista of the past than ours. They embrace time-worn castles, feudal wars, kingly skill, and the dreadful arbitrament of arms, from the time of Cæsar until now. But what country ever crowded into the space of two or three hundred years, so many stirring events as ours?—events, too, whose history is as yet, in many instances, unwritten. Is the poet inspired by nature—the divine by its religion, speaking of God—the patriot by a contemplation of his country—and each by objects of great moral sublimity? Here they abound. They hallow the thousand battle-fields of the republic; they thunder in our cataracts, and murmur through the untrodden forests of the West, or distance the creations of fancy, in the progress of life and

society. In our prospect and retrospect—in our condition and advancement—in all, they are to be found. How, then, shall we foster any means, that serve to cloud our best attractions as a people, keeping our glorious scenes undepicted—our noblest deeds unsung?

[*To be continued.*]

THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.

BY JOHN H. SAVAGE.

It was moonlight—and the soft breeze of zephyr
Came o'er my senses like the breath of angels,
Hushing each passion into calm repose.
The face of heaven, radiant with lustre,
Cast a chaste smile upon the dusky earth,
And chas'd the gloomy frown of night away;
The trees were glad, and bow'd their lofty tops
And proudly wav'd their leafy banners,
In honor of the Spirit of the air.
My soul, weary and faint with cares of earth,
Panted for a purer and more genial clime,
And on the wings of fancy took its flight:
Methought I wander'd through a land of flowers,
Not the pale nurslings of pale-fingered art—
Not the frail tenants of the burnish'd vase;
But the sweet offspring of their native earth—
Roses, as beauteous as the modest blush,
That crimson flower that blooms on beauty's cheek,
Hung in clusters like the fruit of Eden;
The honeysuckle, with its balmy lips,
Was feasting on the gentle dews of heav'n,
And breathing fragrance on the mellow air;
And there were banks of the virgin lily
Spread out, with broad and snowy surface,
Like a bed for the moon's beams to sleep on.
I wander'd on, and paus'd beneath a grove,
Whose dark and verdant foliage threw
Its softening shade upon the scene
Like raven locks that mingle with
The bright and glowing tints of beauty.
. . . . . Within this grove
There sat a form so lovely, fair,
She might have been transferr'd to heav'n:
So pure, so ethereal she seem'd.
She smil'd a welcome; and I took
A place beside her. She told me
This was the *holy land* of lovers,
And here a yearly pilgrimage
They made, and pass'd their solemn vows.
Her accents fell upon my ear
As the early dews of summer
Descend upon the thirsty earth,
So softly sweet they fell; but now

The sound of vocal music,
Whose tones, full of soft melody,
Breath'd forth the eloquence of love,
Came floating on the gentle breeze.
Oh! if e'er you have heard the voice
Of woman, when her soul, struggling
Beneath a bosom heaving quick,
Pours itself forth in thrilling tones,
And searches out the deepest home
Of feeling—thou dost remember,
How th 'electric fire, which music
Kindles round the heart, sends forward
Its quick and vivid flashes o'er the frame,
Purifying the soul of all
Its earthly dross. Such now I heard,
And such I felt; and to'ards the place
Whence the sound came, we bent our steps.
The lips of song had pour'd their last
Mellifluous accents on the air,
Ere we had reach'd a spacious plain,
Round which there was a wall of trees,
Rising in sylvan beauty; and
Mantled in a robe of moonlight,
The plain look'd like some princely hall
Hung round with tapestry of green.
In the centre, lifting its head
In stately grandeur, stood a hill
As if intended as a throne
For some rural deity to sit on.
Near its foot there issued a stream,
Whose waters were as clear and pure,
As dew drops gather'd from the rose.
This was the sacred *fount of love.*
A multitude of either sex
Was here, and pass'd the sacred pledge;
And as they quaff'd ambrosial draughts
They vow'd eternal love; and call'd
The starry host above to mark
Their compacts, and their constancy.
Oh! I have seen, on Sabbath morn,
The young, the fair, the beautiful,
Gath'ring round the holy altar,
And bending the suppliant knee
To heav'n; and my heart confess'd
The solemn beauty of the scene.
But there is nought more beautiful
On earth, than when woman's heart,
Assail'd by love's resistless power,
Pants like a stricken deer awhile,
Then yields itself up a captive
To the lov'd one. She gives her hand,
Her heart, her all—*and nothing asks*
But to be loved as she does love—
. . . . . The ceremonies soon
Did cease—and strains of sweet music
Closed the scene.

FLOWERS.

BY A LADY.

THERE is no feeling more universal than the love of flowers. In every stage of human society, from the most savage, to the most cultivated and refined, those fanciful productions of nature have an effect to awake the joyous pulse of life; to still the troubled spirit, and impart a feeling of serenity and hope. They ornament the earth with a profusion and beauty, superior to any thing that art could bestow; and impress the imagination, as existing witnesses of a state of departed innocence and happiness. One who has a taste to discriminate and admire the varied beauties of nature, experiences an elevation of thought, when contemplating the higher order of its productions; and emotions come over the heart and mind that are sometimes difficult to understand or describe, which the proudest structure reared by man's skill and ingenuity can never call forth, and with which, in comparison, the noblest flight of human genius appears cold and insipid. The inhabitant of a great city, imprisoned within its walls by business or necessity, becomes more interested in that part of nature's operations, which relate to mind. Constantly engaged in witnessing the ordinary display of men's passions, and in studying their motives, he becomes at length, incapable of receiving a high degree of pleasure from objects unconnected with the exciting influence of busy crowds. But to the genuine child of sensibility and fancy, solitary scenes of natural loveliness have a renovating power upon the affections and the understanding. Who can view the waving trees, with woodbine and grape encircling the top, forming a flowery canopy, with a velvet carpet of turf beneath—the feathered warblers, the sky, the wave, the lake, and the mountain flower, blooming like the spirit of liberty, wild and free—who can listen to the soft tones of the wind, and view the bright clouds floating over us to the music of its melodies, and still feel no gratitude or joy?

Pastoral poets have described a terrestrial paradise, where all the delightful productions of different seasons and climates are collected in one spot; and have ingeniously peopled it with beautiful unsophisticated shepherdesses, who are wooed by tender swains, expressing pure and disinterested love, with enchanting simplicity and delicacy; and uncontaminated by rude manners and coarse expressions! Pity that their imagined devotion and assiduity should not be more generally imitated!

'Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet briar entwines it around;
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook, but is limpid and clear,
And they glitter with fishes of gold.

'One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labored to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there!
Oh, how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.'

Imaginative nations have attached symbolical significations to flowers. Who does not know, that the rose is the flower of love? And how sad but beautiful, is the passage of Shakspeare, where rosemary, the flower of widows, and of mourning for the departed, is so happily introduced. In Asia, where the language of flowers originated, the seclusion of women, and their ignorance of writing, connected with their lively imagination, must be considered the chief cause of its invention. The ladies of the East carry on a correspondence, by means of flowers. Madden says, 'a Turkish lady is wooed by an invisible lover: a hyacinth is occasionally dropped in her path, by an unknown hand, and her female attendant, talks of a certain effendi, seeking a lady's love, as the nightingale aspires to the affections of the rose.' In the oriental language of flowers, a rose without thorns, means *we may hope every thing*, whilst a rose without leaves, means *there is no hope*. The beautiful foliage, the graceful form, the large size, and delicious fragrance of its blossoms, has obtained for the rose, the appellation of queen of flowers; and it has been immortalized in history, as well as in song and romance. For several reigns, the *war of the roses* convulsed England; and the two parties, one bearing the cognizance of the white rose, and the other the red, recognized their friends in arms by the tint of the flower, and performed deeds of valor for its defence. The lily has always held a prominent place in emblematic language: the white lily, is an emblem of purity; and Garcias, king of Navarre, instituted an '*order of the lily*,' in the year 1048, in honor of the Virgin Mary. It is well known as the cognizance of the Bourbons; and in France has long been a party emblem. In 1814, the adherents of the Bourbons, wore a lily in the buttonhole, suspended by a white ribbon. In 1830, when the baptism of the duke of Bordeaux was publicly celebrated,

the people, indignant at such a scene, destroyed the lily wherever it could be found.

Although greatly inferior to the infinite diversity of a natural landscape, a garden produces in a great degree emotions of enchantment and delight; it presents forms of beauty and variety, novel from their regularity, and cleared from all mixture with the noxious and unsightly. The art of gardening deservedly ranks among the finer inventions of genius. In tropical climates, the luxury of perpetual verdure, and the blessing of health, might be enjoyed in far greater proportion, were the inhabitants industrious, persevering, and enterprising. Regular avenues, beneath lofty umbrageous trees, would afford air and exercise, protected from the rays of the sun; and clearing up the wild forests, entangled and rendered impassable by intertwisted plants and shrubs, would promote a free circulation of healthy and pure atmosphere. A description of those regions, resembles the poet's Arcadia, or a dream of the imagination. 'On approaching the coast of Brazil, the appearance of the country is highly romantic; the hills are covered with a luxuriant vegetation, of which no description can give an adequate idea; and the delightful perfume of aromatic shrubs, is wafted many miles to sea. The valleys are clothed with a verdue that never fades, and ornamented with a great variety of flowering trees and shrubs; the interior is an impenetrable forest, interwoven with brushwood and creeping plants, adorned with gay and beautiful flowers, which give a peculiar and rich aspect to the scenery.' The islands of Oceanica are thus described: 'A climate of perpetual spring, produces a continual succession of the richest and rarest opening blossoms and ripening fruits. The feathered race, remarkable for the beauty of their plumage, sport amid the spicy groves, and give an aspect of enchantment to the scene; and here, could mankind throw off their vices, they might lead lives, exempt from trouble and from want.' Africa is distinguished for the profusion, variety, grace, and brilliancy of its flowering trees, shrubs, and plants. Fields of the white rose, are cultivated in the Barbary states for distillation, and the *otto* is exported to all parts of the civilized world. In Loango, are seen forests of flowering and fragrant trees; groves of the orange, wild cinnamon, accacia; and tulips, lilies, hyacinths, and a great variety of splendid flowers, to us entirely unknown, ornament the plains. How melancholy to turn from such descriptions of romantic beauty, to the degraded inhabitants of those favored regions, who are scarcely elevated in the scale of existence above the tiger, the crocodile, the boa, and the disgusting

baboon and ape. Would some *modern hermit* preach a crusade against the immense herds of ferocious wild animals that infest Africa, and fairly dispute possession of the soil with the human race, thousands might be employed in exterminating them from the earth, who now spend their time and energies in worse than useless religious and political collision; and they would render a more important service, and acquire more fame and glory than the crusaders of old. Some writers suppose there exists a degenerating principle in the climate of the middle zone; but a fair experiment is yet to be made. A more strict attention to temperance, and prudence in avoiding the midday heat and heavy dew, is more necessary than in our climate. But the Arab, who traverses the desert, reclines under his tent in the heat of the day, takes his meal of boiled rice and a few dried plums, drinks pure water from the spring, or the milk of his camel, and lives to a good old age, blessed with health and cheerfulness.

The empire of vegetation is unbounded: from the summit of the Andes, where the lichen creeps over the hardest rock, to the bottom of the ocean, where floating fields of plants rise unseen; even upon the dark vaults of mines, and upon the walls of the deepest caverns, plants are found; and the desolate regions of the frozen zone, admit dwarf birch and willow, and a covering of moss is found beneath the snow.

The most distinguished painter of flowers, was John Huysum, born at Amsterdam, in 1682. He was so jealous of rivalry, that he permitted no one to see him at work. He reached the highest degree of perfection, in representing the transitory blossom in its most perfect state; even the dew and the insects he painted upon them were like real life. His pictures sold for a thousand to fourteen hundred florins. Haarlem, was formerly the centre of an extensive trade in flowers. In 1636, and 1637, a real *tulip mania* prevailed in Holland; and thirteen thousand florins were frequently paid for a single bulb. Between Alcmaes and Leyden, there are more than twenty acres of land appropriated to the cultivation of hyacinths alone. There are still thirteen or fourteen great florists in and around Haarlem, besides a number of less importance; and they send their flowers to Germany, Russia, England, &c., and even to Turkey and the Cape of Good Hope. So many advantages, with respect to health, tranquility of mind, useful knowledge, and inexhaustible amusement, are united in the cultivation and study of plants, that it should be warmly recommended to every one's attention. A. Z.

STANZAS,

Suggested by the article entitled 'Western Scenery,' in the last number of the Western Monthly Magazine.

PAINTER, with glowing words!
Thou hast a magic, which thou usest well;
I hear the joyous birds—
I see the tossing foliage wave and swell;
All these, waked by thy sketch, to Fancy's eye
Spread 'neath the glory of the western sky.

The voice of streams I hear—
Their music rises with the blush of morn;
Serene, sublime, and clear;
Gay Nature's anthems, on the rich winds borne;
The emerald forests' leafy halls I see—
I hear the squirrel's song in every tree.

And where the prairie bends
Its world of gorgeous flowers, her ardent flight
My kindled spirit wends,
Till the broad scene seems palpable to sight;
I list the moanings of that mighty plain,
And sounds, like rustling of autumnal grain.

Amid the hills I stand;
I mark the council-smokes of other days
Float o'er the forest land;
The wolf's long evening howl is on the gale,
And solemn murmurs from the streams prevail.

The scene is changed—and lo!
The forest melts, and shining towns are near:
Sails o'er the rivers go,
And gleaming spires, that point to heaven, appear;
The pealing organ rolls its tones abroad—
I hear the worship of the living God!

And when the winter night,
With all its troops of stars, above the west;
Arrays its chartered light—
I drink the music of each merry bell,
That o'er the moonlit ways and fields may swell.

True painter! unto thee,
For balm to cure a heavy heart I turn;
Thy plains and waves I see—
I mark thy western clouds in glory burn—
Until to my o'erwearied soul I say,
Oh, for the eagle's wings, to flee away!

Thine is a glorious power,
To pour the light of language o'er a land,
Which brightly, hour by hour,
Bids new enchantments to the eye expand—
Till the charmed reader in his mind can view,
The scenes thy thought-inspiring pencil drew.

The charm dissolves—I wake;
Imagination droops her wing and eye,
I see no more the lake,
The brook, the forest, or the glowing sky—
The city's air, like fever, warms my brow,
Oh, for the western bowers and breezes now!

Philadelphia, July 11, 1834. W.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A History of the Commonwealth of Kentucky. By Mann Butler, A. M. Louisville: Wilcox, Dickerman & Co.

A history of Kentucky has been much needed. No state in the union affords such rich materials for the pen of the historian, or presents a scene of such heart-stirring and romantic interest. The story of her first settlement is full of adventure—of glowing and startling incident, such as cannot be listened to, without kindling up the latent ardor of the auditor. The history of her government, young as it is, is fraught with curious facts, and affords a vast deal of matter for reflection. Her constitution has been subjected to the most violent trials, her laws have undergone the most dangerous experiments, her courts have been assailed with violence, her factions have raged in the agitation of one almost unceasing tempest; yet she stands a proud and properous state.

Kentucky is the mother of the Western States. Her sons are found throughout the whole of this broad valley, and most of the new states have received their tone in politics, and in legislation, from her example. Her influence has been, and is yet, most extensive.

The only history of Kentucky, heretofore attempted, is that of Marshall, which comprises a vast deal of valuable fact, but is so discolored by party malignity, as to be an unsafe guide to those who are not competent to pass judgment for themselves, upon the accuracy of its statements. We read it with interest, because it is amusing to see the rage of the partisan, after all danger from its violence is over—to see him fretting and fuming over matters of temporary importance, which are swelled for party purposes into an imaginary dignity, but which have now long since evaporated, and vanished into thin air.

We cannot pretend to decide on the value of Mr. Butler's history, upon a hasty perusal. That he has undertaken the work with resolution, and has shown great enterprise and industry in the collection of the materials, is obvious; and we are disposed to give him credit for entire fidelity and singleness of purpose. He has undoubtedly added much to the mass of facts heretofore collected, and has corrected some inaccuracies which had crept into the publications of others. The man who does this much, and does it well, deserves credit and encouragement. Those only who have made the experiment, are aware of the immense labor of collecting facts, which are preserved only in tradition—the discouraging toil of uniting letters which remain unanswered, of cross-examining old men who remember trivial circumstances, and have forgotten those which are important; of delving in old records and files of newspapers—and the disappointment of gleaning, at least, but a meagre harvest from the rich, but difficult field. Many such efforts are made before a good history is produced. Mr. Butler has shown himself a valuable pioneer. He has gone forward boldly, and explored much new ground. He has corrected many mistakes, and refuted some egregious misstatements made by others. We hope there will be sufficient public spirit in Kentucky to recognize the value of his undertaking, and reward the fidelity and diligence with which he has discharged his duty.

We wish we could say as much for his publishers. The book is got up in wretched bad taste, printed on vile paper, and bound miserably. If Mr. Butler's book can survive such treatment, it will be because it has a strong constitution. We speak decidedly on this subject, because it is one which affects our western literature more than any other. The materials for a domestic literature exist among us in rich abundance, and there is no want either of the talent, or the inclination to write. Our people are intelligent and liberal. But there is a want of enterprise among publishers, and extending down from booksellers through the whole phalanx of paper-makers, printers, and bookbinders, which throws a damp over the spirit of authorship, and is the more deplorable, as it originates in a mistaken policy, which is as injurious to the interests of the persons concerned, as to the character of the country. There are several cities in the West, in which books might be printed and published as handsomely as in Philadelphia or Boston, because we have as good workmen and materials. The timidity and penuriousness of book-publishers alone, has crushed and kept down the arts connected with their trade. A few instances have shown that books *can* be published here as well as elsewhere. Dr. Mitchell's Chemistry, and a work by Dr. Eberle, published by Corey and Fairbank, of this city, look as well as any eastern books, and the 'Statutes of Ohio,' by the same publishers, has been pronounced by an eminent jurist in New York, to be *superior* in point of workmanship, to the law books published in the eastern cities. It is certainly the handsomest law book that has been published in the United States, and the work was all done here, in Cincinnati.

It is, therefore, with mortification that we see a book which ought to occupy a respectable place in our literature, printed on coarse paper, and bound in a style which will exclude it from gentlemen's libraries. No author, no matter what may be his merits, can carry such weight. A book with an elegant exterior, will always have the advantage over one with a repulsive outside. Had this History of Kentucky, been published in the handsome style in which the Harpers, and Carey & Lea, and Key & Biddle, and other booksellers at the East, get up their books, it would have already attracted public attention, while in its present homespun dress, few will be tempted to open it.

We dislike to see an author smothered thus, and ignominiously murdered, by the miserly avarice of a bookseller, or the culpable negligence of the man who binds his book. It is a shame. It is high time for the editors and authors to take this matter up, and to insist on having justice done them. Booksellers drink their wine out of authors' skulls. They live by the labors of those who write, and should be taught to feel their dependence on the intellect of the country, and their connection with the character of its literature. We have something more to say on this subject, which shall be said in due time. We stand up for a native literature, and we can have it, if the proper means are used. We have intellect enough among our writers, patriotism and public spirit enough in the reading community, and sufficient skill in the mechanic arts. But there is a mercenary spirit in another department, which requires to be rebuked, and against which all who are interested in the success of American literature, all who desire to see a pure and efficient national press, and a high-toned national pride, ought to combine.

These remarks are not intended to be applied invidiously to the work before us. The author has done his duty, and the publishers have not done worse than most others who are engaged in the same occupation in the West. Our remarks have a

general application to our system of publishing. There must be more liberality, more accuracy, more attention to minute details, more encouragement extended to domestic productions, or we must sink under the weight of foreign competition, and give up a field in which success would be honorable to the nation, and propitious to the cause of morality and free principles.

THE COMMON SCHOOL ARITHMETIC, prepared for the use of Academies and Common Schools, in the United States. By Charles Davies, Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy, West Point, and Author of Elements of Descriptive Geometry, Surveying, and a Treatise on Shadows and Perspective.

INSTRUCTION in arithmetic, like that in most other subjects, has within a comparatively short period, undergone a great revolution. It was formerly taught, as a matter of *authority* and not of *reason*. The child was treated, as a being of *memory*, but not of *understanding*. Even in our own boyhood, this system prevailed. We were told to do *so*, and *such* would be the result; and if, peradventure, we had asked *why* we should do so, and if we did, *why* such would be the result, the wisest pedagogue in the state would have been puzzled to have given a rational answer. Too much of the same system prevails yet, and the consequence is that, though *numbers* are taught to every body, the *science* of numbers is yet, to the multitude, a mystery. We have the satisfaction, however, to know that, a more rational, and a better method of instruction is rapidly pervading the country.

The little work, whose title heads this notice, is, in our opinion, eminently calculated to facilitate the progress of the young learner and advance the cause of enlightened instruction. Its author, Professor Davies, has for many years, been chief of the department of mathematics, at the Military Academy; and has become, by long experience, in the examination of candidates for admission, familiar with the most frequent deficiencies, among boys in the knowledge of arithmetic. To correct these errors of instruction, in future, is the object of this work. It is entitled the 'Common School Arithmetic,' because eminently adapted to the use of that extensive and valuable institution, the Common Schools. The author's great merit seems to be that, the pupil never advances a new step, without *perfectly understanding* the last. For this, he begins with the clearest definitions, and establishes first in the pupils' mind the idea of a *unit*—the foundation of the science of numbers. Most of the rules are demonstrated, and all are illustrated in a clear and forcible manner. The examples for practice and the questions at the end of each rule, are extremely apt and appropriate. The reduction of compound numbers has been very justly placed under the head of *denominate numbers*—thus affording a very happy distinction between simple and compound numbers. The subject of *vulgar and decimal fractions*—the most important and difficult in arithmetic—is clearly and thoroughly set forth. The author is every where happy in the mode of his illustrations, and the simplicity of his reasoning. We think this little book well worthy the examination and approval of common school teachers, and are rejoiced, to believe, that such enlightened and experienced minds, as those of Professor Davies, and others in his rank of life, are feeling the importance of elementary instruction, and bending their minds towards its improvement. We understand this work has met with much success in Utica, New York, Hartford, Geneva and other places in the eastern states.

EDUCATION IN ILLINOIS.

Some friend, who is entitled to our thanks, has laid on our table a newspaper, containing an account of the measures adopted recently, by the Illinois Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the subject of education. They are highly important, and may be considered as among the decided indications of the great movement which is going on, in the advancement of popular instruction. The Methodist church is not only numerous, but its organization and discipline is such as to render it exceedingly efficient in any enterprise which it undertakes. In religion it has been the pioneer, pushing forward its generous army of itinerant preachers, to the very verge of civilization, carrying the bible with the rifle and the ax, and establishing the worship of God in the hunter's cabin, and in the camp of the traveller in the wilderness. None who have not actually witnessed it, can form an adequate idea of the enterprise and perseverance of those who preach the gospel on the frontiers, or of the toils, the dangers, and the privations which they undergo. We have seen and admired them; and we know that our country is deeply indebted to those, who carry the gospel to a class of our population, who would otherwise be left in gross ignorance, and be abandoned to the domination of their own lawless passions—to those who precede the march of improvement, who mingle with the hardy spirits that march foremost in the army of emigration, and plant peace and goodwill along that extensive line of frontier, which but for them, and a few volunteers from other sects, might be given up to infidelity and violence. They have besides, a powerful influence in all the new states; in the towns and in the best settled parts of the country, as well as in the wild and newly settled districts—and especially over that class of people, who are most in need of education. Indeed, we know of no way in which the cause of popular instruction can be served so efficiently as through the instrumentality of the Methodist church, and we rejoice that they have taken the matter up. They are a conscientious and a zealous sect, who never do things by halves; and when they have once decreed that their people must be educated, and set rightly to work at it, the thing must go.

The Illinois Conference has instructed its preachers to address the people throughout the whole state 'expressly on the subject of education,' and they are directed to place before them the following *motives:*

'1. That we owe it to posterity, to transmit to them, at least, all the knowledge transmitted to us in books, together with the means of acquiring and spreading it.

'2. Show them the *contrast* between enlightened and christian nations, and the savage nations of the earth.

'3. Show them that while the world needs men of superior learning for thousands of necessary and useful purposes, that it is *our bounden duty*, as it is our interest, to furnish a *fair proportion*.

'4. While by its *immeasurable advantages*, you warmly advocate the *claims* of education to the attention of the people of your charge, we flatter ourselves with the exhilarating hope, that you will influence many valuable persons to espouse heartily, and by active services, and voluntary and liberal contributions, *firmly sustain*, the important cause of education, which makes the same promises to, and imposes the same obligations upon *all*.

They add 'we should have *common schools*, raised and cherished among us in

the *various neighborhoods;* but that *superior schools* must also be provided, where *superior instruction* can be had.'

They proceed to instruct their preachers as to the details of a plan for effecting this interesting object, which is to be accomplished by the establishment of education societies in the different neighborhoods, and the collection of funds to promote education. The plan is simple and judicious. We hope it will succeed. Our Methodist friends have put their hands to a noble work, and we most cordially bid them welcome into this field of benevolent action. Other sects have gone forward and done much; but there is enongh for all to do. And this is happily a work in which all can agree, and in which the republican and the christian can labor together. The diffusion of knowledge among the people, is a patriotic, and a benevolent, as well as a religious duty; and we hope the time will soon come, when all good men of every name will unite in educating the rising generation.

Sketches. By Mrs. Sigourney. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle. 1834.

The simplicity of the title of this volume, almost disarms criticism, and its elegance bespeaks favor. It is beautifully written, and beautifully printed. The authorship, and the *getting up* are equally in good taste, and no lady need be ashamed of suffering it to lie upon her centre table, or even of being detected in the fact of perusing its handsomely executed pages. It is altogether a very genteel affair, and is worthy of a kind reception from the countrywomen of the fair author.

Mrs. Sigourney writes like a lady. We do not mean by this, that she does not write as well as a man—but that her style of thought and expression, possess the ease, gracefulness, and delicacy appropriate to her sex. Ladies who have the capacity to write well, very often write charmingly. There is something wonderfully refreshing in the purity, and dignified elevation, of the morality of a female mind. Less contaminated than ours, by collision with the world, its perception of propriety is far more delicate. A woman cannot, generally speaking, know as much as a man, nor think with the same vigor, let her try as much as she may—but her feelings are more genuine, and much more true to nature. Then, they gossip so prettily, and tell love tales with such earnest!

Our country is at present rich in female writers. They form quite a galaxy, a brilliant constellation in the literary firmament. Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Child, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hentz, Miss Gould, Miss Leslie, and some others, are shining stars, whose beauties may be discovered without the assistance of a telescope. We feel very proud of them, as in duty bound, and read all their books with the greatest possible cheerfulness and gallantry. We have read some of them with profit—the ladies are charming moralists, and lecture very gracefully, when they are not *too* blue.

Mrs. Sigourney's Sketches are written in a chaste and polished style. Her morality is pure and elevated, of course—and is free from all narrow-mindedness and fanaticism, which is more than we can say of every thing that comes from that quarter of the world. The sentiment is excellent in its way—but there is a little more of it than suits our taste. Others may think differently—and to such we recommend this volume.

We hope the work will become popular, and be extensively read, because it is calculated to do good. It is the offspring of a pious, benevolent, and highly cultivated mind, its tendencies are propitious to virtue, and although it has a pensive cast about it, which is not to our fancy, it is well calculated to make good impressions upon the class of readers who are most likely to be attracted to its perusal.

Miriam, or The Power of Truth. A Jewish tale. By the author of 'Influence.' Key & Biddle. Philadelphia. 1833.

This is a reprint of an English book, which has had a considerable circulation. Considering the insufferably dull class to which it belongs, it is rather a clever performance. It may be read without much effort. It is a religious novel, written by a lady, in a most sentimental style. The writer professes to found her tale on an anecdote said to be a well-attested fact, of a Jew converted to christianity, by the death of his only child, a beautiful girl, whom he had reared with no common care and affection. She had embraced the christian faith unknown to her father, and had kept her secret, until she disclosed to him her apostacy with her dying breath, giving him at the same time a testament, and a solemn injunction to believe in 'Jesus of Nazareth.'

A pathetic tale is interwoven, in the progress of which the conversion of Miriam is brought about, much against her own consent, and the consent of her father, and to the great discomfiture of a rabbin who was domesticated in the family. Long and serious arguments, are of course held, on the evidences of christianity, in which the writer, having both sides to argue, very naturally brings us to the right conclusion.

The novel is excellent, and the religion is very good—only that it is too sentimental—too full of sighs, and tears, and groans, and restless slumbers. It is altogether a very melancholy affair, made to be read handkerchief in hand; and if there are any very sentimental young ladies among our readers, who love to sob over a pathetic page, and to trace the course of a 'true love' which 'never did run smooth,' we commend Miriam to them.

Western Medical Gazette. Monthly. Conducted by Drs. Eberle, Mitchell, Smith, and Gross. Cincinnati: Dr. Silas Reed, Proprietor. 1834.

Whether the interests of the medical profession are advanced by the multiplication of periodicals, devoted to the science of healing, is a question which is not for us to determine; nor are we competent to decide upon the merits of such works. The pamphlet before us is the first number, of the second volume, of a work published under the auspices of the Medical College in this city. The editors are gentlemen who are well known to the profession as writers, lecturers, and practitioners. Dr. Eberle is one of the most successful and voluminous professional writers in our country; Dr. Mitchell is the author of a treatise on the difficult science of chemistry, which has been well received, and highly approved; and Dr. Smith is favorably known, as an eminently successful operative surgeon. We cannot venture to say more for a work, of the merits of which we are incompetent to judge, than to claim for it the attention to which the abilities of its editors, and their advantages, arising from their connection with a respectable medical school, entitle them.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Ancient Fortifications.—Presuming that descriptions of the antiquities of the western country, come properly within the scope of the design of the Magazine; I send you the following *brief* communication for publication.

About a mile in a southwesterly direction from Newark, in Licking county, Ohio, near the junction of two of the principal branches of the Licking river, a tributary of the Muskingum, is situated, what is familiarly called the '*fort.*' It is circular and contains about twenty-six acres. The wall around it is twenty-five feet in height, as nearly perpendicular as the earth could be made to lie, and it seems was originally thrown up from the inside, which consequently left a ditch within the fort, about ten feet in depth and twenty broad. The bank of this fort, and the earth within and without it, are covered with a heavy growth of timber, and many very large trees are lying on the bank, which induces the impression that, it was long anterior to the settlement of this country by Europeans, when this fortification was built. About the centre of this fort, there is a considerable bank of earth, which a gentleman opened, intending, on his own responsibility, to 'remove the deposits,' of precious metals, but his hopes of speculation vanished, and 'like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind,' save *an opening in the earth.* On the northeast side, the walls terminate abruptly, forming an outlet or gate, of about a hundred feet in width. Near the western side, is situated a small lake, about a mile in length, and of irregular width, which was in the early settlement of this country entirely dry, and occupied as a race-course. Indian corn was also raised upon it; but during the year that several severe shocks of earthquake were felt in this country, the prairie(as it was then called) sunk, and is now a lake of considerable depth, being a fine resort for wild acquatic fowls, countless thousands of which resort thither during the spring and autumnal months.

There are some other fortifications contiguous to the above fort, one of which, containing about forty acres, is in octagonal form,with eight outlets of about 15 feet in width, and small breastworks thrown up, a few feet within the fort, from those outlets. These breastworks resemble in height and thickness the outer wall—are a few feet longer than the gateway is in width, and were in all probability designed for the defence of the outlets opposite to which they are situated.

There is also another, a *circular fort*, with a passage into the one last described, containing upwards of twenty acres.

Not far distant from the above, is situated a *square fort*, containing about twenty acres, with a passage into the one first described in this communication, and several other passages, one of which leads into the octagon fort. These passages are formed by two parallel banks of earth, a few rods apart, and are at present about five feet in height, and were, peradventure, originally designed to protect those passing from one fort into another. These last described forts have low banks, not exceeding ten feet in height.

There are several mounds, or cemeteries, near the above fortifications, which induce the belief that they were designed for works of defence, and that they were, perchance, in days 'beyond the flood' the scene of some hard-fought battle:

'Where many a valorous deed was done,
And many a head laid low.'

This opinion, in my view, is greatly strengthened by the fact that these forts are invariably situated on elevated ground.

'In excavating the earth for the Grand Ohio Canal near these ancient fortifications in the spring of 1827, a large number of carbonized human bones were found. They were about two feet below the surface of the earth, in a place where there was a slight elevation of the ground, though not sufficient to entitle it to the name of mound. What was peculiar in the mode of burial was, they were all covered with a greater or less quantity of mica. One of the skeletons found being completely covered with it, and was, it seems, by way of distinction, buried a short distance from the remainder. This was a large frame, and like the rest, carbonized. The pieces were of various sizes and shapes, though generally triangular, and the bases of some were four or five inches in length.

To what race did these people belong, and when did they exist? A review of the mounds and fortifications scattered profusely over the western country, which

have survived the ravages of time, forces the conviction upon the mind, that they are the relics of a nation which existed long anterior to the period embraced within any tradition of the country, and whose name and history have alike passed into the receptacle of 'things lost upon earth.'

Some years since, in the Licking valley, a number of large bones were found some distance in the earth, which were thought to be much larger than the bones of any animal now in being, but what became of them I am unable to say.

Some very interesting relics of antiquity are also found on the south side of the Licking, a few miles below Newark. They are (says Mr. Atwater) extraordinary holes in the earth, in popular language, called 'wells.' Many of them are said to be more than twenty feet in depth, and are computed by the same author to be at least one thousand in number; but as I am unable to speak of *them* from *actual observation*, I shall forego the pleasure of further remarking upon them. LICKING.

FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE DELAWARE.—In 1785, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate, and many difficulties occurred, to prostrate every attempt which he made, to try the practicability of his invention. He applied to congress for assistance, but was refused; and then offered his invention to the Spanish government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without any better success. At length, a company was formed, and funds subscribed, for the building of a steamboat, and in the year 1788, his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to see and to ridicule the novel, and as they supposed, the chimerical experiment.

It seemed that the idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr. Fitch; but instead of them, oars were used, which worked in frames. He was confident of success; and when the boat was ready for the trial, she started off in good style for Burlington. Those who had sneered, began to stare, and they who had smiled in derision, looked grave. Away went the boat, and the happy inventor triumphed over the scepticism of an unbelieving public. The boat performed her trip to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles; but unfortunately burst her boiler in rounding to the wharf at that place, and the next tide floated her back to the city. Fitch persevered, and with great difficulty procured another boiler. After some time, the boat performed another trip to Burlington and Trenton, and returned in the same day. She is said to have moved at the rate of eight miles an hour; but something was continually breaking, and the unhappy projector only conquered one difficulty to encounter another. Perhaps this was not owing to any defect in his plans, but to the low state of the arts at that time, and the difficulty of getting such complex machinery made with proper exactness. Fitch became embarrassed with debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention, after having satisfied himself of its practicability.

This ingenious man, who was probably the first inventor of the steamboat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up, in the Philadelphia library, to be opened thirty years after his death. When, or why, he came to the west we have not learned; but it is recorded of him, that he died and was buried near the Ohio. His three volumes were opened about five years ago, and were found to contain his speculations on mechanics. He details his embarrassments and disappointments, with a feeling which shows how ardently he desired success, and which wins for him the sympathy of those who have heart enough to mourn over the blighted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts the future success of the plan, which in his hands, failed only for the want of pecuniary means. He prophesies that in less than a century, we shall see our western rivers swarming with steamboats; and expressed a wish to be buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the song of the boatman may enliven the stillness of his resting place, and the music of the steam engine soothe his spirit. What an idea! Yet how rational in the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one darling object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish! And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals:—'the day will come when some more powerful man, will get fame and riches from my invention; but nobody will believe that *poor John Fitch* can do any thing worthy of attention.' In less than thirty years after his death, his predictions were verified. He must have died about the year 1799.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

Taken at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the month of JUNE, 1834; *by* D. LAPHAM, *Civil Engineer.*

DATE. June, 1834.	Thermometer. V.	I.	IX.	Mean of each day.	Course of the Wind. A.M.–P.M.	Character of the Weather.	Character of the Wind.	Miscellaneous Remarks.
1	64.00	88.00	74.00	75.16	S–SW	fair.	lt. bre.	thunder shower at night.
2	63.00	72.50	68.00	66.66	NW–NW	fair.	lt. bre.	water 57.50.
3	56.00	75.00	67.75	66.25	NW–NW	fair.	lt. bre.	
4	56.00	80.00	70.00	69.00	SW–W	vari.	high wd	
5	58.00	78.00	69.00	68.83	NW–NW	fair.	lt. bre.	
6	61.00	73.00	72.00	69.16	NW–SE	vari.	lt. bre.	thunder shower.
● 7	64.00	88.00	72.00	75.16	SE–NE	vari.	str. bre.	thunder shower.
8	67.00	92.00	70.00	76.33	NE–NE	vari.	str. bre.	thund. shower; gale w'd.
9	67.00	84.00	77.00	77.00	SE–SE	vari.	lt. bre.	rainy, A. M.
10	73.00	86.00	72.00	74.58	SE–W	vari.	lt. bre.	shower; water 57.75°.
11	58.00	74.00	62.75	63.66	NW–W	fair.	str. bre.	
12	50.00	74.00	68.50	65.50	NW–SE	fair.	lt. bre.	
13	58.00	71.50	69.75	67.41	SE–SE	vari.	lt. bre.	
◐ 14	64.00	78.00	72.00	71.66	SE–SE	fair.	lt. bre.	
15	66.00	70.00	67.75	67.96	NW–NW	rainy.	lt. bre.	
16	66.25	76.00	74.00	73.04	N–N	vari.	lt. bre.	
17	72.00	80.00	67.00	72.00	SE–SW	vari.	str. wd.	light shower P. M.
18	66.00	76.00	68.00	69.41	SW–W	vari.	lt. wd.	
19	62.50	78.50	70.00	70.91	NW–NW	vari.	str. bre.	shower A. M.
20	66.00	82.00	78.00	76.00	W–W	fair.	lt. bre.	
○ 21	70.00	85.00	85.00	81.00	E–SW	fair.	str. bre.	viol't thund.storm in nig't
22	76.00	86.50	76.00	78.41	W–SW	fair.	str. bre.	
23	69.50	86.00	78.00	77.66	SW–SW	vari.	str. bre.	water 58.25°
24	68.50	84.00	70.00	73.08	NW–NW	fair.	lt. bre.	
25	62.00	85.00	77.00	75.50	NE–E	fair.	lt. bre.	
26	67.00	86.25	77.00	76.58	SE–NW	fair.	lt. bre.	
27	66.00	83.00	80.00	77.50	NW–NE	fair.	lt. bre.	rainy A.M. thund. sh'wr.
◑ 28	73.00	92.00	73.00	79.16	NW–SW	vari.	str. bre.	
29	72.00	80.00	71.00	73.08	SW–W	vari.	lt.wd.	
30	64.50	86.00	75.00	75.91	W–W	fair.	lt. bre.	water 59.00°
Mean	64.97	80.80	72.31	72.78	mean temperature of the month.			

Mean temperature for the month 72.78°; Maximum 92°, on the 8th and 28th, at 1 o'clock P. M.; Minimum 50°, on the 12th, at 5 A. M. Range of the thermometer 42°. Mean temperature of well water at the court house 58.08°.

Fair days 15—variable 14—rainy 1. Prevailing, fair and variable.

Wind N. 1½ days—NE. 2½ days—E. 1 day—SE. 6 day—S. ½ days—SW. 5 days—W. 5 days—NW. 8½ days. Prevailing wind, NW. and SE.

A change in my business will compel me reluctantly to discontinue the observations.

ABSTACT.

1834.	V.	I.	IX.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Range.	Well water.
January .	21.40	30.62	26.00	26.25	55.00	2.50	52.50	55.125
February .	37.77	52.39	44.59	44.92	70.00	25.00	45.00	55.625
March .	39.79	52.13	46.04	45.83	70.00	22.25	47.75	55.69
April .	48.37	64.37	57.17	56.58	80.00	30.50	49.50	56.22
May .	53.41	70.76	63.15	62.46	86.00	38.00	48.00	56.78
June .	64.97	80.80	72.31	72.78	92.00	50.00	42.00	58.08
Means .	44.28	58.51	51.54	51.47			47.46	56.253

THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1834.

PRIDE SUBDUED.

I was poor and proud—the orphan niece of a rich, peevish and mercenary aunt. She educated me—that is, she sent me to academies and schools, till it was said my education was finished—and for this, I thank her. But how bitterly did she make me feel the burthen of dependence! What imperious exactions did she make from my gratitude! Treating me in the presence of others, with formal kindness, but requiring from me, in the privacy of her own household, the most menial offices and severest duties. This she averred was to discipline my pride, but like every independent principle, it gained strength from oppression. Had *she* been poor and dependent on me for support, I would have done any thing in the world for her. But she was rich, and could command at will, the services of those, whose profession it is to labor. She knew that in early childhood I had been dandled in the lap of luxurious indulgence, and that though my father died a bankrupt and left me without any inheritance, I was born to prospects singularly fair. Youth, extreme delicacy of constitution, ardent affections, unconquerable pride, and pale, pinching poverty—all fell to the guardianship of crabbed age, pitiless health and strength, heartless and insatiable avarice. I could have travelled to the deserts of Sahara, on an errand of friendship, gratitude and love; but I could not sweep the crumbs that fell from my benefactress's table, when told to do so with the tone of a task-mistress to a slave. I could not endure my bondage, and made a vow to myself no longer to eat the bread of

dependence. I sought for a situation as a village school-mistress, and obtained it. It was remote from the place of my birth, and I wished it to be so. The standard of merit was set very high. The instructress elect was required to be a very accomplished young lady. She must expressly teach embroidery and painting, and receive on this account an addition to her salary, from several thriving farmers, who wished their daughters to be particularly genteel. My youth was an objection, but they waived it, in consideration of my great education. My aunt was highly displeased at my head-strong conduct. I had become necessary to her, and in spite of her harsh treatment, I believe she loved me as well as she was capable of loving any one. When the moment came for my departure, I felt very differently from what I anticipated. There was none of the joy of emancipation buoying up my spirits—I was going to untried scenes, and for a moment I shrunk from the task before me—I looked back upon my aunt's austere countenance, and to my astonishment saw a tear gathering in her cold, pale eye—I forgot her penuriousness, her exactingness, and querulousness—I remembered only, she had protected me in orphanage and want—I burst into tears, and throwing my arms round her neck, exclaimed 'Dear aunt, I will not leave you, if you really love me.' 'Pshaw!' muttered she, averting her face, as if vexed at the weakness she had betrayed, 'it is nothing but hypocrisy. If you had any gratitude in your composition, you would have never thought of such a thing. No, no—go your own ways—take your own counsel, and reap even as you sow.'

It was enough—my feelings, chilled and repulsed, flowed back into my own breast. I commenced my journey in all the pride and glory of independence, and at last, found myself in the village to which I was destined, and established as boarder in the primitive domicil of farmer H. It must not be supposed that my ambition was limited to this sphere. I intended it only as a stepping stone to future eminence and usefulness—a kind of apprenticeship, preparatory to the nobler journey-work of life.

The first night I slept—No! I did not sleep—the first night that I existed under that roof, seemed to me a year. The moon shone, but it was with a doubtful light; and the shadows of the old-fashioned figures on the window curtains, looked like so many phantoms reflected on the low, white-washed walls. There was a huge, grim-looking, high chest of drawers, standing directly in front of the bed—large, sombre pine boughs were stuffed in an old, gaping chimney, and a tall, lean, white toilette, with a long, dimity petticoat, stared like an apparation,

in a corner of the chamber. It was altogether a most supernatural looking room. To add to the intolerable solemnities of the hour, a melancholy whip-poor-will, perched near a leech tub in the yard, kept up a prophetic and doleful strain. I tried to sleep, but in vain. I tried to think of a large field of corn or clover, waving in the wind—of the incessant turning of a water wheel—I counted ten, more than a hundred times. Every recommended promoter of drowsiness was successively and vainly exercised. Never did the morning dawn on heavier eyes, paler cheeks, and perhaps, I might add, a heavier heart. I was that day to be initiated in my new office, and I dreaded it. I dreaded too, the ceremony of breakfast. I hardly knew how to deport myself towards my host and hostess, whose coarse, unpolished manners were excessively obnoxious to my refinement. I was unaccustomed to the style of life I had adopted, and I was ill calculated to conform myself to it. I had heard much of the sweets of rural seclusion, and associated with it ideas of Arcadian simplicity—and *John Anderson my Joe like* images of domestic felicity. But all these vanished like the celestial tint of the distant mountain as we approach, leaving the bleak rocks and rugged paths bare and unsoftened. Farmer H. was a large man, with an iron brown face and an iron frame, who drest in fustian, and looked egregiously wise. He always smoothed his hair forwards over his forehead, before he began to speak, and after he had concluded, he had a way of compressing his lips and drawing in the corners of his mouth, which gave an air of indescribable wisdom to his countenance. His wife was an anxious, weary looking woman, who scarcely ever sat down, but at table; and scarcely ever spoke, but to perform the duties of hospitality, incumbent upon her there. All her thoughts were centered in work. Industry is a great virtue—the parent of noble and generous enterprise—but that unnecessary labor, that superfluous neatness which converts an intellectual and immortal being into a mere household drudge, deserves not the name of industry. She was careful and troubled about unprofitable things, to the neglect of that, which would weigh down a thousand worlds, could they be put into the balance. Poor Mrs. H——, I hope her weary spirit will one day find rest. I am sure, if Rhadamanthus unfolded the gates of Elysium for the good woman who made her husband nine thousand cheeses, my rustic hostess could present as indisputable claims to be admitted into Paradise.

They were hospitable. The table was covered with homely, but abounding food. Though the farmer begged of me 'to take hold and help myself and not be bashful, but make myself

at home,' I limited myself to the luxury of milk, bread and honey—and what could woman, 'if she were a queen, want more.' At nine o'clock the trial of trials commenced. I was ushered into the dignities of my new office, with all due ceremony; and found myself, with pale cheeks and trembling hands, seated in an old, faded, green arm-chair, behind a high, magisterial, ink-stained desk, with a long severe-looking ruler laying across it—a parcel of sunburned, white-headed urchins on my right hand, and a far greater number of shy, demure and roguish little girls on my left. For the first two or three days I was pleased and amused with the novelty of my situation, and the unwonted exercise of power; but as their awe of the fine lady and the stranger subsided, I discovered those multitudinous, mischievous tricks that untaught children delight in. They soon perceived my ignorance of the ruler and the rod, and my appeals to reason and to feeling were generally unintelligible or disregarded. Oh! how often during the long, sultry days of that *long* summer, did I sigh for the wings of the unfettered bird, that I could see, from the school-house window, defined on the deep blue ether, as it pursued its heavenward flight! To be condemned to sit day after day, and hour after hour, in a stiff, uncomfortable chair, with a group of warm, drowsy, thirsty, stupid children, hanging adhesively round you—to have such questions as these, poured in your ears on every side: 'Miss, may I leave my seat?' 'Miss, may I go out?' 'Will you please set me a copy?' 'Will you mend my pen?' 'Cut my patch work?' 'Fix my sewing?' 'Will you rule my paper?' 'Hear my lesson?' 'Please mend my pen?' 'James is pinching me.' 'Mary is whispering.' 'Sha'nt Isabella hold her tongue?' 'Mayn't Catharine be still?' &c. &c. To be obliged to soothe the irritated spirit, when one's own nerves are on the edge, to regulate the wayward, check the bold, encourage the timid, and strengthen the feeble and suspicious mind, to enlighten the darkness of Cimmerian ignorance, to sweeten the acidity of the sourest temper, polish the awkardness of the rudest manners—all this, nay more, was required of one, who from youth, inexperience, diffidence, sensitiveness and pride, was peculiarly unfitted for the task she had chosen. Like the great apostle of the Gentiles, in the contemplation of a mightier, diviner office, I could have exclaimed 'who is sufficient for these things?' I daily wilted under my self-imposed burthen. The hectic of nervous excitement colored my feverish cheek, and an expression of anxiety and care contracted my once open brow.

I think I could have borne the six hour's thraldom with tolerable fortitude, could I have been left, during the rest of the

time, at my own disposal. But I was so oppressed by their hospitalities! I had to visit every family in the neighborhood; to go as early and stay as late as possible; to hear parents talk about their children; and to be compelled to tell a thousand white lies about them myself. I have one visit on record sufficiently amusing to relate; it was at Mr. B's, the most conceited and withal the most ignorant man in the neighborhood. Never having had the advantage of an early education, and anxious to establish a literary character, somewhat late in the day he had studied the dictionary and stocked his memory with words, which he used without any other apparent regard to their meaning and application, than a certain resemblance of sound. I was invited to his house on Saturday afternoon, as I had no school exercise, so that I might go at two o'clock, and as it was his most leisure day, he could devote himself *delusively*, as he said, to my entertainment. For three hours he did indeed devote himself most religiously to the task, during which time, his wife was preparing supper, conceiving politeness and hospitality consisted solely in giving a laborious and plentiful repast. I had all the pleasures of anticipation—for I was regaled by the odors of preparation, and one of the little girls also whispered me, when the closet door was left open, that 'mother had a heap of cake up in that are soup tureen.' Mr. B. was an inveterate complimenter. He told told me 'that he considered me a most *extravagant* school mistress; that his children *reproved* most rapidly under my *distruction*.' When I put my handkerchief to my face, to conceal the laughter I could not repress, he told me 'I need not have the least *maliciousness*, he was flattering me, for he was the very pink of *austerity* and *rancor*." After the great business of supper was over, at which Mrs. B. presided, with a face as red as a full-blown piony, I was invited to take a walk over the farm, an offer which was unspeakably refreshing. A cool, pleasant breeze was stirring the foliage of the green shade trees of the intervals, beneath which the sleek, cloven-feet cattle were luxuriously ruminating—the corn-stalks were decorated with their beautiful shining silk tassels—over a field of blossoming buckwheat, myriads of bees were hovering and buzzing, with a kind of sweet, lulling sound—a clear brook ran smiling, laughing and babbling at the foot of an orchard on the sunny side of a gentle slope—it did indeed present a charming prospect, or rather as Mr. B. observed, 'it was a most *insignificantly* beautiful farm.' He begged of me not to walk too fast, 'as it was so *extensively* warm;" observing at the same time, that he feared 'that it did not agree with me to keep school, as I looked more *emancipated* than when I first

came.' When I took leave of them at night, he renewed his compliments, saying at the close, 'that with regard to his children's education, he should *insult* my wishes in every *peculiar*.' And were there no moral flowers blooming around to sweeten my thorny path? No intellectual gem in the caverns of ignorance, to throw a ray of brightness on my daily toil? Alas! mine was a proud, discontented spirit, fanned by no gale of fragrance, gilded by no healing beam. It was pride that drove me, solitary and unfriended, from kindred guardianship and shelter—for though harsh and avaricious, my aunt was never absolutely abusive; and by patient gentleness, I might perhaps have softened her severity of discipline. It was pride that made me turn in disgust from the well-meant kindnesses of those, whose fellowship, I had voluntarily sought—pride, that chilled the spontaneous effusions of their honest sensibility and made me believe all hearts were deserts, because I surrounded myself with a cold and frosty atmosphere. Unconscious that the evil was in myself, I blamed the perverseness of my destiny, the isolation of my being. How many irreclaimable hours have I wasted in the evening solitude of my chamber, gazing abstractedly on that glorious host, the Chaldean shepherds adored, or given up to selfish repinings, when I might have gone down into the unknown depths of my own soul, or privileged as angels are, ascended on the wings of devotion, into the magnificent presence-chamber of the King of kings.

But I must hasten to the moment, when I first began to know myself, and though the lamp that enlightened my conscience was held by a weak and trembling hand, it burned with penetrating and steady lustre. In my diurnal walks to the schoolhouse, I found means to vary the monotony of the exercise, by changing the path, and sometimes on my return, I wandered miles out of the regular course. I had often noticed a little cottage, situated at a considerable distance from the road, very old and low to be sure, but still neat and embosomed in shade. So great was my distaste for rusticity, I never felt any inclination to know who inhabited it, though I had frequently seen a nice-looking little girl standing in the door, following me wishfully with her eyes as I passed, and I knew she was not of the number of my pupils. One day just before I reached this cabin, I was overtaken by a sudden shower, and was forced to seek shelter there, till the rain was over. The little girl curtsyed and blushed with more sensibility in her countenance than I had observed in any other children of the neighborhood, and asked me if I would please to walk in. I *did* walk in—and had I then known into what a really august presence I was ushered,

I should have bowed in lowly reverence. In that low and mean apartment, clothed in the habiliments of poverty, surrounded by the mere necessaries of life, was one, to whom regality itself might pay homage, *an aged christian*, almost four score years and ten, on the solemn margin of two worlds—the hopes of the one chastening and illumining the memories of the other. She sat in an elbow chair, her bible resting on her kness, in an attidude of quiet contemplation. I think it is Madame de Stael, who says 'that time injures man alone;' that the ruins of temples are more interesting than they ever were in their original pomp; that the rock, overgrown with moss and mantled with ivy, is more picturesque than the smooth, unsculptured granite; but that we can never convince ourselves that beauty ever beamed from the wan and faded face of age. It is not so. There is a beauty in the dim grey, still more in the snow-white locks. There is a beauty in the meek, quiet, waiting eye. Even its wrinkles are but curls in the waves of time, that tell of subsided passions and hushed storms. She sat, this aged woman, in her elbow chair, as I said before, bending beneath the weight of four score years and ten. She lifted her eyes with a look of placid interest, and motioned her grandchild to place me a chair. I apologized for my intrusion. She took off her glasses, wiped them long with her clean checked apron, then putting them on again, looked in my face with a pleased inquiring expression, and a glimmering smile like that which is seen on the features of infancy. I felt embarrassed, not being accustomed to the society of very aged people, since I was a child; but endeavored to think of something to say.

'Can you see to read yet, grandmother?' said I, lifting at the same time the volume that lay in her lap.

'Blessed be God, dear young lady,' answered she, in a mild, tremulous voice, 'my eyes are yet spared to read his holy word.' I had touched the right chord—the chord that still vibrated to the music of feeling. All the animation and energy of decaying life seemed concentrated in this one theme. She told me of the comfort she had found in those divine pages, quoting the most appropriate and beautiful texts, when her own language failed to express the strength of her meaning. She spoke of early blighted hopes—of children alienated from her by unworthiness, snatched from her by death—of grandchildren and great grandchildren, the flowers of her old age—all cut down, but *one*, whom Providence in mercy spared to watch over her. 'Yes!' said she, 'I am left destitute, but not forsaken; poor, but not comfortless; weary in body, but strong and fervent in spirit. I feel that I am but a cumberer of the earth, but,' looking up-

wards with an expression of holy confidence and resignation. 'I trust I may patiently wait the coming of the Son of Man.' I was surprised—I was awed, by the sublimity of her language, coming from the lips of poverty and obscurity. I knew not the inspiration of religion. I knew not how much an habitual communion with the Deity could elevate the mind uninformed of the wisdom of this world. When the rain had ceased, I rose to depart, but with reluctance. I wanted to find out the secret of her happiness and contentment. So poor and aged and infirm! yet so placid and grateful! Every thing around her breathed of tranquility. The little girl moved about with a stilly step, as if accustomed to respect the nerves of the aged; the old cat sat purring demurely in the corner, with her calm, green eyes more than half shut; and an hour-glass standing on the table, seemed to whisper, with its gliding sands, of everlasting peace.

Every day, during the month succeeding, I returned by that lonely path, and entered the cottage door. *My* restless spirit was always tranquilized in her presence, and *her* aged eyes learned to brighten at the sound of my coming footsteps. There was something almost inexplicable in the prevailing influence she exercised over my character. It must have been the inspiration of the Almighty, 'the still small voice,' heard through her lips and penetrating my inmost soul. One evening, on entering the room, (the house contained but one) I saw something had occurred of an afflictive nature. Little Jane wore a very long face, and her grandmother's smile of welcome was fainter than usual. 'Are you not well, to-day?' I anxiously asked. Jane drew me and whispered dolefully, 'Yes, Ma'm;' but pussy jumped up on the big bible, and knocked down grandmother's spectacles and broke them all to pieces. She can't read any more now; and I only know how to spell.' Here she put her apron to her face and sobbed distinctly. 'Don't grieve so, child,' said her grandmother; 'I almost know it by heart, though it was a comfort to look upon the gracious words.' Here a tear gathered into her pious eye, and fell slowly down into her lap. Two thoughts flashed into my mind at once. I had a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, of surprising clearness—a precious relic of my own dear grandmother—laying at this moment in the bottom of my trunk. They should supply the loss of those the sacrilegious cat had destroyed. I would also give Jane daily lessons at home, as she could not leave her grandmother to attend the school. I reproached myself for not making the offer sooner, when I witnessed the joy and gratitude with which the proposition was received. But when I brought the spec-

tacles, what blessings were showered upon me!—blessings 'not loud, but deep.' A little while and my engagement would be fulfilled. I had formed no plan for the future, but I had now become so much attached to my aged friend, I resolved to remain in the neighborhood, till another opportunity for employment offered. Every thing seemed changed. The children were more docile and intelligent. The corners of farmer H's mouth looked less rigidly wise. Even Mr. B's syntax became more interesting. When he told me, 'that he looked forward to my approaching *extermination* with delight, and that he did not doubt it would reflect *horror* on the whole neighborhood,' I took the spirit of his words, notwithstanding their terrific import, and thanked him for his kindness. Let no one imagine I have exaggerated this good man's peculiarity—like the queen of Sheba, I might rather say, 'the half has not been told.' I had told all my history to my dear old friend, and my resolution to remain where I was, rather than return to the home I had abandoned in my pride. But this she combated with an earnestness I found irresistible. She convinced me of the unloveliness of the feeling I was cherishing—nay, more—of its irreligion. She asked me in her own spiritual language, if I thought when the darkness and loneliness of age should arrive, it would gladden my being to reflect that I had conversed in haughtiness of spirit with one, who must then be mouldering cold and unconscious, beneath the clods of the valley? Oh! most beloved, yet lowly teacher of righteousness and truth! thy meek, persuasive eloquence did not fall on the stony wilderness. My heart was softened by the dew of penitence, and the seeds of divine instruction took root and grew and blossomed, like the plant of the parable, that shot upwards its sacred branches, till the birds of heaven found shelter in the foilage, and the celestial dove brooded in its topmost boughs. I bade her farewell. I promised to return with the blossoms of May. A solemn shadow passed over her hoary brow—for she felt, before that time, in all human probability, she, the ancient in years, would be summoned into the presence of the *Ancient of Days.* After the manner of the patriarchs of old, she laid her hand on my head and blessed me. From her great age and sanctity, my imagination invested her with the power and dignity of prophecy, and I received her benediction, trembling with gratitude and awe. But I must not linger, though it be on consecrated ground. I found my aunt, whom I left vigorous in health, lying on the bed of sickness, helpless, querulous, and consequently neglected or grudgingly served. She endeavored to reproach me, and bid me begone; but before the sentence was

finished, the austere, now dependent invalid, melted into childish tears. Her illness was long and painful, and proved mortal. To the last moment of her existence I watched over her with even filial tenderness and care; and I had my reward. Not alone in the fortune, which unable to carry into the tomb, she left me at her death, by which I was enabled to be the almoner of heaven's bounty; but in the anxious eye that followed my every movement; the subsiding of fretfulnes and restlessness at my approach; the involuntary expression of 'good girl, I wish I had always been kind to you!' And then the last dying glance fixed in fading fondness on me, till it went out in the night of death. Oh! it was in these I found my reward—these were treasures of memory, 'no moth nor rust could destroy, no thieves break in and steal.' The blossoms of May put forth again—and where was the aged dweller of the hermitage? Tranquilly sleeping in that bed—

> 'Cold, deep and small—
> Six dark boards and one milk-white sheet.'

There her ashes wait the morning of the resurrection, when they will be raised in glory, at the sound of the archangel's trump.

And where is little Jane, the orphan grandchild? Under my own roof, educated and cherished by me, for the sake of her to whom I owed all my prosperity in this world and all my best hopes in another. Even now she is sitting at my fireside, as I write; and true to her early acquired habits of industry, knitting with unwearied diligence. She looks at the hourglass standing on my table, bequeathed to me by her sainted relative. She cannot see distinctly to take up the next stitches. A little while and she again looks up; and her humble eyes resting on me, overflow with gratitude and feeling—and this too is my reward! How little have I merited, and yet how abundantly have I reaped! C. L. H.

ECCLESIASTES.

The book of Ecclesiastes is one of the most interesting relics of antiquity. The simplicity of its language, the pathos of its sentiment, the depth of its truth, and the exquisite beauty of its allegory, place it among the most splendid specimens of the gorgeous literature of the ancient oriental world. Its Hebrew

name, Koheleth, is well translated by the old English word Preacher, taking the term in its most extensive sense to signify any one who solemnly harangues an assembly on moral and sacred subjects. The work is throughout a sermon on the vanity of the world, and the preacher is one who had explored to the utmost limit all the sources of earthly happiness, and found them unsatisfying.

It is the object of the book to give an exact picture of the experience of Solomon, and to teach by the example of this most prosperous and most illustrious of all the oriental kings, the total insufficiency of earth and all the good things of this world, when pursued for their own sake and with views limited to the present life, to confer happiness; and to show that all happiness consists in fearing God and keeping his commandments, and in using the things of this world with wise reference to a future life. If, now, we can ascertain the method by which this object is accomplished, we shall get a clue to the interpretation of the whole book, and avoid the difficulties and absurdities into which most commentators have fallen by starting from wrong premises.

The method which the writer pursues to accomplish his purpose, is the most vivid and effective that can be conceived. Instead of describing the various processes of thought and feeling through which Solomon passed in the course of his eventful life, the whole heart of the king is taken out and held up before our eyes, with every thing it contained, both good and bad. The secret chambers of his soul are thrown open, and we see every thought and feeling as it arises in the mind, and in the exact shape in which it first presents itself, without any of those modifications by which men soften down the harsher features of their first thoughts, before they give them utterance to their fellow-men.

Solomon began his career under the influence of sincere piety; uninterrupted prosperity corrupted his feelings and made him worldly; he began to seek his happiness in the things of earth, and eagerly pursued under all the advantages which wisdom, wealth, and regal power would give, every earthly gratification to satiety. He is disappointed and disgusted; and instead of repenting of his errors, he becomes dissatisfied with the arrangements of providence, misanthropic, and skeptical. His conscience, however, is not entirely asleep, but occasionally interposes to check his murmurings and reprove him for his follies.

In this state of mind he is introduced, and in the character of Koheleth, gives full and strong utterance to all his feelings.

Hence inconsistent statements and wrong sentiments are to be expected in the progress of the discourse; and it is not till towards the close of the book that all his errors are corrected, and he comes to the 'conclusion of the whole matter,' as a penitent, humbled, believing, religious man.

As examples of the inconsistencies alluded to, compare chapter ii. 15, 16, with verse 26; also viii. 15 with vii. 2, 3; and iii. 18, 19 with xi. 9.

We will now give a brief analysis of the contents of the book, for the aid of those who may wish to read it and appreciate justly its sentiment and its literary merits.

Chapters i–iv, Koheleth, in the warmth of his disappointment and disgust, utters vehement complaints, asserting and proving the vanity of all earthly pursuits, and intermingling expressions of discontent and skepticism. After chapter iv. Koheleth checks his vehemence; and like a man trying to soothe his own perturbed feelings, he addresses himself in the second person, *thou*, &c. See v. 1–8, vii. 9–15, viii. 2, 3, &c. Still he occasionally breaks out in complaints, in the first person, though the vehemence of them is very much softened. See v. 13–18, vi. 1–8, viii. 14–17, &c. Thus the prevailing tone of chapters v–x, is sedative and preceptive; though they are of a mixed character, and exhibit Koheleth in the process of penitence and of gradually improving moral feeling. Chapter xi, xii. Koheleth appears entirely repentant, subdued, and humbled, and expresses his conscientious conviction in regard to the whole subject, and gives the result of all his experience. See particularly chapter xii. 13, 14.

A strictly logical arrangement of thought is not to be expected in a work of this kind. The ideas are arranged as they happened to be associated in the writer's mind; and with just so much neglect of logical order as the agitated condition of Koheleth's feelings would naturally occasion.

There is another peculiarity altogether oriental. Between the discussions of the different topics, various proverbs and wise sayings are introduced, which are only very remotely connected with the general train of thought or with each other. The orientals delight to adorn their writings with strings of proverbs, as they do their persons with strings of pearls; and no matter how diverse from each other they may be, provided each is by itself beautiful.

In regard to the inconsistencies of sentiment in this book, we have many parallels in other books of the Bible. In that magnificent product of primitive orientalism, the book of Job, many of the sentiments uttered by the interlocutors Eliphaz, Bildad,

and Zophar are entirely wrong; and these wrong sentiments are reproved and corrected by the Almighty at the close of the book; as like sentiments in Ecclesiastes are retracted and refuted by Koheleth himself, when he comes to a better mind. The Bible gives us the most natural and vivid representations of all the feelings of man, and always furnishes us with the means of distinguishing the good from the bad. The book of Ecclesiastes is a true picture of the naked human heart, in its progress from satiety and consequent discontent and skepticism, to true repentance and well-grounded faith, which afford the only solid foundation for permanent enjoyment. Unbelief is most commonly the child of misanthropy, and the grandchild of disappointed ambition or satiated voluptuousness.

Prior, in his elaborate poem entitled 'Solomon,' has amplified the leading ideas of Koheleth with splendid diction, harmonious versification, and copious imagery; but with all these merits, the poem tires by its prolixity. Dr. Johnson, in his 'Rasselas,' has expressed much more felicitously the same general train of feeling, of which every man has more or less experience in the course of his life; and of all modern works, Rasselas is that which approaches nearest, in its tone and spirit, to the plaintive discourse of the Jewish king. The first sentence of Rasselas would serve equally well as an introduction to Ecclesiastes. 'Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend,' &c. Such are the persons who should read Ecclesiastes, and who are likely to find their own experience vividly depicted by the pencil of the Hebrew sage.

Having spoken thus far of the general character of this interesting book, we will proceed to lay before our readers select portions of the composition itself, adhering as closely as possible, in our translations, to the good old English of the common version. The translation will be made more scrupulously literal than that in our common Bibles, in order to give the reader as exact an idea as possible of the true shape and complexion of the Hebrew original.

The first of the following sentences is the original title of the book; the second is the motto or text on which the whole discourse is founded, and which is repeated just before the close, (xii. 18); and the third is the statement of the particular question first discussed.

The words of Koheleth, the son of David, king in Jerusalem: Vanity of vanities, saith Koheleth, vanity of vanities, the whole is vanity! What profit hath man in all his labor which he laboreth under the sun?

After this introductory statement, the preacher proceeds, in answer to the question proposed, to illustrate the general thought, that the course of nature goes on inflexibly in its own way; and let man do what he will, he cannot produce the least change in it, to render it more agreeable to his own inclinations. In the first place he can effect no change in the physical world.

A generation goeth, and a generation cometh; but the earth standeth forever. The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and panteth towards his place whence he arose. The wind goeth to the south and turneth to the north; the wind goeth turning and turning; and the wind cometh back again on his circuits. All the rivers go into the sea, and the sea is never filled; to the place whence the rivers came, thither do they return again.

The sea particularly alluded to in the last remark, is evidently the Mediterranean, as that was the only one with which a king in Jerusalem would probably be familiar; and the facts in regard to this sea, strikingly illustrate the truth of the remark, and show the acquaintance of the wise monarch of the Hebrews with natural history. The Nile, the Don, the Nieper, the Danube, the Ebro, the Rhone, the Po, are continually pouring their waters into the Mediterranean; and besides all this, a strong current of nearly twelve miles in width and seven hundred yards in depth is continually setting into the sea from the Atlantic Ocean; and yet, with all this immense accumulation of waters, the sea, though it has no visible outlet, is never filled. Enormous quantities of water, therefore, must rise in vapor, descend in rain, and thus return to the springs of the rivers which feed the sea. It is true, that two weak lateral currents and an under current set from the sea into the ocean through the straits of Gibraltar; but these will not materially affect the result, and they were probably unknown in Solomon's time. The Dead sea, also, into which the Jordan continually flows, has no visible outlet, and *is never filled.*

The writer proceeds to illustrate the fact, that, as no change can be effected in the course of nature, so in the moral world things keep on in the same perpetual round; the pursuits, dispositions and anxieties of men are in all ages essentially the same; and the only reason why one imagines that there are developments of human nature entirely new, is his ignorance of the past; and in future ages also, the same ignorance of the past and the same apparent novelties will continue to exist.

All things labor wearisomely, man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, and the ear is not satiated with hearing. What hath been is that which shall be, and what hath been done is that which shall be done, and there is nothing new under the sun. Should there be any thing of which one will say, 'See, this is new;' it

hath already been in old times which were before us. There is no remembrance of former things; and also of future things there will be no remembrance with those who shall come after them.

Koheleth next proceeds to confirm what he has said by his own experience, and as he had been particularly celebrated for wisdom, he first shows that wisdom avails nothing, not even under the most favorable circumstances for acquiring it, as it only enables man to see existing evils the more clearly, without giving him the power to remedy them.

I, Koheleth, was king over Israel in Jerusalem; and I put my heart to search out and to deliberate by wisdom upon every thing which is done under the heavens. This troublesome business hath God given to the sons of Adam, that they may busy themselves therewith. I saw all the doings which are done under the sun, and behold, the whole is vanity and empty effort. The crooked cannot be straightened, and the lacking cannot be numbered. I spake with my heart, saying, Behold I have made great and added wisdom above all which was before me at Jerusalem, and my heart saw very much wisdom and knowledge. And I put my heart to know wisdom and to know folly and madness. I know that this also is empty effort; for in much wisdom is much trouble, and he who increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

Koheleth thus shows, from his own experience, that the pursuit of wisdom and knowledge as a source of happiness is vain, and can end only in disappointment. He next shows that the pursuit of the pleasures of sense, the gratification of taste, and even the union of intellectual action with sensual pleasure, are utterly insufficient, of themselves, to afford permanent satisfaction. We must defer to some future occasion the further listening to this royal and eloquent complainer. HERDER.

UNIVERSAL EDUCATION A PECUNIARY GAIN TO A COUNTRY.

A SPEECH DELIVERED BEFORE THE EDUCATION CONVENTION, IN FRANFORT, KENTUCKY, JANUARY, 1834, BY JOHN C. YOUNG, PRESIDENT OF CENTRE COLLEGE, DANVILLE, KENTUCKY.

GENTLEMEN:

You have assembled here not for amusement, but for business—not for the furtherance of some frivolous or temporary project, but for the advancement of one of the noblest and most important causes which ever enlisted the sympathies or elicited the exertions of patriots and philanthropists. Assembled as you are for such a purpose, I feel that I would insult your understandings and be rebuked by your merited contempt, if, for the language of sober argument, I presented you with the frippery of vague and empty declamation. I know that you demand facts not flowers, reason not rhetoric, proofs not poetry:

and if I fail in attempting to inform your judgments by facts and arguments, I promise you that, at least, I will not be guilty of sinning against your taste by an unseasonable address to your fancies.

Kentucky, as a state, has heretofore done nothing efficient for the cause of popular education. Yet I confidently believe that the day will arrive, when, by the universal diffusion of literature and science through her borders, all 'her sons shall be as plants grown up in their youth, and her daughters shall be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace.' Stranger changes than this have taken place, since the rifle of the adventurous hunter first rung through the woods of 'the dark and bloody ground.' That energetic and resistless spirit which existed in the bosoms of our fathers, and subdued the wilderness as well as the savage, is not dead—it is not even asleep. The effects of its daily activity are multiplying around us; and we need only direct it upon this great object to see all our desires speedily accomplished. Let no one from our past supineness infer our future failure. Many circumstances have combined to thrust the subject of general education from the mind of the community—they have not thought, and consequently have not felt and acted upon it. Patient and active exertion, on the part of its friends, is alone wanting to ensure the success of this cause. We can predict its triumph from the recent wondrous progress of knowledge, whose extension within these few years past reminds us of the poet's description of the fabled goddess, whose creeping form expanded by its own motion, until, as she walked upon the earth, her head was hidden in the clouds. We are not in a corner of the earth that this growing influence should not reach us—it *has* been felt among us, and *will be* felt still more strongly, impelling us to action. But we predict this triumph, with still more certainty, from an acquaintance with the character of our people. They are too liberal in sentiment, to object to great undertakings because they are novel—they are too generous, to disregard the welfare of those who are to come after them—they are too sensible of the value of knowledge, to bequeath to their children an inheritance of ignorance—they are too intelligent, not to perceive their own true interests when plainly set before them—they are too wise, to hoard when an enlightened economy teaches them to expend.

Let us only present the subject in all its aspects before this community, and I have no fear for the result.

I leave to one who is hereafter to address you—and who is far more competent to such a work—the task of displaying the

political and social advantages of a system of universal education, while I confine my efforts to a single point, hitherto, so far as I have seen, untouched—*the pecuniary gain of such a system.*

The first, and I might say, the only objection ever urged against the plan of furnishing a good teacher to every neighborhood, and thus providing every child with the means of instruction, is, that *it is expensive.* But if we can show that the expense of education is like the outlay of the farmer for his implements of husbandry, of the mechanic for his tools, of the manufacturer for his machinery, and of the physician for his drugs—that it is the sacrifice of a small portion of our present wealth to secure a great future accession; if we can show this, we prove the folly of a stinted and niggardly expenditure—we prove, that such a liberal provision as will secure universal and thorough education, is a nation's best economy. Thus, if we succeed in our proof, we not only plant our foot on this objection and crush it to atoms, but on its very ruins we construct the strongest argument in behalf of our system—an argument that appeals to the self-interest of the community—an argument that addresses itself to one of the ruling passions of mankind, the love of wealth.

1st. *A system of universal and sound education would increase the wealth of our state by its effect on our legislation.* Some laws give health and strength and growth to a community; while others disorder, enfeeble, and dwarf it. If unwise, they bind it hand and foot, and cripple its energies—if wise, they give force and direction to its powers, and impel it on to prosperity. 'I cannot play,' was the noble answer of the Grecian statesman to one who handed him a musical instrument. 'I cannot play, but I can make a small state a great one.' He knew the powers of his intellect, and understood the efficacy of those laws and regulations which his genius enabled him to devise. Of the extent to which even one act of legislation may increase the resources of a country, and advance its prosperity, we have a recent and signal instance. By a single resolution, a few years since, the state of New-York gave to her citizens the wealth of an empire. By her bold and far-sighted policy she created, in her own bosom, treasures greater than are contained in the mines of Potosi. Hundreds of years of ordinary progressive prosperity would not have advanced her to the situation she now holds, in consequence of a solitary enactment. In a few years she will possess within herself more wealth, population, and power, than could have been found, fifty years ago, in all the states of this wide confederacy. A single unwise law, on the other hand, may, for a time, bankrupt a nation. In

proof of this assertion, I need only refer you to those numerous instances, which history furnishes, of kings and legislatures depreciating the currency of a country, thus destroying public confidence, damming up the channels of trade, paralyzing industry, stagnating capital, and spreading distress and ruin over the land. Take one more instance of the destructive effects of foolish legislation. By the English poor laws, farms, in some parts of England, which yield $1500 per annum rent, are taxed $1000 per annum for the support of the poor—in other words, the landholder pays two dollars out of every three of his income to support paupers. And, what is worse, by the report of the commissioners appointed, last session, by the house of commons, it appears that this system, so ruinous to owners of property, is equally pernicious to the poor themselves, destroying their industry, forethought, economy, honesty, and comfort. But it is too evident a truth to need further illustration, that a nation is often impoverished or enriched by its laws.

Let us consider the effect of universal and sound education on legislation. In a free country good laws can only be the result of general intelligence among the people. For such laws are not the offspring of chance, but of wisdom. The greatest philosopher that ever lived, and one of the greatest statesmen, has told us that good laws are 'deep not vulgar, not made on the spur of a particular occasion, but out of providence for the future.' Laws of this kind can never be enacted but by wise men. And to secure wise men as their representatives the people must be intelligent.

Further, if a whole community were well educated, there would be a probability of obtaining good legislators, much greater than now exists, as there would then be a much greater mass of intelligent men capable of discharging the duty of legislation. Out of thousands of educated men it would be easy to select those who would be competent, from their talents and qualifications, to take large and remote views of all the interests of the country, and thus secure its prosperity.

Laws are also the emanations of the intellect of a community in another sense, besides their being framed by those whom the community appoints. For few legislators will ever favor a law which they cannot justify in the eyes of their constituents. And if we had the wisest legislators that ever assembled, their wisdom would avail us little, if the people were ignorant and prejudiced. We would verify, in our case, the truth of the biting remark which Anacharsis made to the Athenian lawgiver, on that part of his code by which a small and choice body of counsellors was appointed to deliberate and prepare business

on which the assembly of the people was to act. 'Solon,' said the caustic Scythian, 'you have wise men to deliberate, and fools to decide.' If a people are governed by superficial appearances and appeals to their prejudices and passions; if they have not intelligence sufficient to appreciate the solid reasons on which all salutary and far-reaching enactments are based—that people must be content with laws the reverse of those which Bacon applauds—*their* laws must be *vulgar* not *deep*, *made on the spur of the occasion* and *not out of providence for the future.*

If, then, the history both of our own and former ages teaches us that nations are often ground to the earth by bad legislation, while they are even ignorant of the cause of their distress, and so can do nothing to remove it; and if we are taught that a wise and provident legislation often opens sources of wealth through which millions annually flow into a community. I appeal to every reasonable man, whether that diffusion of intelligence which would secure our children from the curse of ignorant legislators, and ensure to them the services of enlightened men, would not be cheaply purchased at the utmost expense which the universal and thorough education of our youth could involve?

2d. *Universal education would more than pay for itself by saving, to the mass of the people, a great part of what is now wasted in unprofitable and ruinous gratifications.* All men crave enjoyment, and will have it. And the nature of their amusements and recreations will be determined by their respective degrees of refinement, mental cultivation, and morality. The Romans had their gladiatorial shows, where millions of money were annually spent to afford the populace the pleasure of seeing human beings butcher one another. The Spaniards have their bull-fights. We and the English have our grog-shops. The money, time, health, and intellect wasted by the single gratification of drinking liquor, so universally indulged in by the uneducated, no one, unless he has minutely examined into the facts, will be prepared to believe. Judge Cranch, of the District of Columbia, estimates the whole annual waste, including the cost of the liquor, the loss of time from drunkenness, and the other subsequent items of expense, at about ninety-four millions of dollars per annum. With this statement agrees, in the main, the estimate of Benjamin F. Butler, the present attorney-general of the United States, a man whose virtues and talents command the respect even of those who differ from him in political sentiment. We might quote various other authorities of the highest respectability in different parts of our country, all arriving, after the most accurate calculations, of which

the nature of the subject admits, at nearly the same conclusion. Unless our citizens are more abstinent than their neighbors—which we can scarcely flatter ourselves is the case—the portion of this loss which falls upon our state, in proportion to its population, is upwards of six millions of dollars per annum.

Gaming is another of these destructive indulgencies. I have no data by which to calculate this item of our waste. But we may see how great it probably is, from the fact, that Colquhoun, an eminent writer on statistics, estimates the loss to the servants alone, in the city of London, by the gaming tables, at one million five hundred thousand dollars per annum.

I am fully aware that a bare knowledge of literature and science will never cure vicious propensities, nor prove in itself a sufficient preventive against their contraction. A moral and religious education alone can do this. But morality and religion can make comparatively little progress amid gross ignorance. Knowledge is the almost indispensable auxiliary of virtue. Besides, a great portion of the vice of the ignorant arises from the want of some innocent and agreeable occupation for those leisure hours, which are found even amid the severest toils, and which are so abundant in a land like ours, where the most moderate labor will procure all the necessaries and many of the comforts and luxuries of life. Furnish men with the means of pleasant and profitable recreation, and you will do much to empty the haunts of vice, prevent the waste of the money spent in self-debasement, save the time and health of laboring men, and thus immeasurably accumulate the wealth of the country. If a man has, in his younger days, received good instruction, and thus acquired a taste for information and mental improvement, he can always have, at his own fireside, an object of interest. Books of science, as well as those of entertainment, are now so cheap, that, for a trifle, every man can provide himself with enough to occupy his leisure for months.

Let it then be no longer urged against a wide diffusion of thorough education, that 'it will cost too much,' when we see that, every year, there is spent in a single article of sensual and stupifying enjoyment, more than five times as much as would suffice to give the *best* instruction to every child in the state. Shall we foster our vices, and starve only our virtues? Can we afford millions for whisky and only thousands for education? Can we spend with princely munificence, when ruin corporeal, intellectual, and moral is the result of the expenditure? And shall we be parsimonious only when we are called upon to contribute to the moral and intellectual elevation of our children and our country? What would be thought of the

wisdom of the farmer who would, year after year, permit his rich crops to be destroyed from a reluctance to incur the expense of keeping his fences in repair? What would be thought of the wisdom of a merchant who would, month after month, permit the goods in his warehouse to be spoiled by the rain, and should plead, in justification of his course, that a good roof was too costly an article? And does not the wisdom of these individuals surpass the wisdom of that community, who will permit millions to be squandered in vice, that thousands may be saved in education? What kind of economy is this? It reminds us of the Roman miser, who starved himself to death, amid coffers of gold, because the food required to restore his exhausted frame would have cost him three farthings.

3d. *Universal education would promote the wealth of a community by improving the capacity of all its members, and thus enabling each individual to apply his powers to the best advantage.* The ox and the horse excel human beings in strength; why is it, then, that the labor of a man is of more value than the labor of a beast? It is because he possesses intellect. The more, then, of this distinguishing and superior quality any one can be made to possess, the more valuable, in general, does his labor become. Probably no man will dispute the truth of the inspired proverb, 'wisdom is better than strength.' A fine illustration of the gain to national wealth as well as to national character, from the superior powers a good education imparts even to laborers, is furnished in some of our eastern manufactories. There are a number of articles for the manufacture of which the British enjoy at least equal advantages with ourselves; yet such is the superiority of our workmanship, owing solely to the higher skill and ingenuity which intelligence imparts to the American workmen in these branches, that the foreigners are obliged to counterfeit the stamp of our manufacturers to prevent their goods from being driven out of the market. This is a fact well known to our eastern merchants. Some time since, an agent from Birmingham was sent to our country for the express purpose of inspecting a particular manufactory, to ascertain the cause of this superiority, that the improvements in machinery, to which it was ascribed, might be examined and introduced into the establishment in which he was employed in England. He entered the building during an intermission of labor, and found many of the hands engaged in reading the London Mechanic's Magazine. He expressed himself to his conductor as satisfied at once as to the cause of the superiority of the American manufacturers. 'It lies,' said he, 'in the superior intelli-

gence of your workmen ; each one of them is fit to be a superintendant.'

I would appeal to every observing man, whether the advantage of a good education would not be worth to every man and every woman, in a pecuniary point of view, in the course of a lifetime, more than one hundred dollars; and I have no hesitation in asserting that, if a liberal system of universal instruction were adopted, more knowledge could be gained for that amount of money than is now possessed by many of those who pass several years at college, studying what is called the 'irregular course.'

I know, indeed, that, in monarchical and aristocratical states, it has been a favorite opinion that education spoils common laborers—that it puts them above their work. But 'knowledge puffeth up' only where it is a distinction. In countries where common laborers are kept in gross and debasing ignorance, and are regarded and treated as little better than beasts, education will naturally unfit an individual for labor—he has had imparted to him too much dignity of character and self-respect to fit him for a state of servile degradation. But let education be made common, and the laboring class treated as intelligent beings, and no man will be above work. Manual labor is made honorable by the respectability of those who perform it; for the character of every occupation is given to it by the character of those who pursue it. It is an insult to the God of nature, to suppose that one class of mankind must *necessarily* remain degraded, in order that another may be made comfortable.

4th. *Education would increase the riches of a community, by facilitating the adoption of all improvements in the mechanical, manufacturing, and agricultural arts.* There are two strong barriers which obstruct the advancement of an uneducated people—*ignorance* and *prejudice.* Men who never read, know of no other instruments and methods of work than those which they have seen. Thus we observe hundreds of labor-saving or economical inventions in use in our country, which, in another, are totally unknown. And even in the same country, the improvements common in one section are often unheard of in another. But if men read, this would not be the case. Every man might be thoroughly acquainted with his calling. He could not only know it as he was taught it, but as it is pursued in other parts of the world—he could avail himself not only of his own and his immediate instructor's wisdom, but he could borrow the wisdom of all who have followed the same pursuit—he might receive valuable hints from men who had died before he was born—he might grow rich by availing himself of the discove-

ries of his antipodes. Publications on every branch of industry are procurable, cheap, and easily understood.

But prejudice, as well as ignorance, treads in the paths of old, and it looks with scorn or suspicion on all improvements. And as it springs from erroneous views and contraction of mind, it can only be removed by that mental cultivation which will enlighten and expand the intellect.

It might be invidious to produce domestic illustrations of the effect of ignorance and prejudice in retarding the accumulation of national wealth; we will therefore draw them from our knowledge of other nations. The East Indians pack their cotton for exportation by machinery, and put into the same bulk three times as much as the Chinese, who pack by hand. In consequence of their ignorance, the freight of the Chinese cotton costs them twelve times the price. The first saw mill ever erected in England was destroyed by the populace, who thought it would throw the sawyers out of employment. When Hargrave, less than a century ago, attempted to introduce the spinning-jenny, which he had invented, into the cotton manufacture, he was obliged to fly from Lancashire, at the risk of his life. Such was the prejudice against the introduction of an improvement, that has yielded millions upon millions to the wealth of mankind. Every year of commercial distress in England witnesses an immense destruction of agricultural and manufacturing machinery. The ignorant and prejudiced laborers believe that the machinery, which is the real source of their wealth, is the cause of their distress. An engineer of deserved celebrity, not long since, stated that he had completed several machines of great utility, but dared not then bring them forward on account of the popular feeling. A more ludicrous instance of a similar spirit in retarding human advancement, I have lately seen, in the report of an agent of a society similar to the one we have just formed. The inhabitants of a town in the neighborhood of the capital of one of the New England states, refused to hear him lecture, stating that they did not wish their children to learn such new notions as that the earth went round the sun.

We have no means of accurately estimating the pecuniary loss which such a feeling inflicts on society; but we can easily see that it is immense. The history of one small district in France, for the last 50 years, exhibits a striking proof of the rapid advance, in wealth and comfort, occasioned by the spirit of improvement, which education and intelligence beget. I allude to the Ban de la Roche. Such was the barbarous constitution of this mountain district, that a little more than a century ago, its inhabitants subsisted chiefly on wild apples and

pears. And when at length famine had compelled the introduction of the potato, it degenerated so fast under their wretched cultivation, that in a few years it yielded but the fourth of a crop. The roads—if roads they could be called—were so bad that for the greater part of the year, the inhabitants were completely shut up in their mountains; and even the five villages, of which the little district was composed, could not communicate with each other. There was not a workshop among them, where a tool could be even mended. Their houses were sunk in the sides of the mountains, unhealthy, and without cellars to preserve their potatoes, the chief article of subsistence, from the frost. The only school-house in the whole district was dilapidated and threatening to fall, and the people felt too poor to erect another. But the talents, industry, and devoted zeal of a single man, the pastor Oberlin, changed the whole face and condition of this savage region. Good roads have been cut in every direction—agriculture has been improved to such a degree, that considerable quantities of produce have been exported—trades have been learnt, and shops opened—comfortable cottages have been built and neat gardens cultivated—education has been diffused through the whole community—morals and religion have gone hand in hand with the increase of physical comfort and wealth, and have greatly promoted it—and such have been the astonishing results of this change, that a considerable manufacturer of silk removed his establishment into the Ban, stating that 'the pleasure of living in the midst of a little colony, whose manners were softened and whose minds were enlightened by instructions which they receive from their earliest years, compensated the privations of a residence in a valley, separated from the rest of the world by the mountains which surrounded it.' If in a small, barren, and frozen district, the intelligence and devotedness of one individual could produce such rich fruits, what might *we* not expect from the diffusion of intelligence through a populous and fertile state? The cost of universal education would be as dust in the balance, when weighed against the comfort and wealth produced by the improvements which increased knowledge would introduce.

5th. *The original inventions and discoveries, which would naturally result from the cultivation of all the minds in the community, would open new and copious sources of wealth.* Men celebrated in the history of the arts have been frequently indigent; but I remember only a solitary instance of *one* who was *uneducated.* Some have been found who have *educated themselves*, in spite of unfavorable circumstances; but cases of this kind must necessarily be rare. It requires the possession of knowledge and pre-

vious mental discipline to fit men for inventing and discovering. The number, therefore, of those felicitous combinations of thought, which originate useful improvements in the arts of life, in any country, will generally be found proportional to the number of its educated inhabitants. If only the fifth part of any community are enlightened by early instruction, we can calculate on but the fifth part of the useful inventions and discoveries, which might be gained by the education of the whole. And thus we see that the nations and states most distinguished for general intelligence, are also most conspicuous for the number and usefulness of their labor-saving machines, and for their continued succession of novel and successful experiments, in the various branches of industry by which wealth may be accumulated. To verify the truth of these remarks, compare England with France, and our eastern states with other portions of the union. But *not one-tenth* of our citizens receive at present as good an education as *all* might, on the adoption of a good general system of popular education. And what a change would be wrought upon the condition of a community, were the practical inventions and discoveries of its members multiplied ten fold! With what an accumulating rapidity would its prosperity move onward! What multitudes would then benefit society by their ingenuity, who now curse it by their vices! How many Franklins, and Fultons, and Rittenhouses, would rise up to bless the world, if the beams of knowledge were poured upon every mind, to kindle the flame of slumbering genius! The invention of a single intellect, which might have slept in ignorance, had it not been awakened and called into activity by this all-reaching influence, might produce an annual pecuniary revenue, which would far more than defray the expense of the system to which its powers owed their development. It is to the increase of these very inventions and discoveries, that the moderns owe their superiority, in arts and riches, over the ancients; and by availing themselves of these, one nation now excels another. To illustrate this truth, let us compare the commercial and manufacturing power employed in England, with that of France. We learn, from the statistics of baron Dupin, that the force of men and horses engaged in manufacturing and commercial industry in France, is equal to the power of 6,303,019 men. While in England and Scotland the animate force thus engaged is only equal to the power of 6,014,893 men. Thus we see, that France would be a greater commercial and manufacturing nation than England, were the amount of labor in these two nations dependent on the respective quantities of *animate* power they had in service. But the knowledge and ingenuity of the

English have brought into existence so many wonderful machines and contrivances for economizing and accumulating power, that their whole force of *living beings and machinery* engaged in commerce and manufactures, is equivalent to the power of 25,854,893 men; while all the machinery and natural agents the French have brought to *their* assistance, only raise their force to a power equivalent to that of 11,536,352 men. Thus the English have quadrupled their power by machinery, while the French have not quite doubled theirs. In other words, in England, owing to the superior discoveries and inventions of its inhabitants, every man occupied in commerce or manufactures, is, on an average, able to accomplish as much as 2¼ Frenchmen.

Is it now any wonder that these Islanders, with a narrower territory, smaller population, and less genial climate, should so immensely outstrip their less intelligent and ingenious neighbors, in the accumulation of wealth? And can we conceive a stronger proof of the actual *pecuniary gain* which accrues to a nation from cultivating the intellect of her sons, than is furnished by such a fact?

But the triumph of intelligence, and consequently of education, its parent, is nowhere more strikingly displayed than in the British cotton trade with India. Cotton goods were formerly imported from India. Now the English purchase the cotton in the raw material, transport it 7000 miles, manufacture it by their machinery, pay their heavy duties to the state upon it, transport it back to India, and sell it cheaper than the natives can furnish it themselves, though human labor is cheaper there than in England.

The profit arising to a community from a single happy invention of one of its intelligent members, often yields a far greater annual amount than would suffice to furnish all the children with the best education. This can be proved by scores of facts. We will cite but one or two. The ingenuity of Hugh Middleton, some hundred years ago, devised and executed a scheme for supplying London with pure water, by turning a river thirty-eight miles out of its natural course.* It is estimated that the amount now used in the city would cost, if furnished by hauling, the sum of nine millions of pounds sterling, per annum. By the work of Middleton, it costs but about 379,000. Thus a single felicitous invention has annually saved, to one city, upwards of eight millions and a half of pounds sterling, or nearly

* A share in the stock of this company cost originally one hundred pounds sterling; it is now worth *fifteen thousand.*

forty millions of dollars—a sum more than sufficient to educate all the children of England.

The English iron-works, in 1788, yielded but 68,000 tons; and the quantity of the article had fallen off one-fourth in forty-five years, owing to the increased scarcity of wood for charcoal. But it was found that the powerful blast produced by a steam engine, could enable the manufacturers to substitute coke for charcoal. By this discovery the manufacture was rendered so productive, that in 1827, it yielded 690,000 tons—a tenfold increase. And thus a single discovery raised the value of a manufacture from about two millions and a half of dollars to upwards of twenty-four millions.

I shall only refer in further illustration of this principle, to the effect of the application of steam to the propulsion of boats—a discovery with the results of which you are all familiar—a discovery which has already done more for every state in this valley than all the power of industry, working by the old methods, could have effected for it in a hundred years. It has filled our houses with the productions of every country and climate, and has raised the price of every acre of our land, and almost every article of our produce. If the education of all the children of a state, for centuries, raised up only one such discoverer as Fulton, or Watt, or Arkwright, without yielding another advantage, the country would be immensely a gainer by the outlay.

Such is a partial survey of the reasoning by which we would establish the position, that a liberal system of universal education would prove a pecuniary gain to our state. It is reasoning which is based on facts; and if it shall have failed to convince, I must attribute the failure, not to the deficiency of proof in the subject, but to the impossibility of crowding, into the brief space we feel authorized to detain you, even a tythe of those facts which verify its correctness. For if there be a truth demonstrable in political and economical science, it is that nations are enriched by knowledge. And no man but one who has examined the history of nations, and investigated the causes of their poverty or wealth, can estimate the value of knowledge to a country's prosperity. The God of nature has filled the earth, the air, and the water with treasures—with a bountiful hand he has scattered wealth through every land; and nothing but indolence, ignorance, and vice, prevent nations from abounding, in every thing that can make the condition of man comfortable and glorious. The advocates of education can, then, afford to come down from the high ground they love

to occupy. They rest its chief claim upon the fact, that it fits man for self-government and makes him a freeman indeed—that it raises him above dependence upon sensual indulgences for enjoyment—that it opens to him stores of delight purer, more satisfying, and more enduring than gold can buy—that it exalts him still higher above the beast of the field, and impresses more fully upon him the likeness of his Creator. But here we see that, even in the acquisition of those material advantages, which are summed up under the idea of wealth, education is men's best ally.

Permit me, before I close, to advert, for a moment, to the *peculiar* interest Kentucky has in the speedy adoption of a system of general education. *It is the only thing which can secure to her the rank she now holds in this great confederacy.* Her name has been deservedly distinguished in days that are passed. This distinction she owes to the character of her sons; and by their character alone can it be perpetuated. But those qualities, which command respect and admiration for a state in her early days, will not secure to her honor in after years. Our state is passing from her active and vigorous youth, when fire, and energy, and chivalrous daring, and uncalculating courage were sufficient to procure for her renown. With riper years must be acquired the sober excellencies which alone can give permanent dignity and influence. Her fire must be tempered by reflection—her energy directed by wisdom. Her sons and even her adopted sons admire and love her—her character is precious in their eyes: could they then bear to see her sink into premature decrepitude?—could they bear that her name should become a by-word for ignorance and contempt of learning? But even now her destitution of schools is quoted with astonishment; and she is held up to the younger states as a beacon to warn them against even a temporary neglect of this important subject. Her name is found far down on the registers of comparative education—she is ranked just above countries, which are the last haunts of European ignorance.

We are no longer a frontier state, but the centre of a wide-spread union; and no enemy will ever again be likely to molest us. No more, then, can we find renown in fields of blood: but shall we not see it in the nobler fields of literature and science? The victories of Agincourt, Blenheim, and Trafalgar have not yielded to England the amount of glory she has gained from the labors of her Bacon, her Newton, her Locke, and her Milton. And France will boast of her Pascal, her Des Cartes, her La Place, and her Corneille, when the bloody throng of her triumphant marshals shall all be forgotten.

Every nation, every community has its own distinctive character—Kentucky has hers. And while we claim for her no monopoly of the nobler qualities which adorn human nature, we assert, fearless of contradiction even from strangers who know her well, that there exist in the character of her sons, all those elements of greatness which gave the Athenians of old their prominence among the nations. They have the same independence, the same generosity, the same restlessness, the same enthusiasm, the same fire—why should they not then attain the same glory? Why should they not be renowned for arts as well as for arms—for literature, as well as for liberty? Shall we leave it to the sons of New England to clothe our descendants in their manufactures, supply their firesides with comforts, and teach them the rudiments of science? We have given to the national councils the orator and statesman who, by his wisdom and eloquence, has called into existence the manufacturing powers of our country—shall *we* then, above all others, tamely submit to have our wants supplied by the ingenuity and industry of other states; and all, because we suffer ourselves to remain too ignorant to avail ourselves of the advantages which nature has so prodigally lavished upon our noble soil? Our very hills are filled with mineral treasures, while our plains are proverbial for fertility; and shall our people remain destitute of that intelligence which will enable them to open the storehouses of nature, and enrich themselves with her precious gifts? An ignorant people in such a country would be like a blind man perishing with hunger, while loaded tables were spread out before him; or like the fabled Tantalus, burning with thirst while the cooling stream was flowing round his lips.

The future history of a community may be predicted from the system it adopts for the training of its future members. Causes work as regularly to produce their effects in the moral as in the physical world. And it is almost impossible to change the habits and character of a people when hardened and fixed by time—as their destiny is shaped in youth, it remains in age. Now, then, is our time for improvement—now is the time to fix the character of our posterity through the lapse of, perhaps, many centuries. Future generations will read the exploits of our infant state; they will learn that her children won the broad lands of the west, by the tomahawk and the rifle, from the sullen savage—that they baffled his wiles, tamed his spirit, and subdued his obstinacy. And while they admire the hardy endurance, the chivalrous valor, the romantic enterprise of her sons, shall they sigh at the thought that her after destiny

redeemed not the promise of her younger days? Shall our history impress upon them the melancholy truth, that ignorance can cripple the swift, and dwarf the giant? Who will not lend his exertions to rescue our beloved land from so ignoble a fate?

THE DESERTED ONE.

I AM an unloved and an abject thing,
A lonely being, on this wide, drear earth!
Unsought, uncared for, by my fellow-men,
I drag through my long, cheerless term of years,
Without one smile or tear of sympathy!
My heart grows sick, my life's pulse chills and stops,
When I review the long, long past I 've spent—
A blank, a dreary blank, is all I 've known,
Since early youth. Ah, yes, at that blest age,
One vision cheered me, filled my soul with joy:
Ay! though a long life 's past, and age and wo
Have dimm'd my brow, and frosted o'er my locks,
That image bright, though fleeting, haunts me still.
One heart responsive to my fervid glow
Was mine and mine alone—smiled in my joy,
And saddened in my grief.
She was a being bright and beautiful,
Not an unearthly, fragile, fading form,
Which every breath, though gentle, might o'erthrow—
But Nature's self, and Hope, and Joy, and Love,
All formed her for this world and happiness.
We loved, ay, fondly, passionately, loved;
Words cannot tell the strong enduring ties,
Which bound me to this idol of my heart.
She was my all, all that I had to hope,
To cling to, through my lone and dreary fate:
And I had dreamed this precious gift was mine!
And happiness was won. Ah, folly rash
And madness to think I could be happy!
Doomed in this life to never-ending wo,
'Tis but presumption to contest my fate.
And I did dream of joy. Ah, 'twas a dream,
From which too soon, I fatally was roused.
Yes, she, my idol, my sole light and life,
The guiding star of my existence here,
Was taken from me! rudely snatched by Death!
In all the bloom of innocence and youth,
I saw her laid into the icy grave,
And the cold clods of earth enshrouded her!
I turned away from that chill mournful place,
And since have wandered o'er the earth—outcast,
Desolate, broken hearted! I shall soon
Sink into the tomb, beside my Emma;
No monumental stone shall mark the spot;
No fairy hand strew flowers above my grave;
No mourner shed for me the hallowed tear;
I shall repose unheeded and forgot.

July 10, 1834.

SKETCHES OF KENTUCKY.

BY A YANKEE.

LEXINGTON, *June* 15, 1834.

MY DEAR M.

I AM at last in Kentucky—a land that has been greatly slandered and abused by strangers, but much beloved and praised by those who knew it. And not only in Kentucky, but in Lexington, the Eden of America, and Athens of the west, as it is sometimes called. Its right to the former title I shall concede without hesitation; but with regard to the latter, I am not prepared to judge. If, however, one might form an opinion from the number of its schools, literary institutions, and literary and scientific men; it would appear to have a pretty good claim to the distinction.

The scenery, in this part of the state, has in it much of the picturesque, but nothing of the romantic. As you pass along the high road, and view the wide spreading landscape, the mind is constantly refreshed with the idea of plenty, comfort and happiness. Here on your right, is a beautiful woodland pasture, extending as far as the eye can reach; its richly carpetted surface, blending the golden light and deep shade, into a picture of loveliness and quiet; and sprinkled here and there with flocks and herds, while the branches of its trees are filled with beauty and song. There on your left, is a field of a hundred acres, covered with a luxuriant growth of corn; and yonder, far through the trees, is the mansionhouse of the owner, approached by a long avenue, lined with locusts or elms; reminding us of the descriptions we have heard or read, of the country seats of our English forefathers.

The basis of Kentucky character is that of the higher class of Englishmen. The pioneers of this state having emigrated from Virginia, which was principally settled by the English patricians, their children still retain many of their customs and notions. But there has been every thing in the history of Kentucky, to add lustre to this character of her sons, and make them the greatest and the noblest people on earth. The forefathers of this state were among the heroes of the revolution, who having generously sacrificed their property and blood on the altar of their country's freedom, accepted cheerfully in return, the poor and only meed that country could bestow upon such services—the right to subdue and cultivate a savage wilderness. This they did, at the expense of more blood, and in the face of greater difficulties, than were, perhaps, incident to the settlement of any other country in the union.

But not only did the ancestors of the present generation, with incredible toil and suffering, secure a peaceful inheritance for their children; they were ever ready to take up arms for their neighbors. Not a region in this great valley but has been moistened by the blood of Kentuckians, poured out freely in defence of their neighbors' rights. From these circumstances, in their early history we are not disappointed to find a race of people, frank and open in their manners, 'given to hospitality,' forgetful of self, and willing to do, endure, and dare, and die, in the cause of generosity or justice.

But notwithstanding all the physical, intellectual, and moral advantages, which Kentucky possesses, and which have made her one of the brightest jewels, that sparkle in the crown of her common country's fame; yet there is a canker at her breast—a vampire that is sucking her blood, and wasting her energies—a slow but mortal disease is preying upon her vitals. Need I name it? The curse of every country, that ever resorted to it, as a source of wealth or profit—SLAVERY. But a spirit of inquiry is abroad on this subject, and many, very many of the people are prepared to adopt any suitable measure for the prospective removal of the evil. If abolitionism does not produce a reaction in the public mind, and throw it back half a century, the disease will be gradually worked off, and the constitution left sound.

Frankfort, July 3d. I rode from Lexington to this place to-day, and have been gratified for the first time since I left my native land, with a view of New-England scenery—its rocky hills, its lofty precipices, its deep luxuriant valleys, and its winding streams. Frankfort is fairly wedged in among the hills, except on one side, where the river, which takes its name from the state, meanders by on its way to join the noble Ohio. But the town makes up for the oddness of its locality, by its pleasant scenery, and its pleasanter society. To-morrow there is to be a great political festivity in this place, called a barbecue, and as I am a stranger to things of this sort, I anticipate great pleasure in being present. As you are also unacquainted with any thing of the kind, I shall favor you with a brief description.

This species of rural festivity had its origin in this state, from circumstances connected with the history of the first settlers. The sparseness of the inhabitants, and at the same time their sociable disposition, led to neighborhood meetings for the purpose of pleasure or for discussing local politics. The houses being too small to accommodate a large company, the only alternative was to seek a pleasant grove in the vicinity of a cool spring. Here rude tables were covered with the rich viands of the

country, and after the repast was ended, the young joined in a dance, while the old became spectators of the lively scene. So much for the origin—tomorrow I will give you further particulars.

Friday evening, July 4th.—I have just returned from the barbecue, much amused and much fatigued with the day's excursion. Now if you will promise not to deliver a long lecture on the morality of the thing, and will take an umbrella—for it is raining in torrents—you may just fancy yourself in my company, and we will take the trip over again. Without wading a mile through mud and water, I will place you at once upon the ground. You wonder at the multitude of people—I suppose there are three or four thousand. You notice that enclosure, with a crowd of anxious-looking men around it—that is the *bar*, and within are several hogsheads of that famous beverage, called *mint julep*. This is made by mixing, in proper proportions, sugar, water, ice, mint, and old whisky, but I will not go into further particulars on the subject, lest temperance-man as you are, you should be tempted to approach too near. You see that old man who stands by himself, smiling and scowling by turns, as he drinks his julep, or looks upon the crowd—he is of the opposite party of politics, but could not, for that cause, forego the pleasure of a free barbecue, and its appendages.

But now the crowd, having quenched their thirst, gather about the stand, and a call is made for a speech. As might be expected, that call is for J. J. Crittenden. He is a favorite, and well deserves to be a favorite son of Kentucky. His personal appearance is good; his countenance, though dignified, is always lighted with a smile, and he possesses that peculiar power in oratory, which can charm the learned and ignorant at the same time. His voice, though commanding, is rich and mellow in its tones, and a multitude would stand by the hour, gazing on his glowing countenance, and hanging with breathless silence on the words, as they leap apparently unbidden from his lips. Kentucky not only boasts of her warriors—she has her orators too, whose strains of masterly eloquence thrill through the nation and send an echo back from the shores of the old world.

Now comes the signal for dinner, and every man forgets his politics for the time being. The mode of cooking at barbecues is peculiar. A trench is dug, and the bottom covered with live coals; over these the smaller kinds of meat, such as pigs, lambs, &c. are placed whole, supported by skewers passed through them and stuck in the sides of the trench. The beef is cooked in

the same way, except that it is cut into pieces of convenient size. During the process of roasting, the meat is well basted and seasoned, and when carried to the tables, it has a flavor that would tickle the palate of an epicure.

After dinner was over—not after the cloth was removed, for there was no cloth—the multitude gathered once more around the stand, to hear toasts and speeches, which were accompanied at intervals, with appropriate music and shouts of applause, that made the welkin ring. The people of this state are remarkable for their enthusiasm in politics. None are so ignorant, but they can talk fluently on this subject. The greatest clown from the knobs can tell you what he 'reckons,' on the subject of state and national policy, as well as Henry Clay. This proceeds from the fact, that candidates are obliged to be constantly among the people, delivering stump speeches, harangues, &c. Indeed, a candidate would be politically damned, if he did not mingle with the people, from the time he offers until the close of the polls; and it frequently happens, that during the election, he must suffer himself to be placed astride, upon the shoulders of some Hercules, and thus exhibited for the plaudits of the crowd.

I shall close this anomalous epistle by an anecdote, illustrative of what I have just said. A deaf mute, in the southern part of this state, wishing to make the son of a congressman understand, that he was acquainted with his father, commenced the motion of bowing and shaking hands, apparently with a number of persons in quick succession; as much as to say, a candidate shakes hands with all the people. This was satisfactory evidence to the son that the mute knew his father.

Sincerely yours, A. B.

SHELLS.

In describing flowers, a poet would tell of their brief existence, their emblematic language, of the victim prepared for the sacrifice and the bride for the marriage ceremony, crowned alike with garlands—of flowers, strewed upon the grave and in the hero's path! But a botanist, considering these matters as unimportant and unworthy his attention, would speak only of monandria, diandria, triandria, calyx, corolla, pistil, stamen, and germen; the magic of a name would effect a corresponding contrast in my individual ideas, upon the subject under consid-

eration; for had I written the scientific appellative conchology, instead of the more simple one I have preferred, my mind would have presented nothing but mactra radiata, Linn.; ciprina islandica, Leam.; mitillus edulus, Linn.; donax trunculus, Leam.; and the reader would have been prepared to hear of bivalves, multivalves, and univalves; argonauta, turbo, nautilus, voluta cornus, strombus; but untrammeled by terms associated with the business-like part of the subject, shells—those medals of the ancient world—those gems of the ocean—those musical instruments of poetry—awaken a train of recollections, picturesque, fanciful and sentimental, entirely unconnected with the beauties peculiarly their own, and my eye dwells upon their infinite diversity of form, of brilliancy, and of color, with even more of enthusiasm than of curiosity. Every branch of natural history is deeply interesting, and the study is calculated to inspire in a high degree, intellectual and devotional meditation. Its immense importance, and the boundless variety of objects it comprises, become more clearly developed as our knowledge improves, and, in the beautiful language of M. Cuvier, 'to lead the mind of man to its noble destination, a knowledge of the truth; to draw human beings from the empire of prejudices and passions; to spread sound and wholesome ideas among the people; to make reason the arbiter and supreme guide of public opinion: these are the objects of science.' The naturalists of Europe and of our own country have effected a complete metamorphosis in every branch of science in the last half century; and the respectful gratitude of this and of future generations is justly due to those wise and great men who have devoted so many years to untiring and difficult investigation, and produced so many astonishing and interesting results.

The study of nature is an examination of the visible world; a search into creation. But few things more perfectly indicate a mind unfavorably constituted for correctly estimating its beauty and sublimity, than a slowness in being moved to the admiration of all that is worthy of enraptured praise. Many phenomena of nature have hitherto baffled the investigation of philosophers and naturalists, which some accidental discovery may hereafter elucidate; and fifty years more of human progression may effect as great changes in knowledge and happiness as the last have done. We know not what a day may bring forth; but there is a sweet pliability of man's spirit that surrenders itself to the harmonizing and elevating anticipations of increasing knowledge and virtue—smoothing the path of life, and scattering the future with rose buds of delight.

Conchology is of much greater importance than is generally

admitted. As shells are the most abundant among fossil remains, interesting deductions respecting the changes our earth has undergone, may be drawn from an accurate acquaintance with the subject. Enormous masses of them—the remains of oceans and shores now no more—have been found in situations remote from the sea. Layers of petrified shells and other substances, imbeded in the earth—some in horizontal, others in vertical positions, evidently produced by a catastrophy—have been discovered by geological research; and shells are abundant even upon the summits of the highest mountains. The whole number of known species are about five thousand, and half as many fossil species have been discovered entirely different from those now inhabiting the sea.* They are found exhibiting every imaginable hue and shape. In some, the greatest regularity of design is apparent, the colors brilliant and unmixed; in others, the tints are blended and mellowed like the evening clouds of summer, or gracefully waved with bands of lilac and gold. Others present imitations of the rainbow to the admiring eye of the beholder; and in different species we see delineations resembling Arabic characters, Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the painted coats of the fawn and leopard. Some are pure white, and others are penciled with the most delicate rose-colored tints; while again, brown, red, white, yellow, violet, purple and orange, are intermingled with the most lawless irregularity; and still more wonderful, the variety in color is not produced by any variety of properties either in the shell or the animal within it, that is perceptible to our senses: but color, both in the vegetable and animal world, is in truth, a secret of nature. Mysterious power! and why have such gifts been lavished so profusely upon objects, myriads of which, no doubt, are hid in the bosom of the fathomless ocean, where all is still, save the overwhelming dash of the dark world of waters!

It is well! There is a moral in the mysteries of nature—types and images of our unknown destiny—that goes down

> Into the quiet of the human heart
> With far holier eloquence than that which breathes
> From the dim aisle or curtain'd sacristy.

In the East Indies and Africa, a species of shell is used instead of small coin. They are collected twice a year, and are sent, so great is the demand, to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually to Bengal. A pound of them is about the value of three cents.† The most splendid patterns of

* Book of Nature, edited by an association of scientific gentlemen of Philadelphia.
† Encyclopæda Americana.

lamps left by the ancient Greeks, were evidently imitations of rare and beautiful shells; and in China, both their forms and color are imitated in the manufacture of porcelain. The celebrated Tyrian purple was the production of a shell fish; and in the days when Ossian sung, the hollow shells of the scallop were the drinking cups of Fingal and his heroes, and flat shells their plates; and we read, 'thou, too, hast often accompanied my voice in Branno's hall of shells.'

Pearls, those ornaments so highly prized, are produced by a species of oyster; but the sacrifice of the life and health of those engaged in the collecting of them, and the cruel process of manufacturing artificial ones from muscles, should be sufficient causes for discouraging the useless traffick. White pearls are most sought after in Europe; but in Asia, yellow are preferred. There are also lead-colored and black.

Coral, that wonderful production of the tiny architects of the ocean, who have raised up foundations from the depths of the sea for islands inhabited by men, is used for many ornamental purposes. There are three species, red, white and black. Necklaces, bracelets, and ornaments for the hair, are manufactured of coral. As to ornaments for the *ears*, I appeal from the thoughtlessness and vanity, to the dignity, refined taste and intelligence of our ladies, whether they should not be banished from the toilet; and I leave it for them to decide which is most respectable, the naked barbarian who slits his ear, ornaments it with feathers, shells and flowers, and exults in the imagined consequence he derives from such decorations, or the educated lady who condescends to imitate him.

It is evident from many extraordinary appearances, that have been discovered by geological investigation—and for which the fact of the deluge cannot satisfactorily account—that our globe has suffered convulsions not recorded in any history. A furnace of inextinguishable fire is still raging beneath our feet. We have terrific proof of its violence and power in earthquakes and volcanoes; and we cannot pronounce it an improbable event, that our own continent may one day sink into some vast cavern hollowed by continual eruptions, and an explosion elevate the bason of the Pacific into an uninhabited world. That portion of our globe, where Europe now sits, the luminary and central point of civilization, shedding its enlightening rays of intellectual light to other portions of the earth, may, tomorrow, become a new ocean—the South sea give place to a new continent, and literature and science may, 'again go down in darkness,' and the inhabitants of new lands again grope through the mists of ignorance and superstition. The possibility of such changes, which

it is evident has once taken place, and which, the same cause, still existing, could again produce, should impress upon our minds the importance of a life of virtue, the folly of human ambition, and the value of a *hope* beyond this world. A. Z.

GENIUS—AMBITION.

STERNLY throughout this world of ours
Has AMBITION been darkly sweeping;
Now planting thorns—now strewing flowers,
Now causing smiles—now weeping.
Save Death, who journeys at her side,
As insatiate and strong,
Ambition moves in solemn pride,
Companionless along:
She saw the birth of heaven's bright stars,
What need she care for human jars?

But see! a bright and airy form
Has join'd her track sublime,
Breathing his spirit on the storm
And sunshine of each clime;
Unscathed by aught, his proud brow glows
Like summer's brightest lawn—
He bounds along, and round him throws
The radiance of the dawn!
Unlike Ambition, a thing of joy,
Living to cheer and not destroy.

Like Ambition, he scorns a servile world,
But not like hers, his proud career:
His bloodless banner is unfurl'd,
Unstained by Suffering's burning tear;
And as before the fires of heaven,
All baser flames decay,
So from the throne, to darkness driven,
Ambition owns his sway;
Who, now unfetter'd, soars on high,
While GENIUS guides her to the sky!

Lancaster, Ohio, July, 1834. P * *

TRAVELS IN HOT WEATHER.

A FRENCHMAN, once upon a time, recovered very unexpectedly from a fever, in consequence, as was supposed, of his having eaten a red herring—whereupon his physician made a memorandum to this effect: 'a red herring cures a Frenchman of a fever.' Upon prescribing the same remedy, however, to a Scotsman, the

patient died, and the physician extended his note by adding the words: 'but it kills a Scotsman.' In like manner, it might be said, travelling makes an Englishman cross, but it makes an American merry. If I had belonged to that froward race of Islanders, I should have been in a passion ever since I left home—for I have passed through six troubles, and the seventh was not wanting. But in truth I am well pleased, and am surrounded by light hearts and merry faces. They who choose to find fault with the world may do so—I am very well satisfied with it.

Travelling in hot weather has many pains, but staying in the city has no pleasures. Of course it is best to be jogging. To me there is nothing in life so agreeable, as to escape for a season from the heat and burthen of business—to get a furlough, and be legally authorized to be idle. One gets tired of all work and no play; the mind becomes relaxed, and the heart ossified by an unvaried round of sordid occupation. In the winter, business is diversified with pleasure—the city is crowded with strangers—the days are short and the evenings long. But when hot weather comes—when the brick walls glow with a fiery redness—when our friends depart one after another—when dust, and heat, and sickness, grow rife in the deserted streets—then it is that we sigh for immediate emancipation from the filth and fœtor of the city. Then it is that the sound of the driver's horn, the cracking of his whip, and the rattling of wheels, are music to the ear—the best kind of music, for they have not been set to notes, that teaze the sense of hearing by the monotony of recurring sounds. As we look back at the city from a neighboring hill, what a relief does the mind experience. Our cares are all behind us—that is supposing the traveller to be single, for a married gentleman in his summer tour takes one care at his elbow, another in his lap, and a choice invoice in bandboxes. I speak not of these, but of 'we, the people'—the free unwed wight, to whom none can say 'come, and he cometh.' The ties that bind us to this world, are fruitful of joyous emotion. The bonds of relationship and consanguinity are full of tender, and inspiring, and wholesome enjoyment; the intercourse of friendship, and the ordinary interchange of civility, give an agreeable elasticity to the mind, and exercise a kindly influence upon the affections. But even these may be severed for a time with advantage—and the traveller feels a kind of relief in the reflection that he has no charge but himself and his trunk, and nothing to think of but his own comfort.

Then there is the variety of travelling: the change of scene,

of air, of company, and of incident. One gets tired of seeing the same people every day, and going through the same dull round of meteorological observations. It is worth while to travel, if it be only to get something new to talk about. I experienced the truth of this observation, for my adventures commenced with my journey. I slept at a hotel. The stage which was to carry me from Cincinnati to Lexington, was to start at three o'clock, and the porter was to call me at that hour. At three, I was roused by a loud knocking at the next door—a surly voice demanded, 'What do you want?'

'Stage is ready, Sir.'

'Well, what's that to me?' fiercely demanded my enraged neighbor.

'I was ordered to call No. 43 at three o'clock, Sir.'

'Clear out, you black rascal!'

Off went the porter, grumbling, 'Stage won't wait, I know better—I done call the gentleman—if he won't get up, 'taint my fault, I 'spect, no how—I be dog if I pull the gentleman out of bed, if he choose to lay dar.'

'If the gentleman won't get up,' said I, opening my door, 'you may light my candle, and tell the driver to wait for me.'

'Is you 43, Sir?—I beg t'other gentleman's pardon,' &c.

In a few minutes I was seated in the stage, and drove rapidly away, leaving my next door neighbor to finish his broken nap, and compose his disturbed temper. I should like to know how he made out from that time until day-light—as for me I got along slowly. A mail stage is as uncertain as a female temper, and more unaccommodating than any thing else, except an accommodation coach. What with picking up passengers, and other delays, it was five o'clock before we left Cincinnati.

I had the honor to ride in an *extra-compensation coach*—but I did not pride myself on that; for I belong, as you well know, Mr. Editor, to no party. I am not a majority nor a minority man, but sit comfortably on the fence, amusing myself with the follies of both sides. I expected, however, to be carried forward on my journey, in this favorable vehicle, with extraordinary comfort and despatch. But the loading up of the carriage was not ominous of either, for it marvelously resembled the ingathering of the animals into Noah's ark. It was filled with animals clean and unclean, according to their kind. In the first place, there were packed into the inside, eight adults and three children—that made eleven—on the driver's seat were two persons besides himself, fourteen—and on the top three more, making a sum total of seventeen souls. Thus freighted, we turned our backs on the river, and began to ascend the beautifully verdant hills

of Kentucky, over which the sun was just rising, and pouring a flood of joyous light. It was slow work—but on we went, drag, drag, drag—the horses sweating, the passengers nodding, and the extra-compensation coach creaking under its heavy burthen. Nor was that the worst of it: our three deck passengers soon increased to five, which with the addition of the baggage stowed on the top, made the carriage so top-heavy, that it swung from side to side, rolling like a ship in a calm, with an awful inclination to capsize. Twice we came within an ace of an upset, but did not go quite over. Then one of the axletrees took fire, the proprietor's wheels not being sufficiently greased. People may say what they will—but mail contractors must be very poorly paid, when they cannot afford grease enough to keep their axles from ignition.

The next accident was occasioned by some country girls—the girls make a heap of mischief in this world—but it was not their fault this time. We were passing a place where a large company had broken up, and were riding home. They were all on horseback; the young folks were gallanting and prancing along, and the driver, who was a young fellow, thought it a good chance to show off a little. So he flourished his whip, and began, as one of the passengers remarked, 'to cut up a few *rusties*.' Away dashed the horses, as fast as four very fine animals could drag a heavy carriage, full of people, trunks, bandboxes, and mail bags. You may depend they made the dust fly. We soon came to a hill, and down that we went a little faster than a streak of lightning—suddenly we felt a jolt, and the stage tilted nearly over, run for some yards on two wheels, and then righted again. The driver was thrown from the box, the wheels passed over his ancles, and the horses 'streaked it' down the hill on their own responsibility. The women screamed, the children bellowed, the men swore, and the old coach creaked worse than ever. I would have given a small amount in currency, to have had the gentleman next door to No. 43 in my place. Finally, a passenger who sat on the box, had the presence of mind to get down on the foot-board and thence to the tongue, and seizing the reins of the wheel-horses, stopped them. After all, there was no harm done; and the only thing to be regretted, when all was over, was that the driver was not much hurt.

It was night when we got to the Eagle hills. They are wretchedly bad; and finding it impossible to get along, I hired a horse, and road pleasantly by moonlight, fourteen miles, to Georgetown, where I arrived before the stage. It was now twelve o'clock. I inquired when the stage would start for Lex-

ington: 'at half past seven, after breakfast, in the morning,' was the reply of the barkeeper, and I supposed that he told the truth, as I had received the same information at the stage office in Cincinnati. Such in fact was the regular arrangement. I went to bed under the delightful conviction that I should sleep until breakfast time, and was just fairly nestled, when in came the barkeeper:

'Sorry to disturb you, sir.'

'Well, what's the matter?'

'The stage has just come in, sir, with a lady in it, and this is the only room in the house fit to put a lady in.'

'Very good, the lady is heartily welcome.'

'Show you to another room, if you please, sir.'

'Very well,' said I, and up I got, bundled my clothes under my arm, and marched off with an air of the most perfect resignation to another chamber, where I crept into another bed.

I had just fairly settled my head on the pillow, and a pleasant numbness was creeping gently over my tired frame, when in burst the same identical barkeeper, with the same horrible exclamation:

'Sorry to disturb you, sir,'

'Well, what now.'

'Stage is just going to start, sir.'

'How so? it is not one o'clock, and the regular hour is half past seven!'

'Can't help that—some of the passengers have bribed the driver, with a five dollar note, and he is going directly on.'

More extra-compensation! I groaned in spirit. Things are getting to a pretty pass, thought I—the proprietor is paid out of the public money for carrying the mail, but his driver is paid to leave it behind.

I dressed myself and went down stairs, to learn the truth. It was just as had been represented. The regular hour for starting is half past seven in the morning; but two of the passengers had bribed the driver to go on at one, and he went, in spite of the remonstrances of others, who had paid their fare at Cincinnati, all the way through to Lexington, with a full understanding of the arrangement, and who did not choose to submit to such an imposition. I retired to a *third* bed, and slept soundly until morning. At the proper hour I was ready; but was neither carried to Lexington, nor was the money which I had paid to get there refunded to me, and I had to give an extra-compensation for a gig. I advise my friends who may wish to travel between Cincinnati and Lexington, to go by way of Maysville, or by any other way rather than by Georgetown.

One thing, however, I must say for the tavernkeeper at this village—though I had three beds, he only charged me for one.

I have dwelt upon this subject because it is one of public concernment. There is no fact more surprising, than the apathy with which the public regard the impositions practised by the proprietors of public conveyances. They who travel in this country, by land or water, are not only subjected to great inconveniences in consequence of the bad faith and want of punctuality of those who convey passengers, but their lives are in continual jeopardy. The accidents which happen to stages arise most frequently from their being overloaded, in consequence of which they are so much delayed where the road is rough or ascending, as to be obliged, in order to get through within the specified time, to drive dangerously fast down hill. The coaches are also much more liable to break down, when thus overburthened; while they are often rendered unmanageable by the immense weight which is placed on the roof. Passengers contribute to this evil, by the pertinacity with which they often insist on being received into a stage already sufficiently full; and by the unreasonable quantity of baggage which they often carry. But this forms no apology for the stage owners, who should confine themselves to a limited number of passengers, and weight of baggage, and rigidly adhere to the regulation under all circumstances.

In any other civilized country than ours, this matter would long since have been regulated by law. It is almost incredible that conveyances so important and widely spread, in the comfort and safety of which so many are interested, and in which the lives of thousand are daily embarked, should be left with scarcely any regulations to govern them, but such as are suggested by the cupidity of the owners. Scarcely a day passes in which an accident does not occur. Lives are lost and limbs broken, yet the law is silent.

One reason of this neglect is, that the individuals who suffer, or see the evil, are passing rapidly from point to point, and if they escape with their lives, are soon carried to such a distance, that they forget what has happened to them, or find it inconvenient to seek redress—while others, who travel seldom, satisfy themselves with the pleasing consolation that the danger is over, and will not be likely to assail them again. It is wrong to submit thus in silence, to imposition, and culpable negligence of life. If gentlemen who experience such disasters, would promptly and fearlessly expose them, there would soon be a public sentiment formed, which would enforce a legislative action on the subject.

In another letter I will resume my travels. I have had a delightful tour through Kentucky, and am more than ever pleased with this beautiful state, and her patriotic people. I have seen much to interest and instruct me. I have found the people, as I have before found them, hospitable and generous; and have seen a great deal to convince me that there is indeed a high-minded and noble feeling in the west, which will render this region, the stay of the nation in time of trouble, as it is already the great geographical centre of the union.

Yours truly, E. B.

THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

I was turned of eighteen, when I left the paternal roof to learn the *humanities* in a village of Connecticut. *Why*, I was thus old, before I was inducted into the verbs in *mi*, is nobody's business; and if it was, I wouldn't tell them. My wise and worthy father little knew all I was to learn, or I fancy, he never would have sent me. I learned to conjugate *amo* in more ways than one. *How* that could be done, I shall not tell; because, to those who have already learned, it is a tale that is told: to those who have not, it is a sweet and beautiful mystery. To me it is still a well of gushing waters in a desert of wasted years.

The village where I was placed was pleasant and beautiful, even among the pleasant and beautiful towns of Connecticut. It lay upon the margin, between a ridge with cultivated hill sides and a stream wending its way with glancing waters, through woods and meadows. The town lay all upon one street, and for more than a mile you would pass, at proper distances, —for every thing in Connecticut is *proper*—house after house, with the same neat and quiet aspect; the same white front and picket fence, and lilac bushes, arose in succession before you. But the dwellings were not all of equal size and cost. Some were stately mansions, and the Corinthian pillars here and there raised their gorgeous capitals above the diminutive little pilastres of a neighboring domicile. But if there were columns of pride and halls of elegance, there were no huts of poverty, and no exhibitions of squalid want. During my residence there, I became well acquainted with all its precincts; yet I do not remember to have met with either idleness or its results, indigence and intemperance. Every thing was thrift and happiness. Yet this town was full of what some folks—simple souls

—are pleased to call *aristocracy.* There were families there, who by the industry of several generations and their own vigorous talents, had accumulated wealth and intelligence, which gave them a commanding influence over the town; and there were barriers in the social circle, which could not be broken through. In such society, I learned to respect the aristocracy, if so it must be called, which is based on virtue, talent and industry. I respect it still.

> 'Long may it nobly self-dependent stand,
> A wall of fire round our much-lov'd land!'

Levelling cannot destroy it, till, like a second expulsion from Eden, all that is ennobling in the ruined constitution of man is extinguished for ever.

Well, into this village I came, to study under one of those excellent men, whom Yale college has established all along shore, as a sort of exterior department to itself. He was a ripe scholar and a good man, and moreover a deacon of the church. He was tall and aquiline, and in the prime of ripened manhood; yet his countenance was as grave, as if laughing had been felony without benefit of clergy; notwithstanding which a smile did sometimes come, in a sly and stealthy manner over his features, and it was so sweet and kind, as showed that nothing but a deep sense of its criminality forbade its further indulgence. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, and a pepper-and-salt-colored suit of broadcloth; and over his coat he wore a coarse thick jacket, which, as it was rather short, and the tail of his coat was long and slender, made the latter look rather like a superfluous appendage. In this suit he came to breakfast in the morning, heard me recite the epistle to the Hebrews, at 9 A. M., Cicero's orations at 2 P. M., and drove the cows home at night; for my worthy tutor was a most strenuous farmer, and possessed many quadrupeds, and was withal deeply immersed in the breeds and crosses. Now the way he drove the cows home was curious. He lived at the upper end of the town, and the cows spent the day at the lower end; and when the sun went down behind the woods of the hill top, and cast his last beams upon the green meadows and sparkling waters of the vale beneath, deacon H., with a sturdy cudgel, took up his line of march for the quarters of the herd. By and by, the feminine cattle were seen wending their way up street and the deacon trudging on behind. Directly the intellectual part of the master would triumph over the terrestrial tabernacle, and he would become deeply immersed in the commentaries on Longinus or the doctrines of Calvin. Then the cows, who have some small propensity for grass, would wander off—one up col-

onel C's broad avenue, another on the church green, and a third down to the river. 'Why! Mr. H. says a boy—and all the boys loved deacon H.—why, see where your critturs are runnin to!' 'Why,—holloa, Sukey—yes—what—run after 'em, good boy!' And down went the boy to the river, and off went the deacon to the commons, and out came colonel C. to drive the offender off his premises: and soon the unruly cows were in the order of march again. Thus glided the days along; I studying the *humanities*, and the deacon studying agriculture. Under his administration I learned some Greek, more Latin, how to talk to the girls, and how to play cards. I loved to dwell on

> '———— Tully's voice,
> And Virgil's lay, and Livy's pictured page.

But more I loved to gaze upon the beaming eye of frolic-loving girlhood—the soft down of cheeks untouched by the rough frosts of this world—to commune with minds which glanced from earth to heaven—with hearts, which knew no guile; and there were plenty of them there. The brothers had gone to seek for gold and fame—some on the ocean—some under the burning skies of the south—some on the prairies of the west—and some to that 'far west' where the rocky mountains look down upon an unknown world; but the girls had clustered around their homes, like the rich grapes round the stem, when the autumn winds have scattered the leaves.

One morning, after I had been there some time, a grave and respectable gentleman requested the pleasure of my company, on the following evening to meet his daughter and some of their young acquaintances. Now, for various reasons this was the severest shock my nervous sensibility had ever met with. In the first place, this was the great man of the village, and bore a name known to fame and history. In the next place, though I had seen abundance of people and gatherings, at home, yet I had never been abroad to a *party*, nor been formally introduced into good society; and thirdly, I possessed an antiquated feeling called modesty, which I have since fortunately got rid of, and am happy to learn is by no means fashionable. Oh! it was a most awkward sensation: it made one feel all over inconvenient, and always came at such inopportune times. Then again, I had another foolish whim; I had the absurdity to suppose—what is now completely exploded—that women should be treated with respect, old age treated with deference, and laurels *won* before they are *worn*. Besides all this, I really thought a young girl, sending forth the pure thoughts of an unperverted heart, with the diffidence of untutored manners,

and the early bloom of risen beauty, was in fact the personification of a descended angel; and, if that picture has proved a dream, and the flowers and fruits with which I had decorated it, have been borne away upon the tide of life, I will not say it was the fault of woman, or even of mine; but, that the clouds and darkness, which even in the morning of creation, obscured the destiny of man, have continued to cast their shadows upon his path below.

But I must hurry, and go to the party. Diffident and awe-struck, as I was, there was no escape. So I took out my nicest linen, and carefully folded up a large white cambric cravat, and made my boots shine finely. Then, I put myself into a new blue coat, and rolled out my straight, brown hair with most fragrant pomatum; and lastly, I drew on a pair of white silk gloves, and placed my handkerchief so, as carefully to show a projecting white corner—a circumstance, which I have always observed to be an infallible sign of a gentleman. Thus I went forth, and at the door of the mansion, I was met by Miss P. herself, who had come to save me a portion of my embarrassment. Luckily, one of my fellow-students had also been invited, which saved me from a state of entire loneliness. We were ushered in, and to my utter confusion, introduced to a row of eighteen damsels—for I afterwards counted them—arrayed in robes of unsoiled white, and placed in an unbroken circle round the room; a single gentleman, who stood by the fire, and my companion in distress, were my only refuge from despair. I have since been in strange, and sometimes in terrible scenes—have courted and married—been sick and been in danger—been tossed in stormy waters, and stood on that wild precipice where Niagara pours its everlasting floods sublimely down—yet 'on my conscience,' as Nicoll Jarvie would say, I never felt such a sensation. Girls, chairs, tables, pictures and glasses floated before my dazzled sight in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion. Miss P. called off a catalogue of names, and I made, at each sound, what was meant for a bow, sometimes to the chairs, sometimes to the fire, and at the conclusion, dropped into a vacant seat with the velocity of a popped corn. How long I continued there is uncertain; but I had an acute perception of one of those angels in white near my side, casting a sidelong glance of malice, and the gentleman before the fire talking with great nonchalance to a lady before him, while his eye was resting with suitable gravity upon me. I looked at the fire, till I had stared it out of countenance; then drew up my feet and crossed my knees; then took out my white handkerchief and folded it on my knees, and lastly, without looking.

observed, 'A very fine night, Miss.' The rain was then pattering on the window—'Yes, sir—particularly to walk out in.' Then came a dead pause, which lasted, till some compassionate girl asked me 'How I liked their town'?—and so passed the evening. When the circle broke up, I had an indistinct notion, that it was imperative on the young men to go home with the young ladies; so I threw out my elbows, without saying a word, to the first two that came along—dashed through the avenue and down the street, somewhat like a cat tied to a tin canister.

Such was my unpromising entrance upon the world of gallantry; but it was only the summer's cloud. I found in that circle the rich, the beautiful, the witty, the gay, and the good. They welcomed me with warm hospitality to their social pleasures, and made the hours of seclusion and study pass blithely and happily along. Many a night, in the long winter, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the clear, cold moon

'Was riding near her highest noon,'

did our sleighs move swiftly along to the merry bells without and the happy song within; many an evening did I go to see some lone damsel, when the father and mother would, with great discretion, go out and leave the young folks alone;

Oh! the dayshave gone when beauty bright,
My heart's chain wove.

Many an hour were we found, along the banks of that clear bounding stream, plucking the wild flowers that grew upon its shaded bank.

The time came, however, for me to leave these scenes for others, in which the tide of life moved more boisterously and roughly along; and I thought—it may be only fancy—that the tear gathered in more than one eye, as the bashful boy bade their village—farewell.

REMINISCENT.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Sketches of the History of Literature, from the earliest period to the revival of letters, in the fifteenth century. By Wilkins Tannehill.

Mr. Tannehill has long been known as a writer, and has contributed not a little to the credit and improvement of western literature. As editor of the Nashville Banner and subsequently of the Louisville Herald, he has furnished many valuable essays, elegant in their composition, and instructive in thought, which are probably doomed to the brief existence of newspaper articles. In the conduct of these journals, he also proved by example, that it is possible to conduct a political press, without violating the courtesies of civil and gentlemanly life. He has now, we understand, retired with the usual rewards of native literature—loss of property, and the indifference of the public.

The work before us was published several years since; but is, we understand, about to be republished, and, therefore, justifies a passing notice. It is confined in an octavo volume of about 350 pages, and therefore, does not enter into much detail. It is intended to condense into a small compass the progress of literary and scientific improvement during a long succession of ages, for the use of the general reader. So far, as we know, it fills a place unoccupied by any other work. The only literary histories, which we have met with, are either for very short periods, and therefore, full of details, or very extensive and desultory. Nothing like a brief, yet comprehensive history of literature, except the present, is known to us. The style of Mr. Tannehill is smooth and flowing, and the connection of the subject, so well kept up, as to render it an interesting work to those who read at all. With all these real advantages, we question if one in a thousand ever heard of it, and we do not believe that an eastern paper or periodical ever noticed it. Why so? Gentle reader, it was not published in an Atlantic city, by a wealthy firm, and puffed and blowed by all the little bellows, which fill the sails of renown, and make a genius out of a cabbage-head. No, no—its imprint is *Nashville*, and its publisher *John Simpson*. What good thing can come out of Nazareth? We are glad, however, to believe that a few works have been successfully published in the west, and that a growing disposition to cherish native talent has sprung up through our whole country.

The work commences with the origin of alphabetical characters, and a short account of the Hebrew and Egyptian literature. As usual, very little is made of the question whether *letters* are of human or divine origin. The author is of opinion, they were of human origin, and were carried out of Egypt by Moses. But, who taught them to the Egyptians? They learnt them from hieroglyphics; and who taught them hieroglyphics? *We* are of opinion that the origin of all knowledge is divine instruction, and that man, though vested with faculties capable, in their very nature, of infinite *improvement*, is, nevertheless, incapable of creating a single *simple* and *original* idea.

But we leave all this to metaphysicians and theologians. Our business is with literature. The author next considers the literature of the *Greeks*, in six chapters; he next comes to that of the Romans, to which six chapters are also devoted, bringing it

down to the reign of Constantine; next, from Constantine to the reign of Clovis; then, from Clovis to Charlemagne; then follows a sketch of the intellectual history of the Arabians, from the time of Mahomet to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. Lastly, comes the history of the gradual revival of learning, from the time of Charlemagne to the House of Medici in the fifteenth century. By the way, it is a great mistake to date the *revival* of learning from the fifteenth century. The Troubadour and Provencal poets appeared in the eleventh century; Roger Bacon in the twelfth; Dante, the most original and powerful of Italian poets, at the close of the fifteenth; after which Petrarch and Boccacio immediately followed; so that, in fact, literature was fully and effectually *revived* before the House of Medici had existence.

For all useful and practical purposes, there are but three eras of learning: the Greek, the Roman, and the modern. The learning of the Egyptians and the Chaldeans is lost behind the mists and clouds of fabulous antiquity. The disinterment of their monumental remains—the deciphering of their hieroglyphical inscriptions, and the researches of travellers, have done little, except to fix the accuracy of certain historical events—the coincidence of the Bible with real history, certainly an interesting illustration of its authenticity—the era of the Egyptian monarchs and the places of their sepulchre. But in respect to their knowledge and their science, there is not the slightest evidence of that vast learning and great improvement, which is so frequently attributed to them, and for which a supposed superiority is claimed. The learning of the Arabians was as ephemeral as it was brilliant: a meteor light, corruscating with its flashing beams, the skies of Chaldea and the wastes of Idumea; but long since gone out, till not a faint ray now glows in the darkened streets of Bagdad.

We said there were three eras—they may even be reduced to two; for what was Roman literature but an inferior imitation of the Greek? It is true that, in satire and history, Rome excelled; for these are the very lights that shine brightest, when the simplicity of taste and genius is lost, and corruption is beginning its fatal approaches on society.

There was something so vivid in the genius, so pure in the taste, and so spiritual in the philosophy of the Greeks, as made them unquestionably the model nation of antiquity. If the ancient world had any superiority to boast, it could all be found in Greece. And now what is it? The *arts*, say they. Look at their architecture, painting, sculpture, and music. In the first place, the *arts* constitute but a small part either of human occupation, or human improvement; and, whatever part they do constitute, it will scarcely be denied, that we have equalled all that the ancients ever did. Have not the finest specimens of Athenian architecture been copied measure for measure and stone for stone? Are not the temples of Athens transferred to England and America. In statuary, has not Canova, and Thorwaldson, and others equalled any thing which antiquity has left? And as for music, is not the human voice as perfect now as ever? And is not its science a hundred times better understood? Leaving this ground, where is the modern Homer? True, perfectly true—and where is the ancient Milton? Ancient times produced no Milton, and modern times can produce no Homer. A Greek could not write upon Paradise lost, nor can a modern upon the wars of Troy. And now for the sciences and the mechanic arts—where were they in ancient times? Where was that mighty invention, by which books are multiplied a thousandfold, knowledge carried over the whole earth, and transmitted from generation to generation, without the possibility of loss? And

where was that mighty engine, by which time and space are annihilated, mountains broken down, and distant nations brought together? Where was the telescope, discovering new worlds, calculating the laws of distant systems, and searching out the mechanism of the heavens? Where were paper and gunpowder? But we need not ask any of these questions. No one acquainted with the history of the sciences would pretend to any approach, on these subjects, by ancient nations to the modern improvements. We have been led to these remarks by the nature of the subject—the *history* of literature. The truth is, the world is *progressive*—human faculties are improveable—the aggregate of human knowledge has ever been increasing, and in our belief, ever will. The condition of the world can no more be compared to that of the ancient Egyptians, than can a butterfly, dancing in the sunbeams, with all its gorgeous colors, to the dirty, little, creeping worm, from which it originated.

In conclusion, we hope that the next edition of Mr. Tannehill's work may be as favorably received as it deserves to be; and that talents which have been so long devoted to the cause of literature, may ultimately be rewarded.

MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL NEY. Edited by his son.

OF the soldiers of fortune, brought up under the great Napoleon, Ney, if not the ablest general, was, at least, the most generous, self-sacrificing, brave, and heroic. Selected as the particular victim of the malignant Bourbons, he was officially murdered, and died as he had lived—the bravest of the brave. Hence, to those who have a taste for military events and military characters, these memoirs will be very interesting. They deal very little with courts and scandal; for the theatre of Ney was the field of battle. He was a soldier at eighteen, and through all the wars of the convention, the directory, the consulate, and the empire, Ney was with the armies of his country. He commanded under the directory on the Rhine, had the most conspicuous part in the capture of Mach, at Ulm; led the retreat from Russia, and was foremost, and repeatedly wounded, in the bloody victories of Napoleon. He himself was remarkably modest; albeit the mantle does not seem to have fallen upon his biographer. As an example of this—when the directory appointed him general of division, he *refused* the appointment, because he was not qualified! How many now would venture upon such an objection? The directory, however, showed their sense by persisting in the appointment.

This book is a very good military memoir, and exhibits many details of the wars of Bonaparte, not found elsewhere.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF IRISH PEASANTRY. Third series.

AN author generally writes his *first series*, *con amore;* but, his *second* and *third*, for the *quid pro quo*. We are inclined to think this is somewhat the case in the present instance. In a former number, we spoke warmly in favor of the Traits and Stories, and were this series the first, we should still think them of more than ordinary

merit. The author has certainly high dramatic talent, and a very clever knack at description; though, in this case, he has sometimes *slept.*

Of the six tales contained in these volumes, but one is of great interest; and that, in common parlance, is far above the *common run.* In fact, the story of '*Tubber Derg*' is worthy of any writer. The picture of Owen M'Carty, an upright, noble, generous, and highminded farmer, struggling with the oppressions of the Irish absentee landlord, till he gradually sinks into poverty—at last leaving his home, and the grave of their best-loved child, 'the golden-haired Alley'—to *beg* where their faces should be unknown—the warm charity, with which the Irish farmers receive them—the hard industry by which they again acquire an independency, and their joyful return to their old neighborhood, are all drawn by a masterhand—one, who well understands the lights and shades of the human character. But then it is a pity, such a writer should defile his work with the everlasting folly and pedantry of O'Shaughnessy—the horrible scene of Wild Goose Lodge, and the long tedious account of the midnight mass.

The Journal of the Franklin Institute.

The August number of this periodical has been received. It is one among the very few American scientific journals, and is devoted to the mechanic arts, manufactures, and general science. It also records American patents. By the way, this part of the Journal is altogether disproportionate to its utility. The great majority of patents are most useless affairs; being either for something, which has already been patented, or for something, which the machine cannot accomplish. These might be recorded by name, but there seems to be little use in making many observations upon them.

We are glad to see that the committee of the Franklin Institute offer a 'liberal compensation' for such original articles as may be suited to their Journal. This is the only mode in which good matter can be obtained: authors will not now give time and talents for nothing. There is a market for their ware, and they will carry it where it can be sold.

We wish the Journal success, and hope that its articles may be both scientific and original.

A Digested Index of all the reported Decisions, in Law and Equity of the Supreme Courts of the State of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; with an Appendix, containing the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of each of the States above specified, and the Rules of their Supreme Courts; also, the Rules of Practice in the Seventh Circuit Court of the United States, the Acts of Congress for the Authentication of Patents and Records in the several States, and an Epitome of the Statutes for the Admission of Attorneys to the Bar, and for the Execution and Acknowledgment of Deeds and other Conveyances, in all the Western and Southwestern States. By James F. Conover, Esq. of the Cincinnati Bar. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle: pp. 512.

Though published in Philadelphia, this is a western book, and we are glad to find one so well executed, and of so much utility. This is the fourth legal work, recently issued by gentlemen of the Ohio bar, and all of them conferring credit upon the writers

and the state. It shows a healthy state of mind and feeling, where the junior members of the profession—if not fully occupied with business—can, with laudable ambition, devote themselves to the study and improvement of legal science.

Books of Reports have so multiplied of late, especially in this country, where, in addition to the mass of English works, we have the reports of twenty-four different states, almost all of equal authority—as to be nearly inaccessible to the mass of the profession, and altogether so to its poorer members. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary, that they should be condensed and digested, to render them useful. Indeed, when we reflect that it is only the *decision* of the court *on the precise point at issue*, and not a confused mass of opinions and authorities, which is wanted, we wonder that reports were ever made as diffusive as they have been; but in this, as in other matters, condensation is little understood, or studied.

The Reports, of which this volume is a digest, are five volumes, and part of the sixth of Ohio Reports, by C. Hammond, esq; one volume of Indiana Reports, by Isaac Blackford, esq; and one volume of Illinois Reports, by Sydney Breese, esq. The Ohio Reports are of high authority, and the Reports of judge Blackford comprehend a great many cases, and as we understand from professional gentlemen, are very well reported.

Mr. Conover has arranged the Digest on a very clear and useful plan. It is preceded by a Table of Cases found in the Reports, and referring to the pages of the Digest, in which they may be found. Then follows the Digest, arranged alphabetically, and referring from title to title. After this is added an Appendix, containing the matters as stated in the title page. Of these, the Rules for the admission of Attorneys, and for the acknowledging and recording Deeds, in the western and southwestern states, will be found highly useful. The whole work is faithfully executed; its dress is handsome, and we recommend it, especially to the younger members of the profession, as a work calculated to be useful, by saving both time and expense.

THE ADVOCATE OF SCIENCE AND THE ANNALS OF NATURAL HISTORY. Conducted by W. P. Gibbons. Philadelphia: Vol. I. No. 1.

THIS is the first number of a new scientific journal, issued at Philadelphia, and devoted specially to natural history. The appearance of every new journal of this character, in our country, where nine out of ten periodicals are devoted to politics and commerce, is a favorable omen for the intellectual improvement of the nation. Americans generally have a very imperfect idea of the slight attention paid in the United States to science, properly so called. In Europe, about one-third of the periodical press is devoted exclusively to the different departments of physical and natural sciences; and a large body of men, *savants* and members of the national academies, devote their lives, with ardent zeal and untiring industry, to extend the bounds of knowledge, and perfect the sciences. That it is not so in our country, is not the *fault* of the people; for it arises from their new and heterogeneous condition. Yet, we hail the indications of an increasing taste for science and literature with pleasure—sure that a free and enterprising people cannot acquire a love of those things, without a general tendency to improvement.

The present number of the Advocate of Science contains articles on the 'Black

tailed or musk deer;' the philosophy of botany; sagacity of rats and mice; observations and remarks on the aurora borealis; Claiborne, Alabama; the tent caterpillar; the periodical locust; besides several miscellaneous articles.

We were of opinion, that the locust was common to all the world; but it seems, that the species known as the *periodical locust*, was not known in the old world at all. The author of the article on this subject remarks:

'The periodical locust is not found in the old world; but occurs in great abundance in many parts of the United States. The climate of New England appears to be too cold for this insect, as I cannot learn that it has very extensively appeared there, nor in the northern part of the state of New York. The description of it given by Linnæus was obtained from a Swedish naturalist, who visited America many years ago. Linnæus himself never saw the animal. It is essentially different from the Egyptian or migratory locust, which is more properly a grasshopper, having legs adapted for jumping, and jaws for devouring solid substances.'

In reference to the periodical return of the locusts, the writer states,

'That it mostly emerges from the ground, at *regular intervals of seventeen years*, there can be no question. The year of its appearance, however, varies in different sections of the country. In 1792, according to Barton, it visited the neighborhood of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, and had certainly appeared there three times before, at regular intervals of seventeen years. In 1797, it appeared in some parts of the state of New York. In 1800, it visited most of the middle and southern states, and it is known to have observed the period of seventeen years, in this extensive section of country, both before and since that time. In the middle and western portions of the state of North Carolina, it appeared in 1803. The probability is, that nearly every year is the 'locust year' in some portion or other of our country.'

In its periodic return, the locust does not differ from other insects, as the caterpillar and the silkworm, except in the length of time required for its transformation.

American Quarterly Register.

We have received the August No. of this periodical, which contains much interesting matter. It promises to be one of the best statistical journals in the country. This number contains a history of the college of New Jersey, and of Leicester academy, Mass. These histories of the colleges and academies are to be continued, and will furnish a species of information, which books do not supply. Statistics are a branch of knowledge exceedingly useful to statesmen, and to men of business. It will come more and more into vogue, as the country grows older.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE WEATHER.—The season, during the latter part of July and the beginning of August, has, throughout the United States, been remarkably hot. In Philadelphia, the thermometer ranged for three days from 98° to 103°. In New York, the heat was scarcely less, and in Cincinnati, the thermometer was in some places above 100° in the shade, and for an entire week the average, at noon, was not less than 96°. The same may be said of most of the towns in the United States. The effects of this in sudden deaths and severe drought have been felt in many places. Many persons in New York, and other Atlantic towns, have died of what was formerly of very rare occurence —a coup de soleil, or stroke of the sun—death occasioned by sudden exposure to the direct influence of the sun's rays.

HEALTH.—The health of the cities and villages has not been good, during the summer—the diseases corresponding with, and probably consequent upon the very great heat of the weather. The cholera has revisited numerous, yet very opposite and distant sections of the country. It has appeared successively, at New Orleans, some parts of Kentucky, Missouri, Illinois, on the river Ohio, Cincinnati, Portsmouth, Wheeling, Pittsburgh, Steubenville, Washington, some cases in New York, and very fatally at Montreal and Quebec. In most of the places named, it was felt very lightly, and in all much less fatally than on its first appearance. At Montreal, the press conducted itself with a shameful disregard to the public rights. It continued to assert to the last moment the non-existence of extraordinary disease—when in the beginning of August, the public authorities were compelled to report, that between the 11th and 31st of July, there had been 500 deaths by cholera alone!

Cholera infantum, the summer complaint of children, has also been uncommonly rife with that innocent and interesting portion of society.

Notwithstanding this increase of mortality in the cities, it is probable the general health of the country has not been greatly impaired.

BOOK TRADE.—We learn from the Booksellers' Advertiser for July, that the number of new American works published in 1833, was 274, comprising 306 volumes, at an aggregate price of $375 47. In the first half of 1834, 195 works, comprising 204 volumes, at an aggregate price of $212 85. Of foreign works there were reprinted in this country, 206, comprising 303 volumes, at an aggregate price of $216 99. In the first half of 1834, 85 works, comprising 108 volumes, at an aggregate price of $110 23.

The aggregate of domestic and foreign works published in 1833, was 480, comprising 609 volumes, of which the aggregate price was $592 46. The greater part of foreign works reprinted are English, and of these, it is presumed the majority are novels and tales. The fact that an English work can be had the moment it appears, and without the necessity of a copyright or translation, instantly reprinted, operates as a serious discouragement to American literature. It places the whole mass of English writing, at once, in competition with ours, without obliging the bookseller to pay for it—thus cheapening the American writer in the market.

PERIODICAL PRESS IN BRITISH INDIA.—The following account of the press in India is derived from the American Quarterly Register, an excellent periodical, conducted by Dr. Edwards of Boston.

In 1814, there was in Bengal only *one* paper, the Calcutta Government Gazette. In 1820, there were *five* periodicals. In 1830, there were *thirty-three*. Now there are in Calcutta the following, viz:

English papers,	8	dailys,
	2	thrice a week,
	1	twice a week,
	9	weekly,
	6	monthly,
	4	quarterly,
and	6	annually.
Making in all,	36	
Native papers,	14	
Making,	50	

periodicals published in Calcutta alone, of which one is published in Bengalee, Persian and Hindoostanee. There are a large number of others, published in the provinces.

In Madras, English periodicals, 8
In Bombay, 10

Besides these there are several native periodicals.

The post is carried by men, who run five miles an hour. At this rate they would distance the 'extra-compensation' United States mail. Like the United States, there is neither stamp-duty nor censorship on the press of India. Many of the printing offices are managed entirely by natives.

Mr. Smith's subscription library and reading rooms are more numerous and valuable than any which can be found in London.

There are lithographic establishments in Calcutta, one at Cawnpoor, and one in Persia.

Education in India.—By the East India company's charter, it is stipulated that £10,000, from the surplus territorial revenue of India should be devoted to the purposes of education. This amount the company have exceeded. It is stated in a report to the Royal Asiatic Society, that of the inhabitants of Madras *one in five* are taught reading, writing, and the rudiments of arithmetic.

Colleges and primary schools are very numerous in India; instituted chiefly for teaching the languages, and preserving the laws and literature of the Hindoos.

The *Mahommedan College* was founded at Calcutta in 1781, by Warren Hastings, and afterwards patronized by the Bengal government, to promote the study of the Arabic and Persian languages, and of the Mahommedan law. In 1830, the the number of students was 99.

The *Benares Hindoo Sanscrit College* was founded, in 1791, by Jonathan Duncan, Esq. for the purpose of preserving, and cultivating the laws, literature and religion of the Hindoos. In 1824, it had 271 students.

The *Calcutta Hindoo Sanscrit College* consists of 14 pundits, a librarian, servants and 100 pupils.

The *Agra College*, in 1830, had 203 students.

The *Delhi College* had 155 students.

The Anglo Indian College, founded by native gentlemen, had in 1828, 437 students. This institution affords tuition to the natives in the English language.

The *Bishops' College* was founded in 1820 by Bishop Middleton. Various societies gave to the object £20,000. A contribution produced £45,000, and the college has now a fund of £50,000. It has a principal, two professors, eight missionaries, two catechists, and a printer. The buildings consist of three piles, in the Gothic style of architecture. In the interior of Bengal, there are various primary and elementary schools, containing more than 6000 scholars; besides which, in Delhi, there are 300 elementary schools, in several of which the instructors receive no pay, but teach 'in hopes of heaven.'

In *Madras*, there are endowed schools and teachers in the following districts:

In *Rajamundy*, 74 teachers of the sciences.

In *Nellore*, several brahmins and musselmen teaching the Vedas, Arabic and Persian.

Arcot, 28 colleges and 6 Persian schools.

Salem, 20 teachers and 1 musselman school.

Tunjore, 77 colleges and 44 schools, supported by the Rajah.

Trichinopoly, 7 schools.

Malabar, 1 college.

Bombay. The committee of the native education society, formed in 1815, state that their receipts and disbursements amount to between 70 and 80,000 rupees. They have 56 schools, containing 3000 boys. There is a Hindoo college at Poona, and an engineer college at Bombay.

In *Deccan*, *Guzerat*, and *Concan*, there are 1,705 schools and 35,153 scholars.

The English language is now making rapid progress in every part of India. The king of Oude has recently established an English school at Lucknow.

THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1834.

THE RUSTIC.

If we studied ourselves more deeply, or rather the manner in which our characters have been formed, we should be astonished to find what apparently trifling circumstances have caused certain passions to predominate over others, and how very early our moral and intellectual discipline commenced. From the time I was a very little child I lived in the country, in a neat white cottage, with a green door and green blinds, and a bright green yard in front, shaded by two large buttonwood trees; and one of my favorite amusements was gathering the balls as they fell for doll pincushions and various other household articles for her lilliputian ladyship. But it is not of these recollections, clear as they are, I would speak; it is rather of the companion of my childhood, a cousin, of the same age, who lived just across the street—like myself an only daughter, and like myself the child of a widowed mother. She was a little fairy-looking creature, with very light flaxen hair, and a complexion delicate even to sickliness. To guard this complexion from the bronzing sun, her mother doomed her to the penalty of wearing a large cape bonnet tied almost constantly on her head. She was scarcely permitted to sit in the open window, when there was a high breeze, lest she should be tanned; while I ran recklessly in sunshine and wind, without thinking there was such a thing in the world as a complexion to spoil. In consequence, my cheeks were dyed with the true rustic brown of health and exercise, and my figure rather of the chubby order, displayed the rudiments of a strong and vigorous

constitution. I never dreamed for a moment, that her extreme delicacy of appearance gave her any personal advantage over me. I rather pitied her for her fragility; and often when her apron was filled with apples and nuts, have I carried them for her myself, that *she* might be relieved of the burden. I was destined to become painfully enlightened on this subject.

Once, we were sitting together beneath the shade of the buttonwoods, and as no breeze was stirring, cousin Anne was permitted to cast aside her old cape bonnet, as I called it, upon the principle that children call every thing they dislike *old*—so that her delicate features were completely exposed. A lady and gentleman passed along the gravel walk, that extended through the common, and pausing directly in front of us, the lady exclaimed, in a very sweet voice, 'What a beautiful little creature!' I looked in her face, my innocent vanity tickled by the eulogium, which I unhesitatingly appropriated to myself—for the beauty of health and contentment was glowing in my heart, and I doubted not it diffused its illumination over my countenance. But laying her hand, sparkling with jewels, on cousin Anne's pale soft hair, 'My sweet little girl,' said she. 'will you tell me your name?' 'Anne,' replied she, curtsying with bashful grace. 'And this little boy?' continued the lady, turning towards me—'what is his name? He is a fine little fellow.' 'Oh,' said Anne, laughing, 'it is no boy—it is cousin Ellen.'

To be taken for a boy! I was cut to the very soul. True, I was but a little child; but then I was a girl, a miniature woman; and every feeling dear to a woman's heart had then its germ in my bosom. I ran, in a passion of tears, into the house; rushed to my mother, as if I were pursued by a mad dog, and exclaimed—'Mother, am I a boy?'

My mother—I can never mention her name without a feeling of reverence, inferior only to that which fills my mind, when I utter that of the being who created me—my mother laid aside her needle, and looking at me with real alarm, asked me if I had lost my wits.

'I an't a boy, am I?' again I sobbed.

Comprehending, with the instinctive perception of a mother's love, that my feelings had been deeply wounded, she gently soothed and caressed me, till I explained the nature of my grievance. She told me it was not worth remembering; that I looked like all healthy, ruddy little girls, who played out in the open air; that Anne's uncommon delicacy of appearance was the occasion of the mistake; that truth, gentleness and docility were the graces of childhood, and if possessed of these, I must always be lovely. She described to me in language adapted to

my years and capacity, that beauty of the soul, which transcends all earthly loveliness, and like the stars in the firmament shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Seeing that she had calmed my spirit and riveted my attention, she took down her Bible from the shelf, and read in a manner I never shall forget, part of that chapter in Corinthians, in which the apostle has contrasted in such a glorious manner, corruption and incorruption, death and immortality. My mother's voice was low and soft. It seemed to sink meltingly into the heart like snow flakes in the sun. She had a mild, solemn grey eye, and as I looked up into it, while she was reading, I thought there was something dwelling there, which *must* be immortal.

When I went to bed that night, and saw the stars and then the moon shining so bright and holy through the opening of the curtain, I felt a sentiment of awe, such as I had never experienced before; and softly whispered to myself as I gazed: 'there is one glory of the moon and another glory of the stars.' Then the thought that I, a little child, had something within me that would live long after that silver moon and those burning stars had ceased to shine, came over me, and made me tremble. I shall always remember that day. I had been taught my first lesson of earthly vanity—I had felt my first conviction of immortal life.

It is not to be supposed that such feelings could remain in, or constantly influence the mind of a child. They counteracted however, in a great measure, the effect of that jealousy of my cousin, which was born the moment a contrast disparaging to myself had been drawn between us. Selfdistrust became an inseparable element of my character. I grew awkward and shy before strangers; hid myself behind my mother's chair in their presence, and putting the hem of my apron in my mouth, looked at them sheepishly through the slats, from the corner of my eyes. Anne, in the mean time, gaining confidence from personal praise, made herself familiar with all; curtsyed when spoken to, and sat erect as a bulrush in her cricket, her ears sharpened to hear the encomiums that were often injudiciously lavished in her hearing. The consequence was, she became vain and pert, just in proportion as I grew bashful and constrained. People are little aware how early the seeds of vanity and pride, of envy and false shame, may be sown in the young heart: how soon one may learn to attach an unreasonable value to that which is merely superficial and external, and to depreciate that which is of priceless worth.

As I grew older I became more and more estranged from my cousin, and conscious that I disliked her, chiefly for being moul-

ded of fairer clay than myself, I hated myself for the feelings I could not overcome. I was ashamed of having them perceived, and studiously bestowed upon her those outward marks of affection, which impose upon those who do not look into the *eye*, to see if the soul is in the act. So young, and yet capable of deceit! yet imbued with the love of sincerity and truth, and directed to the fountain of all virtue, by the precepts and example of a mother whom I almost worshipped. And well I might; for hers was a character truly evangelical. I do not believe she ever spoke a harsh or an unjust word to a human being. Her severest reproof was a *glance*—and often has that glance, so upbraiding, yet mild, called forth tears of penitence in my most stubborn moods. She was always pensive, and sometimes sad, and constantly wore a sable dress in memory of my father. Children do not like black, and I often asked my mother to put on a gayer attire, like my aunt, who had long thrown off her widow's weeds: but my mother's heart was widowed, and she took no joy in the gaieties of the world. Another motive induced to seclusion. Her income was limited; while my aunt was left with an independent fortune. My cousin, consequently, transcended me as much in dress as in other external requisites for show; and more from vanity than ill-feeling, delighted in remarking on the contrast. 'See,' she would say, 'how much prettier my frock is than yours. I would not wear such an old frock as that. What nice red morocco shoes I 've got. Yours are not half so fine.'

I sometimes contented myself with repeating to her Watt's hymn, beginning with

> 'How proud we are, how fond to show
> Our clothes, and call them rich and new,' &c.

but I hated her: yes! I will speak the downright truth—I *hated* her, with all the honesty and zeal of childhood.

An uncorrupted child will not hate without a cause. Just indignation in a grown person is the passion of hatred in a child. Had not the expression of my feelings been restrained by the subduing religious influence of my mother, I know not to what lengths I might have been carried.

When I was about fifteen, a visit from my brother, who was studying his profession in the city, made a material change in my mode of existence. I had a brother, an only one, and if I have not mentioned him before, he was not less an object of importance in my eyes. He had always lived from home, since I was old enough to remember, making only occasional visits—and it is well known that the absent brother or sister is always the perfect one. He had, I think I may say, an extraordinary

natural grace of manner, which filled me with a kind of awe in his presence—a native nobility about him, which was a passport for him into the highest circles of fashion.

While I was a mere child, he did not seem to think it necessary to give me very severe strictures on elegance and gentle breeding, but now I was growing into womanhood, he began to be extremely solicitous about my personal graces. Oh! how have I chafed and writhed under such well-intended, but galling remarks as these: 'Ellen, why can't you hold up your head and keep your shoulders back, like Anne? Why can't you be as straight as Anne? You ought to take her as a model. Why will you expose yourself to the sun so carelessly? See how fair Anne is. Do, Ellen, try to turn your toes out more when you walk. Look, how gracefully Anne moves.' This is a specimen of what I had to endure from a brother who loved me most fondly, and whose chief fault was, placing too high a value on that which we share in common with the perishing flower and vanishing rainbow, and by that means, losing sight of those hidden glories of the intellect, which assimilate us to the hierarchy of heaven.

I deserved these rebukes, but I could not profit by them. There was a spell upon me. I believe I would have submitted to the process of being *scarified*, to be as exquisitely fair as Anne, yet I could not remember to tie on my bonnet when I rambled into the fields; and though I certainly desired as much to be as graceful in my movements, false shame and pride prevented my making an effort to imitate her.

There was a lady in the city, in whose family my brother was a constant and courted guest, who sent me, through him, a pressing invitation to visit her. Horace, my brother, was very urgent that I should accept it, it would be such an unspeakable advantage to me—she was so elegant, so fascinating, so accomplished! He said at the same time, he was ashamed to take such an awkward little rustic with him; but then I was so *very young*, my deficiencies would be overlooked now, but in a few years, they would never be tolerated. I shrunk with dismay from the proposition. It was next to being cast into the lion's den. The very idea of this elegant, accomplished lady, was the most awful thing in the world to me. If such were the mere idea, what must be the reality! My mother did not wish it—but Horace bore down her scruples, determined, as he very *flatteringly* said, to endure any present mortification on my account, for my future advantage. I was obliged to yield, for I feared my brother quite as much as I loved him. One thought reconciled me in a measure: I should be separated from my

cousin, who sneered and pouted, to think *I* should get an invitation to the city before herself. What anguish I felt in parting for the first time from my mother! It seemed to me she was the only being who loved me, or ever would love me, as I loved them—with unwithholding affection. She alone knew what manner of spirit I was of—she alone was conscious that beneath my cold, constrained exterior, I had a soul of fire, and a heart as warm as ever was possessed by a daughter of the sun.

As if she had a prophetic knowledge of the mortifications to which I was to be exposed, she lingered over the preparations for my departure. Her hands trembled, and her lip quivered, as she folded and refolded my simple wardrobe. As the Hebrew mother wove every ozier with a prayer, when she made the basket that was to bear her boy upon the waters, she sanctified, by the breathings of her pious spirit, the paraphernalia that was to fit me to be cast upon the untried waves of fashionable life.

When all was ready, and my impatient brother would be delayed no longer, she followed me to the carriage with blessings and tears. The wheels rolled away—still I strained my blinded eyes back to the threshold where she stood, till the topmost boughs of the shade trees were hid from view—then covering up my face, I yielded to feelings such as one never can know but once—caused by the first separation from the object dearest to you in the universe.

Do you wish to know whether the little awkward country rustic profited by her metropolitan visit? whether she became an apt pupil in the Chesterfieldian school? and whether the empire of fashion, or the omnipotence of a higher power triumphed at last over the paralyzing effects of premature envy, false shame, and self-distrust?

Behold me, then, in a dwelling which wealth had reared, and taste adorned, and elegance and beauty inhabited. At first, I was perfectly dazzled by the unwonted splendor that surrounded me; but I had been so schooled and drilled by my brother during the journey, that I forbore to express my vulgar wonder. Mrs. C. received me with great kindness, but I was so bewildered and frightened, so fearful of mortifying my brother and of being mortified myself, that I scarcely knew whether she looked like an angel or a gorgon. We arrived just about dinner time, and were ushered into a splendid saloon, where it appeared to me a large party was assembled, from the number of ladies and gentlemen seated there, to whom I was separately introduced. I did not hear a single name distinctly, for there was a noise in my ears like the rattling of chariot wheels, the room went round and round like a spinning top, and had I

been left to my own movements, I should certainly have fallen, from dizziness, to the floor. I curtsyed to a statue of Minerva in a corner of the room, which in my confusion I took to be a lady, ghastly pale it is true, but still worthy of reverence. The dinner table was spread directly before a large pier glass, and I was placed on the side opposite the magnificent looking mirror. When I dared to raise my head, and saw my face reflected, burning like a fiery furnace, to the very tip of my ears, I startled as if I had seen an apparition. I knew not which way to look. If I looked forward, I encountered my own scared, bewildered gaze; if I turned on either side, I met the awful glances of others. At last, to crown my dismay, a tall gentleman at my right hand, asked me if he should have the pleasure of drinking wine with me: 'No, I thank you, sir,' I stammered forth; when seeing my brother's brow contract and a smile glimmer on several faces, and thereby conscious that I had committed a breach of etiquette, I made the matter worse, by hastily saying, 'Yes, if you please, sir—I meant to say.' The glimmering smile became, in one instant, a suppressed, but audible laugh. The scalding tears rushed into my eyes, and forced their way down my tingling cheeks. Unable to restrain the rising sob, shame and mortification became agony unendurable, and suddenly rising, I ran out of the room, flew to a seat in a corner of the anti-chamber and wept outright.

My brother followed me, half thunder-struck. 'Why, Ellen,' said he, 'you are enough to drive me mad. I thought before, with all your awkwardness, you had sense enough; but now I begin to think you more than half——.' He bit his lip, but I knew what he would have said, and faultered out, 'I know it—I know I am. Let me go home again—do, dear brother.' 'No, indeed! we do not suffer any one to be homesick here,' uttered one of the sweetest voices I ever heard in my life—a voice which thrilled through my memory like a strain of sweet, but painful music. It was the same which had addressed my ear, when beneath the shade of the buttonwood trees, I heard the memorable question, 'What little boy is this?' I looked up and saw my hostess by my side. I had not noticed it before, but I recognized the face, which was impressed on my remembrance in wonderfully strong characters. Even the hand, sparkling with jewels, I recollected. The years which had wrought such a change in me, had not impaired her beauty. Her cheek might be a little paler and thinner, but she was still the loveliest woman I had ever seen.

The recognition and association of ideas connected with it, was not calculated to reconcile me more to my new situation.

It seemed the last drop in my cup of humiliation. I have often wondered how she could so effectually have concealed the contempt she must have felt at my ridiculous behavior; but with the most insinuating politeness, she tried to restore me to self-possession and composure. She imputed my *mauvaise honte* to homesickness, to sensibility, simplicity. She gently upbraided my brother for suffering me to remain at home, till I had become so excessively *timid;* but said, after all, the wild field flower was more fragrant than the blossoms of the greenhouse. She showed me a collection of rare and exquisite engravings, when seeing me charmed into partial forgetfulness of self, by the wonders of genius, she left me, to wind around her other guests, by that singular fascination of manner which consisted in her intuitive perception of what was passing in another's bosom, and her perfect adaptation of herself to the feelings predominant there. Could I have trusted in her *sincerity*, I could have adored her. For a time I was deceived; else why her kind attentions, her sweet and flattering words? I had yet to learn, that it was solely to please my very handsome and graceful brother, with the incense of whose youthful admiration her vanity was gratified to be fed, that she had requested a visit from his country sister, and that though shocked at my rusticity, she was too high bred, too *polite*, to manifest her disapprobation and chagrin. But true politeness consists in following our Savior's rule, 'to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us.' In this sense, my own dear mother was the most perfect lady I ever saw.

To return to Mrs. C. While I remained a guest of her household, I had abundant opportunities of observing how false was the pomp and splendor of society—how vain the possession of beauty—how poor and unsatisfactory the pleasures of the world—how insufficient to satisfy the cravings of the immortal spirit. She soon relaxed in her individual attentions to me, and left me to amuse myself with the books, engravings and paintings with which her house was filled. With these I was never weary—they almost reconciled me to my alienation from home—to the neglect of the many, and the covert ridicule of the few. While I sat unnoticed in a corner, in the midst of the cold glitter of fashionable society, my mind underwent a severe, but salutary discipline, and gradually learned to estimate at its true value, what I would once have bartered all but immortality to obtain.

I discovered that the gay, the beautiful, admired Mrs. C. was any thing but a happy woman. In the morning, she reclined languidly or complainingly on the sofa, without dreaming of such a thing as exerting herself to entertain her husband, who,

good, easy man, resorted to the newspaper, or sauntered in the piazza, or went to sleep, till the hour arrived when company was expected, when Mrs. C. would revive and dress herself most elegantly, and come forth to receive her guests, all radiant with smiles, who went away saying 'what a happy, enviable woman is Mrs. C! what an inexhaustible flow of spirits she has! So disinterested, too—constantly consulting the enjoyment of those around her!'

There was one thing I noticed. Notwithstanding her indifference to her husband at home, she was anxious to impose upon the world a belief in his unbounded devotion to her. In the midst of her brilliant conversations, she would often turn to him with a kind of appealing look, and say, 'Is it not so, my dear?' And he, delighting to be noticed, would always answer, 'Certainly, certainly, my love!' as if he were sanctioning the oracles of a Pythoness. 'What a pattern of conjugal felicity!' the world said, when speaking of Mr. and Mrs. C. Such perfect affection and *harmony* of sentiment!'

I might dwell long on this memorable visit, but I should transgress, if I have not already done so, the limits allowed. The time allotted for my departure at last arrived. Mrs. C. pressed my longer stay, but I felt my absence must be a relief to her. My brother, in despair at my slow progress in the graces, was willing to take me home. Oh, how my heart throbbed when I caught a glimpse of the blue distant hills, that bounded the horizon of my native vale. 'There it is!' I exclaimed; 'beautiful, beautiful spot!' 'Poor girl!' said my brother, sympathizingly—'you must be glad to see home again!'

We rode through a thick wood, mantled with the first magnificent livery of autumn, and emerging from its shade, beheld the whole valley reposing in the tranquil light of sunset. A little farther, and I saw our beloved buttonwood trees, tinged with the same bright camelion dyes. The very boughs seemed to bend lovingly forward to welcome my return; and there on the threshold stood my mother, just as I had parted from her—no, not as I had parted from her; for her face was *then* dim with tears, *now* it was joyous with smiles: and there, on the steps, sat the dear white kitten, with its beautiful grey tail curled round its velvet paws, while a lovely little brood of buff and white chickens were clustering round their mother in the green yard. I was the happiest creature in the universe. I thought of the dove, who, finding no rest for her weary wing, returned to the shelter of the sacred ark—of the prodigal, who, after feeding on the dry husks of the earth, sought the abounding mansions of his father. I thought—but it is enough: I never more envied

my cousin. I bound *this motto* to my soul, and made it the guide of my life: '*though man may judge of the outward show, God looketh at the heart.*' C. L. H.

LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES, AND TRUSTS.

The last legislature of Ohio incorporated an institution under the name and style, as the lawyers say, of the 'Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company.' The fact, that this company will, by its charter, ultimately wield an immense capital, that it is vested with uncommon powers, and if judiciously conducted, is destined to influence, more or less, the business of an extensive country through which this journal circulates, will probably give interest to the apparently dull subject, whose title heads this article. At all events, it is our business to furnish the *utile et dulce*, and we cannot do our readers the injustice of supposing they would have the latter wholly divested of the former.

We must premise that, any one who thinks, from the above 'name and style,' that the business of this company is confined to *life insurance and trusts*, must be entirely ignorant of the modern congruity between *names* and *things*, and will be sadly disappointed in the following enumeration of its powers. He will speedily discover that legislatures can both *take in* and be *taken in.*

The powers granted to the institution are,

1. To make insurance upon lives;
2. To grant and purchase annuities;
3. To make *any other* contract involving the *interest* and *use* of money and the *duration of life;*
4. To receive moneys on trust, and to *accumulate* the same, at such *rate* of *interest* as may be *agreed on;*
5. To accept and execute all such *trusts*, of every description, as may be committed to them by *any person*, or by *any court of record.*
6. To receive and *hold lands*, under grants with general and special covenants, so far as may be *necessary* to *their* business, or the *payment of debts*, &c.
7. To buy and sell drafts and bills of exchange;
8. To hold an original capital of $2,000,000;
9. To vest said capital in bonds and mortgages on real estate valued at double the amount of the sums loaned;

10. To increase said capital to an *indefinite extent*, by deposits, at an agreed rate of interest;
11. To issue bank notes to double the amount deposited—not to exceed $1,000,000;
12. To have twenty trustees, one-fifth elected every two years, so that ultimately, each trustee remains in ten years.

We shall say very little of this particular charter; but speak rather of its general object; merely remarking, that if any one can discover any conceivable business—unless it may be raising fleets and armies—which this company is not expressly empowered to perform, he must have sharper optics than we have. Lands, mortgages, insurances, trusts, annuities, loans, deposits, discounts, exchanges, guardianships, and finally *all contracts* involving the interest and use of money, vested (very limited powers) in the hands of a corporate body elected for the very brief space of ten years, furnish a splendid if not remarkable specimen of republican simplicity and legislative liberality. But with this *we* have nothing to do. If republics cannot do as they please, who can? And if the people will grant away their own powers, who cares?

The subjects of life insurance, annuities, and trusts, are very little understood in this country; because, heretofore, we have had little use for them, and the very complicated business arising out of them has here scarcely had an existence. They are, nevertheless, of vast importance to society, and may be made greatly beneficial to individuals. The class of people—placemen, pensioners, creditors, single people possessed of some capital, lunatics, idiots, minors and wards of courts—to whom the insurance of lives, the purchase of annuities, or the performance of trusts are useful and necessary, are rapidly multiplying with the increased population, business and resources of the country. It is, therefore, not doubtful that, sooner or later, the institutions, vested with powers in reference to this class of business, will be sufficiently employed in fulfilling their appropriate duties. What then are the objects and uses of life insurance, annuities, and trusts?

The legal definition of life insurance is too complicated for common use; but we may explain it in another way. The most common case of insurance upon lives is, where the *insured* contracts to pay an *annual payment* for a *certain number* of years, upon condition the insurer will pay a *gross sum* to his representatives, in case he dies within that period. *Any life* may, however, be insured by *third* persons, and the payment may be upon the happening of the death, at any period, as well as within a fixed period. In one word, the *principle is, that for a certain*

sum paid down, or at fixed periods, by the insured, the insurer agrees to pay the insured, or his representatives, a certain other sum upon the happening of a contingency. In fact, this is the same principle that governs all contracts of insurance. The definition, as well as the object and utility of this contract, in relation to lives, may be illustrated by an example. Let us take a man —of whom there are many in our country—holding an office during good behavior, of $2000 per annum, but without an estate, and without any business except his office, by which one may be acquired. Such are judges of courts, engineers, officers of incorporated companies, customhouse officers, and many others. Let us suppose him thirty-five years of age, in good health, with a growing family, for whom he is desirous of providing. He knows that he can live comfortably upon $1500 per annum, and is, therefore, resolved to save, and accumulate the remaining $500 for the benefit of his family. How is he to do this? Constituted as society is—from the instability of the human will, the constant temptation to live up to one's means, the errors of judgment in making investments, and the uncertainty of securities, he would, in nine instances out of ten, fail in the fulfilment of his resolution. But if there was a way, by which he would be *obliged* to lay up this sum and let it accumulate without the hazard of loss, he would, if not early cut off, leave his family in independence. Here, then, appears the benefit of life insurance. He applies to have his life insured. The insurer calculates the *probability* of his life from the tables of mortality, and finds that his chance of life is nearly thirty years. He then agrees, in consideration of $500, *annually paid* by the insured, to pay his representatives, at *his death*, the sum of $20,000. This is $5000 more than the gross amount of $500 per annum for thirty years, supposing the insured to live the whole period. The *insurer* calculates to make this up by the *interest.* But the *insured* has, by this arrangement, obtained three advantages. 1st. He has placed the investment beyond the reach of the many casualties, errors and chances, which attend all private affairs: 2dly. his *family* is *certain* of the whole amount, if he die the next day: 3dly. he has made a provision for his family, which places them beyond the reach of want. The latter is an advantage which could be obtained in no other way. It may be asked, how can the insurer afford this? It is answered, that he relies upon the accuracy of his calculation of the *probabilities* of human life. If that be accurate, he knows he has the benefit of *compound interest* for the assumed period of life, from which he will derive large and certain profits. These calculations of chances are, or ought to be, made by scientific

men from the bills of mortality, and are the whole foundation of the business of companies dealing in life insurance and annuities.

The example we have just given, is one in which a provision is furnished to the family of the insurer, but is of no direct benefit to himself; but there are others of a different kind. Thus, a *parent* may insure a sum of money being paid to himself, when his child attains twenty-one, or any other age. In this manner, he may secure to himself the benefit of his own frugality, and also a provision for the advancement of the child.

Again: A *creditor*, who has only personal security for his debt, has an insurable interest in the life of his debtor; for the debt depends upon the personal exertions of the debtor. He may, therefore, insure his life for the amount of the debt. Thus the coachmakers of the hon. Wm. Pitt insured $2220 upon the life of that personage—great men have debts as well as little ones—for seven years, at $70 per annum. Where a debtor's life is insured, it is generally done at his own expense, and thus becomes a means of obtaining credit, which he could not obtain without the insurance. He insures his life for a limited period, borrows the money of one, who knows that if he lives, he can repay the debt, and assigns him the policy, on his life, for security. If the debtor die, the creditor receives his debt from the insurance company; if not, he will be paid in the way, whatever it was, originally contemplated.

The examples we have given, are sufficient for the purpose of pointing out some of the most important modes in which life insurance is applied to practical purposes. We see that it is of 'invaluable use in enabling a parent to provide for a family, when his income depends chiefly upon his own life, or exertions; or, in the case of professional men, traders, annuitants, and persons holding places or pensions.' So, also, by increasing the security of debts, and in making advancements. The number of these insurances made in London is immense: the profits of the companies engaged in them far beyond those of ordinary occupations, and the rank and situation of the insured various in the extreme. Monarchs and beggars; pensioners, heroes, and placemen; are, in some form or other, the clients of these mammoth institutions. While this is the case with these companies, who have applied themselves exclusively to insurances, annuities, and trusts, how much greater must be the means of accumulation in a company vested with such complex and numerous powers as the 'Ohio Life and Trust Company.'

As the profits of the insurer depend upon the accuracy of the tables of longevity, it is necessary that they should be accurately

calculated by scientific men, and that the application of them should also be made by one familiar with the doctrine of probabilities, and capable of close mathematical investigation. It is plain that a slight variation from the true standard would prove either immensely profitable, or very destructive to the insurer. As the subject of these tables is abstract, and the calculations not commonly understood, an error in favor of the companies might long pass unnoticed by the public; for such an error would be one *diminishing the probabilities of life*, and consequently known only by the rapid accumulation of profits by the insurer. Hence it is, that the London companies were for a long time so uncommonly profitable. They used what were called the old Northampton tables, calculated from the bills of mortality at Northampton, England; and from their age and the improvements in medicine and hygeia, were more unfavorable to longevity than those of later date. The difference was of course in favor of the companies, as it allowed the insured a less chance of life. Such an error, however, will sooner or later be corrected by competition.

The *mode* of *proceeding* to effect an insurance upon a life, may be briefly stated as follows. The party wishing to be insured, procures a blank form from the office, containing numerous *queries*, the answers to which must be affixed by the party applying. The queries are the following, and others of a similar nature. 1. Name, residence, and occupation of the person whose life is to be insured? 2. Place and date of birth? 3. Age? 4. Has he resided abroad, and how long? 5. Has he had the smallpox or gout? 6. Has he had rupture, fits, insanity, &c. &c. tending to shorten life? 7. Name of the usual medical attendant, and an intimate friend who can be referred to as to his general health, &c. &c. Printed queries are then sent by the office to the medical man, and intimate friend, as to all points affecting his general health.

If the answers to these inquiries are satisfactory, the party proposing to be insured, signs a *declaration*, recapitulating the answers to the queries, which *declaration* he agrees shall be the *basis* of the *contract*. This is recited in the body of the policy, and if *knowingly* made false, by the party, or his referees, the policy is void. These matters being settled, the insurer executes the policy.

In France, and some other countries, insurance upon lives is expressly forbidden. The first insurances made in England, were made by private persons, called underwriters. The *Amicable* was the first society incorporated, and obtained its charter during the reign of queen Anne.

In the United States, it is believed, except the one now established in Cincinnati, there are but three companies: one in Boston, one in Philadelphia, and one in New York. The Boston institution is presided over and directed by the distinguished astronomer, doctor Bowditch.

Having said thus much of life insurance, we shall have less to say of annuities, as they bear, in many respects, a strong resemblance to each other. An *annuity* is defined by lord Coke to be 'a *yearly payment* of a certain sum of money granted to another in fee, for life, or years, charging the person of the grantor only.' As annuities are now understood, this is not wholly correct. They are not paid *yearly*, but at *any* fixed periods agreed upon: and they may not only be a personal, but a *rent* charge. They are properly a *grant of a fixed sum, payable at regular and fixed periods*. *Annual* payments are the most common. The payment of these instalments, called annuities, may be purchased by the payment of a gross sum down. That sum must be obviously such an one as, if put at interest for the given period, would amount to the sum of the payments upon the annuity. To discover this, is an algebraic problem of some complexity. Tables for this purpose are however calculated, and these, with the tables of longevity, form the basis of all contracts involving the duration of life.

The purchase of an annuity, as a future provision for the purchaser, is an operation exactly the reverse of life insurance. In the latter case, we have seen that a man pays a portion of his annual income, to secure a *gross sum* to himself or family *in future*. In the case of purchasing an annuity, he is supposed to have some money in hand, with which he agrees to part, in consideration of receiving a *larger annual income*. In the one case, he gives a part of his present income, for a future gross sum; and in the other, he pays down a gross sum, to enlarge his future income. Life insurance is a provision for a man of family; annuities for old bachelors. One of the latter has $10,000, producing $600 per annum, which he finds insufficient to furnish turtle soup and oyster patties, and therefore betakes himself to an annuity office, which, calculating his chance of life at ten years, agrees to give for his $10,000, an annuity of $1200 per annum, during his natural life. This doubles his income, and he shouts, 'Roast turkey and currant jelly—boiled mutton and capers, for ever!' But, alas! when his expectant heirs come to settle the estate, they will find a sad account of empty boxes; he has cut them off without a shilling.

All placemen and pensioners are annuitants, receiving their payment from the government for supposed services performed.

Suppose an annuitant, at $100 per annum, has other means of subsistence, but wishes to make an advancement to a child—he applies to an office to sell his annuity, for ready money. Supposing his life worth ten years, they pay him $1200, upon the assignment of his annuity. In this way they may be converted into ready money for present use; and in the same manner they may be sold, or mortgaged, for the loan of money. Loans made upon annuities are never *usurious*; for the reason, that the extra interest is supposed to be paid for the hazard of loss.

Thus we see that, by the purchase, sale, and mortgage of annuities, various useful and salutary ends may be accomplished.

Trusts, divested of technicalities, are *powers*, either with, or without a beneficial interest, vested in *third* persons, called *trustees*, by *one party* for the *benefit* of *another*. Most usually they are without any interest in the trustees, except ordinary commissions. From this definition, it will at once be seen that they may be of great variety in character and object. That they may be of great utility, and accomplish various ends, not attainable in any other way, may readily be shown. Thus, one of the most common forms of *trusts* is that of *guardianship*. A parent dies and leaves C the guardian of his minor son B, and vests him, till B is of age, with the management of his property. This is a *trust* of great responsibility, legally and morally, vested by the first party, A, for the benefit of the second, B, in the hands of a third, C. And it is a *trust* which must be performed, either by appointment of the *parent* or the *court*, for the child is too young to take care of himself. So also of executors and administrators, who are appointed by the testator, or the court, to hold and distribute the property for the benefit of legatees and heirs. Another example is that of committees, or trustees, appointed by courts of chancery to take charge of the persons and estates of idiots and lunatics. In addition to these, a large class of trusts arises between individuals, to accomplish purposes relative to ordinary business, which could not otherwise be accomplished. Thus, in the *assignment* of an insolvent debtor's effects, the assignees are trustees, appointed by the creditor for the benefit of the debtor.

Again: In marriage settlements, the husband could not directly vest his wife with property, which he could not control; but by conveying it before marriage to trustees for the benefit of his wife, he places it entirely at her disposal. This is the mode in which marriage settlements are made. In America, they appear not to be fashionable; as the husband usually has nothing to *settle*, and the wife has no exchangeable *quid pro quo*.

They are also the means of making a more perfect security for the loan of money. Instead of an ordinary mortgage, which is subject to all the usual delays of the law, the debtor makes a deed of trust to a third person, conditioned, that if the money is not duly paid, the trustee may sell the property for the benefit of the creditor.

The power to execute trusts of almost every species, is one of those vested in the 'Ohio Life and Trust Company.' From the large capital, and extensive responsibility of that institution, it will probably draw to itself a large portion of that kind of business, which, with the deposits, constantly accumulating, will give it great importance, as well as profitable returns. It is well that a corporation, of such gigantic powers and splendid investments, is placed, as this is, under the immediate supervision of the supreme court; for scarcely any other authority would have been found sufficient to have restrained it from the abuses and corruptions to which all monied institutions are liable.

E. D. M.

NATURAL HISTORY OF ENTHUSIASM.

If an apology is necessary for directing the public to a work which has been before it a considerable time, it is found in the fact that an invaluable production is receiving but a small share of that attention which its merits demand. We cheerfully incur the hazard of being proved a false prophet, by predicting that the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm' will travel to remote ages, securing a generous tribute of praise from every reader competent to judge of its excellence.

The object of the author is to settle the meaning of the term 'enthusiasm,' and correctly pourtray the distinctive features of those who are under the influence of this unhappy delusion. In this delicate and difficult undertaking, he has succeeded to a degree both gratifying and surprising. His conceptions of abstract truths are remarkably clear, and his diction, although entirely new and perfectly unique, is chaste, classical, and peculiarly felicitous in conveying distinct ideas of the subject under consideration. Few writers possess, to an equal extent, the power of analyzing mental operations, and fewer still, the faculty of making this analysis not only perceptible, but so rational as to preclude the possibility of denying its accuracy. He seems perfectly at home amidst the complicated machinery

of intellect which he exhibits in detail to his readers, giving a 'local habitation and a name' to those parts whose subtlety has hitherto defied successful investigation. There is a most happy peculiarity in his diction, which carries evidence of intellectual eminence. He presents the logical results of abstruse investigation so lucidly as necessarily to induce belief in their correctness. This enviable mode of reaching the understanding by a *short cut*, entitles our author to the credit of proving without demonstration, and convincing without reasoning. Nor can it be denied that this is one of the most rare and desirable attainments within the compass of human efforts. When Joseph, on a certain occasion, comforted his brethren, the Hebrew historian, in all the beautiful and forcible simplicity of his native tongue, tells us that 'he spoke to their heart.' And it may with equal propriety be said, that our author speaks to the understanding.

His view of the subject, which we think must commend itself to every discerning mind, has both rescued the term 'enthusiasm' from those who, by abusing it, have seriously injured the cause of truth and the best interests of society, and also presented in a happy light, the want of discrimination belonging to those who employ it as a watchword to arouse the malignant feelings of a prejudiced party against a cause, irrespective of its real merits. There are those who stigmatize as enthusiastic, every dignified enterprize whose very nature demands an amount of zeal proportioned to its magnitude, and of course, far transcending that which is requisite for ordinary achievements. Such are shown to be deplorably ignorant of the force of language, and contributors to the mass of unmeaning terms which introduce confusion among our ideas, and prevent that classification which is necessary to a correct understanding of any complex subject.

'To apply an epithet which carries with it an idea of folly, of weakness, and of extravagance, to a vigorous mind, efficiently as well as ardently engaged in the pursuit of any substantial and important object, is not merely to misuse a word, but to introduce confusion among our notions, and to put contempt upon what is deserving of respect. Where there is no error of imagination—no misjudging of realities—no calculations which reason condemns, there is no enthusiasm, even though the soul may be on fire with the velocity of its movement in pursuit of its chosen object.' p. 12, 13.

In a well balanced mind, the operation of its several faculties are in perfect unison. All act in harmonious and delightful concert. But where any faculty gains the ascendancy, and others are made subservient, a most unhappy derangement is the result. Where there is a susceptibility to excitement dis-

proportionate to the strength of the other faculties, 'the efficient power of the understanding is therefore overborne, and left in the rear; there is more of commotion than of action; more of movement than of progress; more of enterprize than of achievement.' This is enthusiasm. Nor is it found only in minds under a high state of excitement; for it may still exist after its generating cause is removed, 'nothing being more common than to meet with religionists whose opinions and language are manifestly deformed by enthusiasm, while their devotional feelings are barely tepid.'

In the profound disquisitions of our author, several species of enthusiasm, both secular and religious, are presented in their true character, and our mistakes made so prominent, that he who is not profited by a careful perusal of this volume, must be 'something more or less than a common man.' It is decidedly the most successful attempt within our knowledge to divest Piety of all those fictitious trappings which have concealed her loveliness and rendered her abhorrent in the eyes of superficial spectators. A correct understanding of this work would assist those in discriminating between true and spurious piety, 'who can see nothing in religion but its corruptions,' and are ready to charge upon the Bible all those enormities which are the legitimate offspring of enthusiasm. By a happy reference to a well-known fact, our author has made the distinction between genuine and spurious feeling in religion intelligible, and accounted for the incorrect conduct of disorderly professors on principles more philosophical than such delinquencies are referred to by the enemies of revelation.

'The religion of the heart may be supplanted by a religion of the imagination, just in the same way that the social affections are often dislodged or corrupted by factitious sensibilities. Every one knows that an artificial excitement of all the kind and tender emotions of our nature may take place through the medium of the imagination. Hence the power of poetry and the drama. But every one must also know that their feelings, however vivid and seemingly pure and salutary they may be, and however nearly they may resemble the genuine workings of the soul, are so far from producing the same softening effect upon the character, that they tend rather to indurate the heart. * * * * * * * * * *
A process of perversion and of induration precisely similar may have place also among the religious emotions; for the laws of human nature are uniform, whatever may be the immediate cause which puts them in action; and a fictitious piety corrupts

or petrifies the heart not less certainly than does a romantic sentimentality.' p. 16, 18.

A devotee of religion, whose fervor has been excited purely by the influence of imagination, being neither under the control of correct religious views, nor of ordinary maxims of prudence, is liable to be blown on the shoals of vice by any sudden gust of passion. 'The enthusiast is, therefore, of all men the one who is the worst prepared to withstand peculiar seductions. He possesses neither the heavenly armor of virtue nor the earthly.'

It is not uncommon to hear men charged with enthusiasm, when their fervor in devotion is raised to a high pitch. But if prayer be an appointed instrument of obtaining blessings, intensity in devotion, abstractly considered, is farther removed from enthusiasm than a mere formal, lifeless petition to the Author of all our benefits. If the former is liable to be produced by causes that have no real connexion with true piety, it certainly has one of its attributes—earnestness, which is more than can be affirmed of the latter. 'The common level of the natural affections being chosen as the scene of intercourse between heaven and earth,' it is not unreasonable that those affections, when placed on the beneficent Author of all good, should be called into as vigorous exercise as when directed to sublunary objects. For what other purpose than to call forth the warmest emotions of the soul are those impassioned appeals addressed to our self-love in the holy scriptures? Why is language employed that tends to excite feelings of pity, remorse, love, and indignation in reference to spiritual objects, except to enlist all our passions on the side of virtue, and in a manful resistance to vice? Is there any enthusiasm in the entreaties of a condemned malefactor who sues for pardon with an importunity that taxes all his powers? And when the boon, too great almost to be hoped for, is obtained, are his emotions of transport, even if they appear to exceed the limits of propriety, considered enthusiastic? Look at that horror-struck soul, before whom the divine law has arrayed its awful claims. Is it irrational for him to intreat for mercy as earnestly as he would ask life from those who held his temporal destiny in their power? And when he learns that both pardon and eternal felicity will be granted on certain conditions of which he may avail himself, will any one say that his tears of joy, or his immoderate expressions of gratitude—the natural or spontaneous overflowings of soul—are enthusiastic? The absence of high emotion in such a case would afford strong proof of insanity.

Our author has some thoughts on popular oratory, which, if

correct—and they certainly appear so—expose a very common error among ministers of the gospel. This class of speakers, whilst they, not unfrequently, are criminally dull in their mode of presenting the most interesting of all topics, are nevertheless in danger, when dwelling on certain subjects, of producing a poetic or dramatic effect, and paralizing the consciences of their auditors. The powers of descriptive eloquence, he admits, often find a lawful range in the pulpit; and the imagination may be successfully addressed when presenting 'those subsidiary topics that are not included within the circle of the primary principles on which the religious affections are built.' But the grand topics of the preacher's message to his fellowmen cannot be presented in a *scenic* manner to the imagination without the hazard of producing that species of excitement which never fails to impair genuine feelings. The topic which he has selected as most liable to this kind of abuse, is the awful process of the last judgment. Nothing is more common than for preachers to attempt inspiring a salutary alarm by accumulating the physical machinery of terror, which they conceive will be exhibited on that appalling occasion. To accomplish this desirable purpose, the speaker 'describes the sudden waning of the morning sun, the blackening of the heavens, the decadence of stars, the growing thunders of coming wrath, the clang of the trumpet, whose notes break the slumbers of the dead; the crash of the pillars of earth, the bursting forth of the treasures of fire, and the solving of all things in the fervent heat. Then the bright appearance of the Judge, encircled by the splendors of the court of heaven; the convoked assemblage of witnesses from all worlds, filling the concave of the skies. Then the dense masses of the family of man, crowding the area of the great tribunal; the separation of the multitude; the irreversible sentence; the departure of the damned; the triumphant ascent of the ransomed.' p. 56.

Without inquiring whether 'the language of scripture ought to be understood as giving warrant to those material images of terrible sublimity with which it is usual to invest the proceedings of the future day of retribution,' our writer is of opinion that a correct analysis of our moral constitution will show that on the day when the secrets of men's hearts shall be revealed, and every one obliged to give an account of himself to God, that each individual will be so exclusively occupied with contemplating his own moral condition in the sight of infinite purity, as to 'render all exterior perceptions dim, and make even the most stupendous magnificence of the surrounding scene fade

from the sight.' In confirmation of this truth, he appeals to our understanding with his overpowering eloquence:

'What are the thunderings of a thousand storms, what the clangor of the trumpet, or the crash of earth, or the universal blaze; what the dazzling front of the celestial array; or even the appalling apparatus of punishment, to the spirit that has become alive to the consciousness of its own moral condition, and is standing naked in the manifested presence of the High and Holy One? That time of judgment, which is to dispel all disguises, and to drag sin from its coverts into the full light of heaven, will assuredly find no moment of leisure for the discursive eye; one perception, one emotion, will doubtless rule exclusive in the soul. * * * * * * * On that day it will be sin, not a flaming world that appals the soul.' p. 58, 59.

Our author, with an ingenuousness not unfrequently the concomitant of a superior intellect, instead of fearing that he shall receive injustice by being misunderstood, stakes his reputation for profitable mental acumen on the palpability of his distinctions. 'If,' says he, 'the distinction [between genuine and enthusiastic piety] which has been illustrated in the preceding pages, is not perfectly intelligible, it may safely be rejected as of no practical value.' How few authors would be willing to have their productions referred to such a criterion. And yet, who can question its equity?

The maxim that 'extremes meet,' is happily illustrated in the work before us, in the history of the devotee of chance, and that of the man who has a distorted view of the doctrine of special providence. Those two characters have perambulated the globe by opposite routes, and finally arrived at the same permanent resting place, whither they were attracted by similarity of character. Individuals, like chimical substances, in order to be fully known, require some other *test* than that of name or appearance. A person adequate to the task, would impose lasting obligation on community, by pourtraying the intermingling of the shades of perverted christian doctrine with those of rank infidelity. We are apt to regard incorrect scriptural views as perfectly harmless in their moral tendency, but this error would be corrected by examining the effects of those very views divested of counter influence. An erroneous sentiment in religion, adopted by a truly pious individual, may have its influence almost or quite neutralized by the superior force of his more correct notions. Hence, an unblemished christian character is frequently preserved in defiance of a few mistakes in doctrine. But where no counteracting influence is felt, or where it is

inferior to that of the error in question, so that the latter becomes the governing principle, the effects will partake of the quality of their cause—the corrupt tree will bring forth evil fruit. When error is once admitted into the mind, although held in check for a long time, it may finally extend its influence so far as to exclude all its antagonist powers and usurp the entire dominion. This is frequently the case with the person who has a perverted view of the doctrine of a particular providence. His incorrect notions on this point, in process of time, become his rule of duty, and notwithstanding his christian name and profession, he is as devout a worshipper of capricious Fortune, or blind Chance, as the annals of paganism or of gaming ever presented.

'It is by the fortuities of life that the religious enthusiast is deluded: under a guise stolen from piety, Chance is his divinity. * * * * Delusions of this kind are the real sources of many of those sad delinquencies which so often bring reproach upon a profession of religion. The world loves to call the offender a villain; but in fact, he was not worse than an enthusiast. He who, in conducting the daily affairs of life, has acquired the settled habits of calculating rather upon what is possible, than upon what is probable, naturally slides into the mischievous error of paying court to fortune, rather than to virtue. Nor will his integrity or his principles of honor be at all strengthened by the mere metonymy of calling fortune, providence. It is easy to fix the eye upon the clouds, in expectation of help from above, with so much intenseness, that the tables of right and wrong, which stand before us, shall scarcely be seen. This very expectation is a contempt of prudence, and it is not often seen that those who slight Prudence, pay much regard to her sister—Probity.' p. 122, 124.

One frequent cause of failure in plans of the highest benevolence, may be found in the distorting influence that wrong views of the doctrine of a special providence have on the mind. When christians enlist in an enterprize of magnitude, they not unfrequently spurn the sober calculations of reason, which would have given a happy direction to their efforts, and imagine that since they are engaged in one of the noblest enterprizes, their lack of power to accomplish the pious scheme, will be supplied by divine interposition. Whether this be openly avowed or not, such a presumptuous dependence on divine succor may be easily discovered in many visionary projects whose failure has brought no small degree of odium on the christian name. The scriptures afford us no encouragement to hope for aid from above, in prosecuting any purpose of benevolence, unless 'we labor

and calculate in strict conformity to the known and ordinary course of events.'

'And this is the basis, and this alone, on which a wise man rests his hopes and constructs his plans: he well knows that his fairest hopes may be dissipated, and his best plans overthrown; and yet, though the hurricanes of misfortune were a thousand times to scatter his labors, he will still go on to renew them, in conformity with the same principles of calculation. *For no other principles are known to him*, and the extremest caprices of fortune will never so prevail over his constancy, as to induce him to do homage to chance.' p. 127.

The man who is directed by that wisdom which is from above, which prompts both to enlightened vigorous action and fervent prayer for divine aid, will not only share the success of the prudent, sagacious calculator of this world, but will receive such frequent supplies in time of need from that 'hidden treasury, held at the disposal of a gracious hand for the incitement of prayer, and for the reward of humble faith,' as will carry undeniable proof that God is '*rich* to them that call upon him.'

In noticing the work under consideration, the writer does not suppose that he has made a selection of incidents or subjects congenial to the taste of every reader of the Magazine. To make a suitable and profitable selection from a very extensive variety of topics intimately connected, but few of which, from the nature of the case can be chosen, is far from being an easy task. If however what we have said shall induce any one to examine the original, whose excellencies cannot be embodied in a short review, our object will be attained.

L. W.

TRAVELS IN HOT WEATHER.

No. II.

After passing through the wild and somewhat unsettled region, which extends from Cincinnati nearly to Georgetown, it was with no small degree of gratification that I surveyed the beautiful country which surrounds that village. The town itself is well built, and has an agreeable appearance of neatness and salubrity; the land in the vicinity is fertile and well improved, and the traveller is cheered with the indications of a highly flourishing state of society, which meet his eye in every direction.

From this place to Lexington, the road winds through an open champaign country of the most attractive aspect. The surface is not broken by hills, nor is it level—but of that beautifully rolling or undulating character, which is, above all others, the most pleasing to the eye, and the best adapted to the purposes of husbandry. I was struck with its similarity, in this respect, to the gracefully waving prairies in the central and northern parts of Illinois. The soil is of the richest kind, and the improvements superior to any that I have seen in any part of the United States. I had long been aware of the high character claimed for the country around Lexington; but, prepared as I was to behold a region rich in attractive scenery, and highly embellished by the hand of art, I was agreeably surprised in finding that it surpassed my anticipations. The dwellings are all commodious and comfortable, and the most of them very far superior to those usually inhabited by farmers. Many of them are surrounded by gardens and pleasure-grounds, adorned with trees and shrubs in the most tasteful manner; and the eye is continually regaled with a beautiful variety of rural embellishment. There is a something substantial as well as elegant in the residence of a farmer of this part of Kentucky; a combination of taste, neatness, comfort, and abundance, which is singularly interesting, and which evinces a high degree of liberality in the use of wealth, as well as great industry in its production. The fields are extensive, and well cultivated. Not a spot remains in its original state of wilderness; but everywhere the hand of art is seen to have exerted its energies with an unusual vigor and felicity of execution. Every foot of ground has been adorned or rendered fruitful. The woodland pastures, which are peculiar to this section of country, are remarkably beautiful, giving to its extensive farms an unusual degree of elegance, and to the whole character of the scenery an originality, which attracts the attention of the most casual observer, while it fills a genuine admirer of nature with intense admiration. This pleasing effect is produced by a simple proceedure. The woodlands are all inclosed; the underwood and the useless trees are removed, and the valuable timber trees are left, standing sufficiently wide apart to admit the rays of the sun and the free circulation of the air between them. The ground is then sown with grass, and extensive tracts, which would otherwise have been mere forest, are thus converted into spacious lawns, studded with noble trees. These are so numerous, and of such extent, as to form a prominent feature in the scenery, and it is impossible to imagine any thing of this kind more beautiful than the alternations of woodland and meadow, with hemp and corn

fields, and orchards, which the eye here meets in every direction.

The dwelling-houses are usually large edifices of brick or frame, surrounded by numerous offices, and embowered in shade trees, among which the locust and the lombardy poplar are most frequently seen. The fences and other improvements are excellent, and the grounds neatly kept. On the whole, I was delighted with the appearance of the country around Lexington. Its advantages in point of soil and climate are eminently great, and these have been improved with an industry and good taste which are seldom seen united.

I could not but contrast the condition of this country with that of the wilderness which existed here forty years ago. Within the memory of living witnesses, the region which is now so splendidly embellished, and which supports a numerous and highly refined population, was covered with savage forests and vast cane-brakes, which afforded shelter to the roving Indian and the prowling beast of prey. When I beheld around me the evidences of wealth and luxury, and all the refinements of an exquisitely polished state of society, I could not avoid recalling the days of the pioneer, when the immediate ancestors of the present inhabitants, dwelling in log huts, and protected by rude fortresses, led a precarious life of toil and battle, and performed those deeds of valor and of patient endurance, which have been handed down with their names to an admiring posterity. In the year 1788, the people of Kentucky, the most of whom dwelt in the region surrounding the spot from which I write, addressed the following language to the government of the United States, in a petition for the redress of certain grievances under which they then labored:

'When the peace had secured to America that sovereignty and independence for which she had so nobly contended, we could not retire with our Atlantic friends to enjoy, in ease, the blessings of freedom. Many of us had expended, in the struggle for our country's rights, that property which would have enabled us to possess a competency with our liberty. On the western waters, the commonwealth of Virginia possessed a fertile but uninhabited wild. In this wilderness we sought, after having procured liberty for our posterity, to provide for their support.

'Inured to hardships by a long warfare, we ventured into almost impenetrable forests. Without bread or domestic cattle, we depended on the casual supplies afforded by the chase. Hunger was our familiar attendant, and even our unsavory meals were made upon the wet surface of the earth, with the canopy

of heaven for our covering. Though forced to pierce the thicket, it was not in safety we trod—the vile savage, thirsting for blood, lurked in our paths, and seized the unsuspecting hunter.

'Whilst we lamented the lost friend, a brother, a father, a wife, a child, became the victim of the barbarian tomahawk. Instead of consolation, a new and greater misfortune deadened the sense of former afflictions. From the union we receive no support; but we impeach not their justice. Ineffectual treaties, often renewed, and as often broken by the savage nations, served only to supply them with the means of our destruction.

'But no human cause could control that providence which had destined this western country to be the seat of a civilized and happy people. The period of its accomplishment was distant, but it advanced with rapid and incredible strides. We derived strength from our falls, and numbers from our losses. The unparalleled fertility of our soil made grateful returns, far disproportioned to the slight labor which our precarious safety would permit us to bestow. Our fields and herds afford us not only sufficient support for ourselves, but also for the emigrants, who annually double our numbers, and even a surplus still remains for exportation. This surplus would be still greater, did not a narrow policy shut up our navigation and discourage our industry.'

What a contrast to the hardships and perils thus eloquently portrayed, do we behold in the flourishing condition of this country! As we approach Lexington in a rail-road car, or are rolled easily along over a M'Adamized turnpike, we see on every side the elegant residences of the wealthy, and the productive fields upon which the art of agriculture has been practised with almost unparalleled success. The finest equipages are seen dashing along the highways and the by-ways—the pastures are covered with the most choice domestic animals of foreign climates; with high bred horses, flocks of Saxony and Merino sheep, and immense herds of noble cattle. We see a country in the highest state of cultivation, and a people possessing not only all the conveniences of life, but its most elegant refinements; and the contrast becomes the more remarkable, when we recollect that the pioneers were not dispossessed by a more polished and ingenious race, but that the present inhabitants are the descendants of the hardy veterans, who encountered the perils of the wilderness, and endured the most incredible toil in subduing for themselves a home.

The artificial roads which approach Lexington in several directions, are among the objects which first attract the traveller's attention, as they are those which conduce most to his

comfort. The Maysville and Lexington turnpike, which is now nearly completed, is one of the finest M'Adamized roads which our country affords. For many miles from this place, it passes on a nearly direct line, over a most picturesque country, and through a series of farms, such as are not excelled in any part of the United States, either for their natural advantages or their neat and skilful cultivation. In another direction, a rail road, which it is proposed to extend to Louisville, leaves the city. It is finished for about fourteen miles, and over this part the mail is already transported daily, in an elegant car. There are several other roads which I did not see, and others are projected. Towards the making of these, the citizens of Lexington, and other gentlemen in the villages and the country around, have subscribed most liberally. I was credibly informed that the appropriations made by the legislature, when added to the amount of stock subscribed by individuals, for roads now in progress, in this vicinity, would amount to upwards of five hundred thousand dollars—a very large sum to be expended in a neighboorhood so far from navigation, and one which indicates a remarkable degree of intelligence and public spirit. It is a most wise policy. The people who make permanent roads, and open the internal communications of their country, must become rich. The advantages for commerce and for travelling, thus offered, constitute of themselves a certain source of wealth; which however becomes incredibly enhanced when these patriotic expenditures are bestowed upon a region so fertile, and over which nature has scattered her blessings in such rich profusion.

I could perceive that this country was already beginning to reap the benefit of this liberal spirit of improvement. While at Lexington, I found the celebrated old hotel there (Postlethwait's) crowded with strangers. A considerable proportion of these were wealthy gentlemen from the south, who spend a part of every summer in travelling for health and recreation. Some of these pass the hottest weather at the watering places in Kentucky, others pass on to Virginia, or to the places of resort still further north. On so long a journey, most of them prefer the use of the public conveyances to the slower method of travelling in their own carriages; and as the steamboats are very disagreeable in hot weather, and the alarm of sickness often prevalent on our rivers, the stages are liberally patronized. Of course, the country which has the best roads will attract the greatest proportion of such visiters; and they are now growing so numerous, that it is becoming a matter of importance to provide for their comfort, and reap the benefit of their expendi-

tures. Even those who ascend the river on their way over the mountains, often find it an agreeable change to leave the steamboat at Louisville, pass round by Frankfort and Lexington by land, and embark again at Maysville. When the roads now in progress shall be completed, this will be an interesting and no doubt favorite route; and when those from Cincinnati to Lexington, and from the latter place to Nashville shall be M'Adamized, the influx of strangers into Kentucky in the summer, and the amount of travelling through it, at all seasons, will be so great as to furnish a market for a large amount of produce. This single item alone, has already began to throw a large sum of money into circulation, to quicken the spirit of enterprise, and increase business; and its operation will be more and more vigorous, as the channels of intercourse shall become more numerous, and the various facilities necessary for the comfort of the traveller shall be improved.

The appearance of Lexington is strikingly agreeable. It does not present the crowded streets, the noise, and the appearance of business, of many of our western towns; but seems rather to be the residence of persons in easy circumstances. The buildings are constructed for comfort rather than show, and while few of them exhibit on the exterior much architectural taste, they are usually well finished and commodious within. But that which gives a rural appearance, and a delightful air of elegance to this town, is the number of trees and shrubs which surround the houses, and relieve the eye from the monotonous glare of brick and paint, so oppressive to the sight in many of our cities. The proportion of houses which appear, from their size and their decorations, to be the dwellings of the wealthy and highly cultivated, is much greater than is usual, and impresses at once the idea that Lexington embraces a large number of those whose circumstances enable them to enjoy the luxuries of life, and whose education leads them to the enjoyment of refined and rational pleasures. We do not behold here those interminable rows of fine houses, those masses of new brick and mortar, and that profusion of exterior ornament, which, in some of our cities, indicate their rapid prosperity, and show the ostentation of newly acquired wealth: there is nothing of the bustle and noise and squeeze of Louisville, nor any thing resembling the compact squares and busy crowds of Cincinnati; but we see quiet streets, shaded by long rows of locusts—old mansions, surrounded by venerable trees—and modern edifices of unostentatious beauty, embowered in shrubbery. Yet there is a good deal of business done; and although it is not of a character to attract the attention of a stranger, a little close obser-

vation produces the conviction, that Lexington is the centre of a country of great wealth, and of much productive industry, and the scene of large pecuniary transactions. Perhaps the circumstance which a stranger soonest remarks, is the number of pleasure carriages which are seen dashing along the streets—gigs, barouches, coaches, vehicles of all sorts and sizes, rattle about from morning till night, but are particularly numerous in the cool of the afternoon, when they give to this place an appearance of great gaiety.

Transylvania university is a very splendid building. The portico is one of the finest I have ever seen, and the whole front is very imposing. It is judiciously placed on elevated ground, from which it shows to great advantage. The interior finishing is plain; but the rooms are large and well arranged. The college library, and those of the societies, having been mostly consumed by the conflagration which destroyed the former edifice, are not now extensive. There is at this time no president to the institution, and its condition is not flourishing; but its friends are sanguine in their expectations of being able to raise it again to its former celebrity. I see no reason why this might not, with judicious exertion, be effected. The location possesses great advantages. It is decidedly one of the most healthy places in the west; and the surrounding country is of itself sufficiently populous and wealthy to support a college. I cannot but hope that it will soon regain its former high standing, and become an honor to this state, and an efficient auxiliary in the cause of sound literature.

The day previous to my visit, they had received a present which I examined with great curiosity, and consider very valuable. It is a collection of the ancient English law, from the earliest times, consisting of the *Domesday books*, etc. and including the statutes down to a recent period. The work is contained in about *seventy* large folio volumes, and contains, as I suppose—for I had not time to do more than glance my eye over it—a complete collection of the written law of England. It has lately been compiled and published under the authority of the government; and by the same authority, complete copies have been presented to about twenty of the colleges in the United States, and among others, to Transylvania. I take great pride and pleasure in giving publicity to this liberal act of the British government, which reflects high honor upon them, and confers a most valuable favor upon us. In these books, the reader of history will find many land-marks, pointing out to him the revolutions in public sentiment and in morals, which have been occurring from time to time in that kingdom; the student of

law may trace the gradual building up of that stupendous fabric which governs an immense population, proteets the enjoyment of more wealth than the laws of any other country, and has conducted an immense empire to unparalleled prosperity; while the scholar, who is curious in language, may mark the changes in our vernaeular tongue from its infancy, and may see how, from a coarse jargon, it has been gradually refined into a vigor and beauty whieh renders it, taken altogether, superior to any of the dead or living languages.

The medical college attaehed to this university has, for many years, been one of the most celebrated in the United States. Perhaps none other, except that at Philadelphia, has ever ranked, or deserved to rank, higher. Some of the professors are gentlemen of high distinction, and all of them enjoy the confidence of the public. I had not the pleasure of becoming acquainted with more than one or two of them, and only know the others from the reputation they enjoy as public men. Dr. Dudley is eminently distinguished as a surgeon; and Dr. Caldwell not only enjoys a high professional reputation, but is one of the most vigorous and successful writers in our country.

The law school is flourishing, and is unquestionably equal to any similar institution in the union. Judge Mayes, the law professor, is eminently qualified for his station. He has been for many years a successful practitioner, and has the advantage of a large store of experience, gained in an extensive practice; to which are added genius of a high order, a clear discriminating mind, untiring diligence, and a most amiable deportment. Having long known this distinguished gentleman, and been acquainted by reputation with the merits of his school, I was gratified to hear of its prosperity. The number of students at the last term was fifty, which is said to be larger than that of any similar institution in the union, except the school attached to Harvard university, which numbered fifty seven, at the corresponding session. I am inclined to think that we can make lawyers, doctors, and any thing else, except wooden clocks, in the west, as well as our friends across the mountains.

There is a public library here containing upwards of seven thousand volumes—which I am sorry to say is more than we can boast of in our flourishing city of Cincinnati. The books are well selected, and have the appearance of having been much read.

The Lunatic Asylum is said to be a fine institution. The buildings are spacious and imposing, and the surrounding grounds tastefully laid out. I did not visit it. The world presents to our daily observation, a sufficient number of melancholy objects,

without our seeking them in the gloomy abodes prepared by the hand of benevolence.

The schools of this place are said to be conducted with spirit. Those for young ladies are numerous, and are at this time full. Some of them have a high, and I have no doubt a deserved, reputation.

I do not pretend to give a detailed account of the institutions of Lexington. I only speak of what I learned in a hasty visit, in hot weather. With the thermometer at 93, I may be excused for not tramping about the streets to look at the lions. The things that I heard most talked about were, in the first place, horses and cattle, and next to them, the elections, the government, and Henry Clay. For the politics I had no great taste, being matters in which I meddle as little as may become a gentleman who is obliged to vote; for the animals I profess some sympathy, as I love to look at all handsome creatures, whether biped or quadruped. The Kentuckians love horses naturally—they would not be genuine descendants of the old dominion if they did not. This part of Kentucky is, besides, a stock raising country, and the subject of improved breeds happens to be the hobby upon which every body is riding. Horses, mules, cattle, and Saxony sheep, are prominent topics of discourse. Grazing has become the chief object of attention in this, and some of the adjoining counties, and large sums have been expended in the introduction of foreign cattle of improved breeds. I saw one animal, recently imported from England, a real John Bull, which cost the owner a thousand dollars, at New York, besides the expense of his transportation to this place, which was not small, as he was too unwieldy to travel in a climate hotter than that to which he was accustomed, and had to be carried in a wagon more than two hundred miles. The possessor has another gentleman from the same country, of equal value, and both are certainly among the most noble animals I have ever seen. His cows, too, are very pretty creatures, in their way—their short horns, small heads, delicate necks, large dewlaps, immense bodies, and fine limbs, all indicating a genuine descent from the most approved stock. Another gentleman showed me a number of yearling heifers, that were real beauties. They were as large as our common cows, and very finely formed. I understood him to say that he had refused two hundred and fifty dollars for one of them. I heard of a cow that had recently been sold here, to somebody in Ohio, for four hundred dollars, and was told that the gentleman who sold her regretted having let her go so cheap.

We can hardly imagine that the purchasers of stock can ever

make any profit by them, sufficient to justify such extravagant prices; unless, indeed, the demand for them shall last long enough to enable them to sell the increase at similar rates. Such may be the case, and it is to be hoped that it will be so, and that these public spirited gentlemen will be amply remunerated for their exertions to improve the domestic animals of our country, which in any event will be the gainer by their liberal efforts. Already the whole of the cattle of this region are greatly improved in appearance, and among the numerous herds which I saw, there were few which were not of good size and excellent form. I was shown some fine horses too. One gentleman whom I visited, had seven young animals in training for the races; a negro man and a boy attended constantly upon each horse, and a trainer superintended the whole, making fifteen persons, whose whole time was engaged in this duty. The stables, and all the arrangements, were of the best kind, and no expense seemed to have been spared. I mention these facts to show the great pains bestowed, and expenditure which is making, in this country, to improve its stock. Hemp and live stock are now the staples; and the agriculture has in consequence become such as greatly to beautify the country. Extensive meadows and woodland pastures decorate the landscape, and with the fields of hemp, corn, and small grain, occupy the whole surface, and give a most ornamental appearance to the farms.

The fine country of which I am speaking extends something like twenty miles in every direction from Lexington, and no district of the United States, of equal extent, perhaps none in the world, exhibits a more fertile body of land, or a tract more finely embellished by good improvements and judicious cultivation—nor would it be easy to find a more wealthy or a more refined population. As an evidence of the wealth of the farmers in this vicinity, it was mentioned to me, that during the whole of the recent scarcity of money, the amount on deposit at the Branch of the United States Bank in this city, has been double the amount of the loans of that office for the same period.

It is not much more than twenty years since the whole trade of the western country centered at Lexington; the merchants of this place imported from Philadelphia, and other eastern cities, the foreign merchandize required for the supply of the west, and furnished the dealers in the towns of Ohio and Kentucky. The sales of one house here amounted at that time to between seventy and ninety thousand dollars per month. That business laid the foundation of the wealth that exists here; it

has of course ceased long since; but the improved system of agriculture which is practised, with the raising of stock, and the manufacture of rope and bagging, has, by bringing the natural resources of the country into active operation, created in its place, a more permanent source of prosperity.

I visited, of course, the beautiful grounds at Ashland, and was gratified by seeing at his own mansion, one of the most remarkable men of this age. There are many men who have been great in some particular department of mental exertion, but few who, under a variety of circumstances, have displayed such versatility of talent, and such uniform greatness of mind, as the statesman of whom Kentucky is so justly proud. At the bar and in congress, in the cabinet and in diplomacy, his genius has always been equal to the emergencies in which he has been placed, and his superiority over other men, splendidly conspicuous. His fine conversational powers, his plain, unostentatious, yet easy and highly polished manners, are to me the most attractive points of his character, while his fearless conduct, and high-toned principle, are those which I most admire. It is a degrading reflection, that such is the violence of party spirit, and the vitiated condition of the press, that a man so highly gifted, is subjected by the very eminence which he occupies, to the foulest aspersion, and that there are those in our land by whom his name is seldom uttered, without the accompaniment of a vulgar calumny, or a yell of savage malignity, like that which the Indian utters when he tears the scalp from the head of his bleeding victim. I speak not of one party only, when I allude to this brutal practice, which pervades the whole spirit of our party warfare. It is the fashion of the day, and has been for years agitating the nation, and undermining the foundations of its character and prosperity.

A practice, which utterly confounds all distinction of right and wrong, should be put down. Our great men may err without being corrupt, and their public acts may be condemned without accusing them of crimes, of which none but the most polluted felons could be guilty, and the very mention of which is disgraceful to the national character. I care not to what party they belong. I have not enlisted under either of the new-fangled epithets which have been invented by editorial ingenuity; but I despise and loath that demagogue spirit which levels virtue and vice, confounds talent and stupidity, and estimates a public man solely by the devotion with which he may follow the banner of a faction, and the pertinacity with which he adheres to the dogmas of a political creed. If we have ceased to be sufficiently virtuous to judge our great men by the standard of

justice, we should at least be restrained by national pride from attempting to degrade them. When I see such a man as Henry Clay, I cease to remember that he is a political leader, and only regard him as an illustrious American—as one whose fame is interwoven with that of his country, and the brilliancy of whose name cannot be obscured without casting a shadow upon some luminous page of our history.

[*To be continued.*]

A SCENE ON THE RHINE.

'Look yonder,' said Du——e, breaking seasonably upon the conversation of the lovers; 'on that hill to the left, what was once an abbey is now an asylum for the insane. Does it not seem a quiet and serene abode for the unstrung and erring minds that tenant it? What a mystery is there in our conformation!—those strange and bewildering fancies which replace our solid reason, what a moral of our human weakness do they breathe.' *Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine.*

'Here is a scene that the heart should love—
That every spirit to joy should move:
The vine's rich rustle is in the air—
There is redolent fragrance everywhere;
The birds rejoice in their lofty flight—
The soft blue heaven is bathed in light;
The earth is fresh, and the day is clear—
Oh, *can* grief have a dwelling here?'

Thus asked a pilgrim along the Rhine,
Whose heart was affection's holy shrine—
Whose eye was kindled with nature's love;
Its spirit won him, around—above:
The peace of the scene on his bosom fell,
And bade its depths with emotion swell:
But a sight arresteth his glancing eye,
And his lip is moved with a heavy sigh.

'What gloomy and dusky walls are those
That on yonder mountain-like clouds repose?
Frowning and dark they are rising there,
Flinging a shade on the summer air:
Who can tell what they circle in?
Vestals, shut from the world and sin?
Or the monk, cowled dark in his cloistered cell,
Where damps and shadows unceasing dwell?'

'It is not them,' said a gentle voice—
'Not there can even the good rejoice;
For there, the erring in spirit rest,
With wandering eye and o'erwearied breast;
Lips are murmuring sadly there
That have spoken the moans of the heart's despair:
Love, with affections crushed, remains
In that desolate place, under bonds and chains;
And the life of life is destroyed with them,
Whom those lonesome walls in seclusion hem.

'They may look from those grated casements, round
On the sunny sky and the vernal ground;
They may hear the Rhine as it foams along,
Thrilling the soul with its joyful song;
They may see it flash, with a vacant eye,
And smile in the light of the golden sky—
But it wakes no peace in their hearts, to see
The scenes that brighten so fair to thee.

'Wouldst thou question why from each erring brain,
Hath passed a light which returns not again?
The rays of reason are quenched and dim,
Their ear is deaf unto nature's hymn;
Alike to them, is the tempest's roar,
Or the zephyrs that whisper along the shore;
For in all the changes of earth, they find
One constant darkness—the night of mind!

'And how many like them, through existence go,
With thoughts and bosoms that never glow;
Whose erring spirits from nature turn,
And all that is bright and inspiring, spurn!
Happy are they whose observant eyes
Glean lessons of wisdom from earth and skies—
Whose souls can rise from their dim abode
Of cumbrous clay, to the light of God!'

August 29, 1834. W.

EFFICIENT DISCIPLINE NECESSARY TO THE PERMANENT PROSPERITY OF OUR LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

Whatever affects the literature of a nation, becomes an object of special interest; for intellectual advancement is inseparably connected with its prosperity. The effects of correct mental culture are seen in its reducing the mass of mind to a susceptibility of impression from any enlightened exciting cause. Individual minds, diversified as they may be in original and acquired peculiarity, are moulded by correct culture into a state highly favorable to community of feeling on points of deep importance. Dissimilar as are the sentiments of persons who have enjoyed the benefits of intellectual discipline, they are indissolubly connected by a sympathetic chord, which when successfully struck, vibrates in unison in bosoms apparently discordant in all their feelings. The refining process of mental culture so effectually removes the dross from minds dissimilar in structure, that they are brought by mutual attraction into harmonious contact in one point at least, and like polished conductors of different forms and colors, are simultaneously affected by the same exciting spark. There is a certain enlargement

of soul, an expansion of beneficence, induced by correct mental culture, which effectually destroys that insulated feeling so degrading to humanity, which concentrates all efforts on one's ownself. Hence wholesome mental training is essential to the formation of character in such as are to discharge the duties of any responsible station. And it has been conceded by the intelligent of all ages—and of course, need not be argued now—that this object can be effected more readily by associations in the form of seminaries of learning than in any other way. Of course, we should aim to fashion those institutions according to the best models, and be ready to adopt any improved plan, whose merits have been faithfully tested by experience; and at the same time, we should sedulously guard against any encroachments of the vital parts of their organization, when it is of a right character. For whatever injuriously affects the permanent prosperity of our literary institutions, darkens our civil and religious lighthouses, and ensures the ultimate shipwreck of our nation's fame—if not its very existence.

It is not my purpose to exhibit an improved plan of education; but to insist on our adhering to a measure—an old one, too—whose abandonment in whole or in part will introduce a train of disasters, which the philanthropist may deeply deplore, but not soon remedy.

It cannot be denied that there is a tendency to relaxation of discipline in not a few of our literary institutions. To estimate the effects of such a measure, we need not resort to mere hypothesis, nor to reasoning *a priori*. The experiment is not problematical. It has been solved in more instances than one, both by a direct and indirect process; and the result has invariably demonstrated that *efficient discipline is necessary to the permanent prosperity of our literary institutions.*

The advocates for reform on this point tell us, that 'the government of seminaries of learning is not republican;' and this assertion has been so confidently bandied about, that our colleges and similar institutions are regarded by a certain class as so many petty absolute monarchies, or aristocracies, which will one day subvert our liberties. And to prevent this deplorable effect, beardless boys are aiming—and in some instances, we fear, have succeeded—to wrest the sceptre from their teachers, and usurp the throne of dominion. Unless our information, which has been derived from various respectable sources, be incorrect, cases of insubordination to the well-known regulations, expressed or implied, of the institution, which, when examined, will be seen to be strictly rebellious, are of no unfrequent occurrence. And strange as it may appear to those who

know by observation and experience, the beneficial effects of salutary discipline, such cases, in not a few instances, are suffered to pass almost or quite unnoticed.

Before adverting in detail to the necessary consequences of this state of affairs, if suffered to continue, let us ascertain whether the charge of anti-republicanism can be justly preferred against our literary institutions.

By what argument is this charge professed to be sustained? It is said, that, in seminaries of learning, persons are subjected to laws in whose enactment they had no influence, either in person or by representative, and that this constitutes despotism. We would inquire, if in republican governments every class of citizens is represented. The constitution of the United States allows the right of suffrage and of holding office to only a mere fragment of her population. Women, children, and foreigners who have not been naturalized, are subjected to laws, in whose enactment they had no influence, either in person or by representative. Is therefore the government of the United States despotic?

When a person becomes an inmate of my house, must I be charged with anti-republicanism in domestic arrangements, for requiring him to submit to the family regulations, which he had no influence in establishing? Whoever thought of branding a parent with despotism, because he did not call his wise infants, children and domestics, to aid him in making laws for their government? A literary institution is only an extended family, subjected to the authority of a united head. If it be a private establishment, the faculty are both the legislative and executive power; if public, only the latter. And in the last-mentioned case, which includes all our colleges, universities, and seminaries of a high order, the government is not a mere approximation to republicanism, but the very thing itself. A charter, making provision for the appointment of trustees to superintend the institution is granted by the legislature, and the right of electing the trustees, if it be a state establishment, is allowed to the people through their representatives; and if it be a company concern, to its stockholders. In both instances, the trustees are the representatives of those who have the right of suffrage, and their business is to make laws for the internal regulation of the institution, leaving to the faculty only the power of an executive, unless they think proper to invest them with certain discretionary authority. The faculty themselves are amenable to the court of trustees, to which also every aggrieved student has the right of appeal. Is this anti-republicanism? Let the reader decide.

After examining the policy of our literary institutions, can any one, competent to judge of the case, fail to perceive that this outcry against the principles of their government does not proceed from an enlightened view of the subject? And yet it has its effect in arraying against our colleges and seminaries in their present form, a most malignant prejudice, which if not speedily removed, must prove detrimental in a high degree to the cause of literature.

We do, by no means, advocate the rigid—perhaps we may say, tyrannical—mode of enforcing discipline, which is practised in some of our highly respectable institutions; nor do we believe in the equity of certain laws which, in some instances, are considered essential to the prosperity, if not to the very existence, of the establishment. With deference to the wisdom of men high in our estimation, we cannot forbear to express our opinion, that not a few of the New England colleges—which, on the whole, we believe to be the best in the United States—are, with respect to some parts of their internal regulations and the mode of enforcing discipline, radically erroneous. Their policy of government, to say nothing of their regulations, consists in investing the faculty with an official and repulsive, rather than a parental conciliating authority. This however is an error simply in the mode of government, and its relation to our present subject is only incidental. It may be obligatory on us to say that this defect is more than counterbalanced by their uniform adherence to one essential principle—*implicit obedience on the part of the student.* And who knows but this is the firmest pillar on which rests the very existence of those extensively useful institutions? Should the time ever arrive, when the principle that *the faculty must govern and the students obey*, shall not be recognized in any of our institutions of learning, as is now virtually the case in some, the American historian will need no other words to describe their condition than *fuit Ilium.*

The vacillating policy with respect to government, which some institutions of learning observe, in order to trim their sails to the popular breeze, is demoralizing in its tendency, and pernicious to the interests of literature.

When a parent holds the reins of government with an unsteady hand, the child is not the last to perceive that advantage may be taken of want of decision in the reigning authority. Nor is it long before opportunity is afforded him of putting in requisition his rebellious principle, which has been fostered, if not generated, by his parent's imbecility in discipline. A temporary victory gives increased force to this criminal propensity, which in time becomes the predominant motive of action. He

will now rebel whenever the commands of his parent interfere with his own inclination. Here you have the miniature statesman acting out the pernicious principles of radicalism and nullification. And well would it be for the world, if contempt for wholesome authority were confined to children, who have unfortunately been nurtured under a weak, vacillating government. The germ of corruption—insubordination to equitable dominion—instead of being fostered only in certain families, it is to be feared, finds a congenial soil in some of our literary institutions, and after being faithfully nourished there for awhile, is transplanted with all its rank loathsomeness into active life, to pollute the atmosphere of public sentiment. If obedience to the laws of a literary institution, under whose authority youth are placed, is not strictly enforced, and its antagonist principle, rebellion, gains the ascendancy, is not that institution, in its present form of government, dmoralizing in its influence?

Nor is it difficult to foresee the unhappy effect which this error in governmental policy must, if not corrected, ultimately produce upon the cause of literature. What youth will condescend—and it would indeed be condescension—to receive direction in the choice of his studies, from a teacher who is destitute of that decision of character, or dignified independence, necessary to secure obedience from those placed under his care? It is not in the nature of man to entertain respect for the judgment of those who yield the right of supremacy when the character of their station and the well-being of community requires them to maintain it. The opinion of the ungoverned pupil, with respect to the course of studies requisite for professional or public life, will be brought into successful competition with that of his preceptor, and when such cases are of general occurrence—and there is a tendency towards it—the standard of liberal education will be graduated to the taste of uncultured minds. It is extremely difficult, and in many instances impossible, to persuade young gentlemen, that certain branches of literature or science for which they have conceived an aversion, either on account of the time and labor requisite to acquire a knowledge of them, or from some other cause, are essential to correct, mental discipline, if not to the successful prosecution of professional duties. Nor is it possible for a mind but partially developed, to appreciate the influence of a full course of studies, thoroughly pursued, both on the individual who has undergone this severe but wholesome intellectual training, and on the community, which is always to a greater or less degree affected by those who occupy the high places of honor or power. There is among our youth an impatience of confinement to books, and a

desire to rush, as early as possible, into public life, which, in too many instances, have been encouraged by those whose observations might have taught them the deleterious effects of such a course. To gratify this perverted feeling, and to supply as we are told, the increasing demand for professional men, seminaries of learning—whether correctly named or not, let others determine—are called into being, where a short course of studies, superficially pursued, entitle inexperienced youth, of immature and not half cultured minds, to a seat in the learned professions. This mistaken policy, which seeks to supply the defect in our literary edifice by furnishing such crude materials, has justly exposed us to the ridicule of European scribblers, who have sufficient discernment to discover those blots on our national character, and enough of that candor so common to the *herd*, to aid them in deducing a general conclusion to our disadvantage from a few insulated facts, whose existence every intelligent American deeply deplores.

If students are allowed to dictate to their teachers on one point—and this, in some instances, they are virtually doing, viz: *with respect to government*—they will ultimately assert the right of doing it on every other; and then it will belong to the uninstructed to say what is necessary for them to learn, and the reverse. If it be not a settled principle in our institutions of learning—a principle efficiently recognized—that inflexible adherence to their regulations be observed by the students—instead of nurseries of genius, they will become the hotbeds of self-conceit and factious ignorance. Those who may think this prediction fraught with gloomy uncharitableness, are referred to those seminaries of learning whose pupils in consequence of encomiums received from certain sources, whence we might have hoped for better things, have been induced to believe that their pitiful ravings on a certain exciting topic, indicate minds of the highest order, moved to vigorous enlightened action, in behalf of suffering humanity. Who can compute the extent of the mischief that will follow from this perversion of time and talents, which the possessors, while sustaining the relation of pupils, were solemnly bound to devote to a specific object? The *mania* that now distinguishes those ill-fated seats of science, where turbulent emotions have been generated by discussions in no way connected with the peaceful tranquillizing pursuits that demand the student's exclusive attention, will find its way into similar institutions where the reins of government are held with a slack hand; and then the interests of community will require that every such college or seminary be immediately dissolved. For if literary improvement do not cease, it will by

many be despised, and by others made a subordinate consideration; and when the routine of studies have been *glanced* over, the sage youth will emerge from his long confinement into the world, extremely wise on all subjects but those connected with his profession.

If so fatal a degeneracy ever prevail in the United States, that legislative or public interference shall render it impossible to preserve efficient discipline in our seminaries of learning, scholars of independence and self-respect—the only persons qualified successfully to impart instruction—will desert the professional chair, and its place will be filled by such as are utterly unable to prop up the tottering fabric of literature. The men who stand prominent in the department of letters, and whose happy influence is daily felt by the aspiring youth in a thousand ways when associated as teacher and learner, will disdain to sacrifice their dignity to the paltry emolument received for teaching, when their services are demanded in so many other stations, less arduous and perplexing, and equally, if not more, lucrative, and where no tax is levied on their independence.

It is a matter of the highest moment, that those who exercise a supervision over schools of every class, from the elementary establishment to the university, see that every obstruction to the most strict regularity be instantly removed. Let a rigid investigation be made into their actual condition so far as relates to government, that it may be ascertained whether the authority vested in the faculty is regarded by the pupils as merely nominal, or whether it secures that respect on the part of the learner which is essential to his improvement. It belongs to the public to say whether efficient discipline shall be observed in our literary institutions; and on this decision is suspended their prosperity, if not their very existence. Will not our enlightened citizens, who have given indisputable evidence that they highly appreciate the benefits of a correct education, sustain those instructers of youth, who are amply qualified for their office, and who will surrender their places sooner than that laudable independence, which the nature of their station and their obligations to themselves and their pupils require them to preserve?

PHI.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

The world is certainly coming to an end. There is no mistake about it. The tremendous exhaustion of mind which is going on in our hemisphere must soon consume all the materials of thought, and use up the thinking faculty itself. It is utterly impossible, in the nature of things, that the frail human machine can go on long, at the impetuous degree of speed to which it has attained. It must wear out, or be shattered into a thousand fragments. A rail-road car may run at the rate of a mile a minute, but the friction must be terrible: and there is moreover a vast deal of danger that this unnatural swiftness may produce a centrifugal tendency, and carry off the whole concern into the regions of infinite space; or, as an elegant modern writer would express it, into the *abysses of eternity*. We are not without our fears that there is some danger of a similar result in relation to that great operation called the march of mind. We had no idea how rapidly it was going, until we happened, lately, to slip out of the crowd, and become, for the time being, an idle spectator of the busy scene, instead of being an engaged and almost unconscious actor. What a change for an editor! How delightful to lie supine, in perfect repose, and let the world rattle by without us—to jump overboard, and allow the vessel to sweep on, while from some shady spot upon the bank, where we reclined among the flowers, we could see her puffing, and smoking, and chaffing, as she paddled rapidly away. How grand, to see that great intellectual steamboat, in which all the wit of the community is embarked, 'cutting her bright way through'! The truth is, no one knows what a noise we are making in the world, nor can know, without thus standing off, and gazing at the noisy spectacle from a distance. The republic of letters is going a head like lightning. The march of intellect is ceasing to be *a march*—it is a run, a race, a rush, a flight—a certain something, that it is impossible to look at without becoming giddy.

Here we have been absent from our post some six or seven weeks, and lo! what piles of books have accumulated in our absence! What heaps upon heaps of volumes has the press thrown off! How groans our table under a multitudinous mass of new publications—and what an appalling spectacle is presented to our eyes in that terrific accumulation of manuscripts and pamphlets, sent us by kind friends and obliging correspondents, who, not knowing we were abroad, supposed we were at home—or, who, believing an editor to be in fact, as he is admitted to be in theory, the servant of the public, imagined we were staying in the city, to keep the house, while our patrons and patronesses were ruralizing and jollifying in the country. They will find out their mistake—all work and no play, does not suit editors better than any body else. But will it be expected of us to read all those new works—to peruse all those communications, and to reply to all those letters? One might as well expect to overtake a rail-road car at full speed, after having dropped overboard, or to catch another glimpse of the sun by running towards the west, after the luminary has disappeared in the horizon. It is out of the question: no man, who has fallen out of the ranks, can catch up with the march of intellect. No prudent man would attempt it: to look after it is enough. To hear its noise, like the roar of distant thunder—to see the dust it kicks up, and to witness the fragments that it throws off as it rushes along—the foundered authors, the

ruined characters, the various wrecks and failures that it drops by the way--all this is enough, without breaking one's neck to get back into the crowd.

One would have thought that the hot weather might have kept people quiet, and the cholera have scared them into discretion. But they minded not either the one or the other: on they went, as if all bedlam or Parnassus was let out. Rivers may cease to run, and the waves of the ocean may become weary of beating against the shore; but the march of intellect never stops. It has been doing a fine business this summer. It has torn down a nunnery. The people of the land of steady habits have found out that popery is a bad thing, and have determined that, if the young ladies of that sect will not marry, they shall not propagate catholicism. The affair happened near Bunker's hill; and in sight of the monument which perpetuates the memory of the valor of that people in the olden time, the patriots of this generation have assaulted, taken, and sacked, a religious house, garrisoned by females—an improvement upon the spirit of the days of '76, which shows that revolutions do not go backward, and that the march of intellect is a very fine thing.

A few centuries ago, it was thought a very great exploit to rob a church. The feat was considered one of such dauntless and shameless hardihood, that it came in process of time to be spoken of proverbially, as if robbing a church was a thing not to be thought of by any but the most desperate ruffians. But it has got to be quite an every-day occurrence in New York and Philadelphia. Such an astonishing revolution has the march of intellect produced there, that people are found now, who will rob you a church with an air of the most perfect unconcern, or dismantle a pulpit, as cheerfully as they would break the lamps at a theatre. This is a degree of refinement in liberal principles of which we are entirely ignorant in the west: we have never yet got beyond the art of gouging.

In one thing the march of intellect has been a little checked. In old times, it used to be said, figuratively, to express an absolute impossibility—'it would be as easy to prove that white was black.' It was thought that no power of reasoning could bring these antipodes into juxtaposition, much less blend and confound them together. But even this has been attempted by modern ingenuity, and persons were found so enthusiastic as to believe, in defiance of their five senses, that the extremes of color are imaginary. It would not do, however: the mass of mankind are so ignorant and incredulous, and so far in the rear of the march of intellect, as to trust the evidence of their own eyesight, in preference to the theories of philosophy, and for the present, the world seems to have settled down in satisfied credence of the old dogma, that white is white, and black, black.

There has been a disturbance too among the poets, which seems to have convulsed Parnassus to the centre. We are not certain that we have been fully indoctrinated into the merits of the quarrel, nor are we satisfied that it will not turn out at last, to be a mere difference between tweedle dum and tweedle dee. It seems that a certain doctor of medicine in Philadelphia, who had been an unsuccessful suitor of the muses, has recently painted himself for war, and become a sort of Black Hawk among the poets—prowling about the thinly settled borders of Pieria, with a fell purpose of destruction, and scalping every unfortunate bard who chanced to come in his way. Savage-like, he spared neither age, sex, nor condition; using up with the same aboriginal dexterity, both the gentle and the simple, to one or the other of which classes most of our poets belong, and giving to the *finished* bard a *coup de grace*, which

finished him forever. The world looked on with mortifying indifference—the cold, sordid, money-making world, seemed to consider it a sort of experiment in the government of the republic of letters, with which it had no concern, until at last the abused children of Apollo began to think it was high time for the blood of Douglas to protect itself. There was 'nae luck about the house,' and evidently would be none, until this malign spirit should be laid. Though pacific in their natures, they put on the panoply of battle, and 'hovered about the foe to mark the road he took.' They pronounced him 'a very dull fool; only his gift in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit but his villany.' A few said

> 'thou hast deceived me, Lancaster,
> I did not think thee lord of such a spirit;'

but the most of them exclaimed

> 'This is some fellow
> Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
> A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,
> Quite from his nature.'

One of them fought him a long hour by the Shrewsbury clock, and is now exhibiting his mangled body to the admiration of the curious in the pages of the Knickerbocker. So much for the 'American Poets and their Critics.' Thank fortune, we are out of that scrape; and we only notice it as one of the signs of the times, and one of the fruits of the march of intellect.

There are various diversities of doctors in the world—doctors of law, of divinity, of medicine—quack doctors, horse doctors, steam doctors, Indian doctors, and seventh sons. Of these the lawyers seem to get along the most quietly. They stick to the old law, the mischief, and the remedy, without troubling their heads about the march of intellect; and eat the oyster in peace, while others are contending for the possession of the shell. Good luck to them! they are the real philosophers of this world, who line their own nests, and quietly repose among the feathers that are plucked and scattered about in the fierce battles of other men. The doctors of medicine are not so pacific. They take the lead in the march of mind, and go ahead manfully. There is no mistake about *them*—on they push, peaceably, if they can, forcibly, if they must. We have before us an evidence of their spirit, which shows a vast improvement upon former times, and beautifully exemplifies the modest assurance with which men of genius can testify to their own merits. It is the 'Annual Announcement' of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia; and it commences as follows: 'The Trustees and Professors of Jefferson Medical College, in sending forth their Annual Announcement for the session of 1834–35, congratulate the friends of the institution on the prosperity of its affairs.' That is to say—we who manage this institution, congratulate you who are our friends, and have nothing to do with its management, upon the ability with which *we* have administered its concerns, and upon *our talents* as trustees and professors. Not a bad beginning—let us read a little further. 'Although its advancement was greatly retarded during the early periods of its history, by unpropitious circumstances, almost inseparable from such enterprises, still, the progress which the college has made in reputation, and the increase of its students is, they believe, unparalleled in the history of similar institutions in the United States.' Unparalleled! that is to say, we have beaten the field, distanced all the doctors, and are a *little* the smartest professors of physic in this union. 'Flattering, however, as it is, to the

prospects of the school, the trustees and professors conceive, that the increase this spring in the list of graduates, demonstrates still more strongly, the reputation which Jefferson Medical College has secured for her diploma. Last year the number of graduates was nineteen. In no former year have they exceeded thirty-two. This present year, they amount to fifty-five!!' Those two notes of admiration are quoted from the original text, just as we find it printed—and certainly no one has a better right to use these points than the professors of this college, when writing about themselves, for none can more sincerely admire their merits, or more justly appreciate their success. That *progress in reputation* is indeed 'unparalleled,' which from thirty-two, sinks to nineteen, and from nineteen, rises to fifty-five, and which according to the showing of the gentlemen themselves, advances, by taking alternately one step backward, and another forward. What will be the result of this intermittent prosperity, we cannot undertake to predict. It seems to us to be a sort of chill and fever, for which the faculty ought to take advice. 'The trustees and professors are aware that so remarkable an increase of graduates, may at first sight appear unaccountable'—certainly it is unaccountable, and this is the most remarkable of medical colleges—but we are not able to discover that the remarkable increase is any more unaccountable, than the remarkable decrease which preceded it, and we should think that in accounting for the one, it would be but fair to give the *rationale* of the other, in order that they might be fairly balanced. Then follows a comparison between Jefferson Medical College, and the University of Pennsylvania, the latter of which is called the 'oldest, and, until now, the most celebrated Medical School in the United States.' Until *now!* alas, for the poor old University! Mourn, ye Philadelphians, over the departed glory, the eclipsed reputation, of your Rush, your Wistar, your Dorsey, your Physic, your Chapman, the brilliancy of whose fame has become darkened by the superior lustre of the new doctors whose names may be found written in the aforesaid pamphlet. 'Two years ago,' says the modest and unpretending document before us, 'they are aware, that the sister institution possessed advantages on the score of reputation, and that this naturally operated powerfully in inducing young gentlemen, immediately on their arrival in the city, unhesitatingly to matriculate as students in that Medical School. This extrinsic advantage, however, no longer exists. It is now conceded by every person conversant with the subject, that Jefferson Medical College presents advantages and facilities for the acquisition of a medical education which are not to be surpassed'!!! For those last three notes of admiration, we take the credit ourselves, conceiving the paragraph to which we have affixed them, as well entitled to that number, as the one alluded to above was to the *two* placed after it by the trustees and professors. The institution here spoken of so affectionately under the cosey appellation of *sister*, is the old Philadelphia Medical College, attached to the University, the high reputation of which is now pronounced to have been *extrinsic*, and to exist no longer. We had supposed that the merits of that school were *intrinsic*, and that its reputation was founded on its solid usefulness and efficiency; but the march of mind has exploded the fallacy of that belief, and a consultation of physicians from the junior school has resulted in the opinion, that its constitution which once 'operated naturally,' is now so seriously impaired as to exhibit only an outward show of health. We learn moreover, that the advantages and facilities of Jefferson Medical College, are not merely unsurpassed at the present writing, but that they are *not to be* surpassed. They stand above all competition.

We should have been at a loss to discover the secret of this unrivalled superiority, or the means by which the trustees and professors had elevated their school to so enviable a standing, had they not, with the remarkable frankness which distinguishes this document, disclosed the prescription which has operated so propitiously in their own case. 'The professors instituted last session a series of Medical *conversaziones*, which were held occasionally in the hall of the museum on Saturday evenings. Tea and coffee were served, and the hours from 8 till 11 o'clock, spent in agreeable and intimate intercourse by the students and professors.' What an agreeable invention! How delightful to spend the evening thus in hygeian dialogues and sanatory reflections, and what a rich effusion of 'salutary mirth and useful wo,' must have been poured out at these medicinal tea-parties. No wonder that the Jefferson School is 'not to be surpassed.' Let them only add to their Medical *conversaziones*, a surgical ball, and an anatomical supper, and they may not only defy competition, but even snap their fingers at the march of intellect. One word more and we are done with the doctors of medicine. We should probably not have read, much less criticised, their production, self-complacent as it is, had they been satisfied with magnifying their own praises, without entering into certain comparisons, which, like most other comparisons, are odious. Not content with repeating over and over the assertion that students have in various instances left the University School, and chosen to receive their diploma in preference, they devote nearly two pages to an argument to prove that their school is preferable to those of the West. The following is a specimen: 'The impression entertained by western and southwestern students, that it is more economical for them to study, and to graduate in one of the western colleges, rather than in Philadelphia, is a most mistaken one. If a student selects Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia, even should he reside in the West, he may graduate in that institution, his additional expenses incurred in travelling to a greater distance being included, for a sum, which will not exceed what will be required for graduation in the University of Transylvania, in Lexington.' This may be true—but standing up as we do for western schools, we must say, that we would thank the Philadelphia doctors to let our colleges alone, and that if students in the West can be educated as cheaply at home as abroad, we should advise them to patronize their own institutions in preference to others.

We read another evidence of the march of intellect, lately, in 'Blair's Lectures'—we do not mean the old-fashioned lectures on rhetoric and belles letters, by the Edinburgh professor, but those with which the public are favored through the medium of the Globe. We here found it written in plain English, without any inuendo or circumlocution, that the Western Monthly Magazine, has been taken under the patronage of the bank. Bought up! We are happy to hear it, because if true, it shows on the part of the monster, a most benign disposition, and a salutary love of knowledge. The law books say, that corporations have no soul, but we should conceive that a transaction of this description, would go far to prove that this institution possesses the rational principle in a high degree. After the millions which it has expended in buying printers, congressmen, governors, and sovereign states, what could be more proper, than to devote a few thousands to the support of literature. Mr. Biddle, when a young gentleman, cultivated the flowers of literature with some assiduity; he has since been considered an excellent writer, and when the vaults of the modern Crœsus are groaning with superfluous millions, there seems to be great propriety in his

scattering a portion of the golden shower, among the groves of Parnassus. Victorious indeed has been the march of intellect, if it has broken open the vaults of the mammoth, instilled the love of learning into the bosoms of a board of bank directors, and introduced into the marble palace, the beneficent spirit which gave celebrity to the illustrious House of Medici. We have not yet received from headquarters any information of the fact announced in the Globe, either confidentially or officially; but we hope it is true; for although we have many excellent correspondents, we are not too proud to receive accessions to the list, and we receive no contributions with so much pleasure as those which bear the signature of N. Biddle. The bank is said to be an excellent paymaster, and we can assure the learned metropolitan critic, who has so kindly taken the literature of the nation under his censorship, that if he will only satisfy us that we have found favor in its sight, we would not exchange places even with the public printer. We should not consider it any preferment,

> 'To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
> The follower of so poor a gentleman.'

The editorial chair would become a place of dignity, and balmy slumbers would bless the hours of literary leisure, could we win the smiles of that amiable monster, who, in imitation of the celebrated artifice of Jupiter, is supposed to transform itself on suitable occasions into a shower of gold. Even our literary contemporary at Washington, would hardly skulk under an umbrella, to avoid the peltings of such a storm, but would stand and take it until the obduracy of the 'great globe itself' should be softened by the genial influence of the grateful shower.

To show that we are not puffed up by a vain spirit of national pride, in the remarks that we have made, and that we are willing to allow to foreign nations all the credit that is due them, for their advance in the march of intellect, we quote the following interesting paragraph from an English paper, which shows that their editors are as sagacious, and their people as open to conviction, as our own. We venture to compare the ensuing guess of Mr. Cobbett, with the shrewdest discoveries that have ever emanated from the great Globe itself.

From the London True Sun.

Danger of an American Invasion of Ireland.—At a meeting of the Manchester Repeal Association, held at Hutton's Tavern, Deansgate, on Monday evening, May 19, Mr. Cobbett's Register of Saturday, May 17, was, on motion, ordered to be read at length, upon which the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That the late paper, written by Mr. Cobbett, on the probabilities and danger of an American invasion of Ireland, is, in our judgment, the most important document that has issued from the British press these many years past; and that it appears to us to be deserving of the most serious attention of his Majesty's Government and the people of England.

Resolved, That we tender our lasting gratitude to Mr. Cobbett, for this able production of his pen, and respectfully request him to republish, in a cheap form, this immortal document, and do assure him of our order for five hundred copies, for the use of the members of our association.

Resolved, That we petition both Houses of Parliament, praying that five million copies of this invaluable paper be published at the national expense, through the agency of Mr. Cobbett, and distributed gratis all over the United Kingdom.

That our petition to the House of Lords be entrusted to the Lord Chancellor, and the Earl of Shrewsbury and Lord Cloncurry be requested to support its prayer; and that to the Commons be entrusted to our tried, faithful, and unpurchasable countryman, O'Connel; and that Messrs. Hume, Harvey, Roebuck, O'Connor, Ronayne, Shiel, Finn, Jacob and Maurice O'Connor, be requested to support the same.

That these resolutions be published in Mr. Cobbett's Register, the Evening and Weekly True Sun, the Manchester Advertiser, the Newcastle Press, and Liverpool Journal; and that these papers have and deserve our confidence and thanks.

LLOYD JONES, Chairman.

Joseph Shiels Tole, Secretary.

A Digest of the Statute Laws of Kentucky, of a public and permanent nature, from the commencement of the government to the session of the legislature, ending on the 24th February, 1834. With reference to judicial decisions. In two volumes. By C. S. Morehead and Mason Brown. Printed by Albert G. Hodges: Frankfort. 1834.

In several points of view the work before us is worthy of attention. The statute law of every state ought to be digested and systematically arranged, periodically, by gentlemen of legal experience and attainments. In no other way can the discrepancies of a hasty and improvident legislation be fairly exposed, or adequately corrected. It is not necessary to cast any reflection upon a legislative body, in a country like ours, when we infer that many of their acts must be inconsistent with each other, and with the general tenor of the civil institutions of the state. Where the legislature meets annually—where every member enjoys equally the privilege of originating statutes, and exerts that right freely—where the sessions are necessarily short—and where a large proportion of the legislators are not intimately skilled in the legal science, it must frequently occur, that acts are hastily prepared and improvidently enacted. In the British parliament, we notice, that laws of a public nature are never changed without formal notice, and much careful preparation. New acts of this character are usually introduced under the sanction of the government, the proposed changes emanate from the proper department, and the bills are carefully prepared by the law officers; and when individual members think proper to depart from this course, their propositions are never hastily considered, but are always subjected to a severe scrutiny. The obvious result is, an uniform system of legislation, and a body of law, which, whether good or evil, is harmonious and consistent. In this country, we cannot adopt a similar practice, nor do we suppose that it would either be desirable, or in accordance with the spirit of our government. No proposition would be less palatable, than that which should suggest the imposition of any restraint upon the free action of the legislator, or which should require the aid of the executive in the performance of those duties which are supposed to belong appropriately, and almost exclusively, to the immediate representatives of the people. Yet, in relation to laws of a *public* and *permanent* nature, the members of our legislative bodies might often be advised with advantage—for these are precisely the laws which usually excite the least interest in those who make them. The acts which have a political bearing—those which involve party principles or interests—those which affect local purposes—and such as appropriate money, excite intense interest, while the wholesome statutory regulations which protect property and rights, punish crime, and provide for the administration of justice, receive less attention. The latter are, perhaps, for the very reason which we have suggested, less frequently changed than might be expected. Yet they are sometimes touched with a reckless violence, and the spirit of innovation which usually contents itself with matters of ephemeral interest, sometimes strikes

with ruthless hand at the vitals of the social system, and disturbs the harmony of long settled principles. The good sense of the community, soon rights the wrong, and the law settles itself down again into its ancient forms and principles, just as the fragments of matter gravitate after an explosion. But these occasional aberrations disturb the beauty of the system, and render that science intricate, which is simple in itself. The law, as expounded by lawyers, and as improved and expanded by judicious legislation, is a beautiful system of morals, founded on justice and reason, and wisely adapted to the protection of the best interests of society. That 'glorious uncertainty of the law,' which we hear so much of, results chiefly from the empiricism of the ignorant quacks, or ambitious demagogues, who tamper with that which they do not understand; and the skill of able jurists finds ample employment in the task of restoring the system from time to time, to its original integrity. It is true, that the vicissitudes of society, its increasing wants, and its improved modes of thinking, render occasional changes in the law indispensable; but these *necessary* innovations in our *permanent and public* law, (for it is of these we speak,) are much fewer than might be supposed, and when the statutes of a state are carefully collated and digested, it is generally ascertained that the incongruities of careless legislation are fully as numerous as the improvements of modern wisdom.

We desire to be understood. We are not finding fault with our legislatures for meddling with the law. It is their business, and they may meddle with it as much as they please. The changes are of a much less radical, and less pernicious nature, than we should suppose, from the injudicious criticisms that we often read. The great pillars of justice remain unshaken. There are happily some barriers thrown around our rights, which even legislative power cannot overleap, and some guards which they are cautious in attempting to force, even if so disposed. The most sacred interests of our people, and the most important principles of the government, are so clearly defined, and so securely guarded by written constitutions, as to be inviolable; while the frequency of elections, and the accountability of the representative to his constituents, secures the stream of justice from any great or lasting pollution. But in order to give due efficiency to these conservative principles, publicity must be given to the law, in such a method that its actual condition may from time to time be considered, and the merit of its supposed improvements carefully examined. Whenever this is faithfully done, the good sense of the community acts with vigor, and the statute book becomes purified from those deformities which have been interpolated upon it by ignorance or folly.

In another view such compilations are important. It is the duty of the legislature to publish the laws; and it is a sound maxim, that an obligation to do an act, implies the duty of doing it well. It was the part of a tyrant to write his decrees on a high pillar, where the people could not read them, and then to punish his ignorant subjects for their disobedience. A free government professes to keep the people advised of all its proceedings; and it is particularly proper that where they are the fountain and great repository of power, information of all public acts should be spread copiously before them, in the most clear and perspicuous form. Yet this can hardly be said to be accomplished by the publication of the annual pamphlets which emanate from some of our legislatures. These are at best, but partially distributed, many of them become destroyed, few persons retain a complete series, and those who are sufficiently careful or fortunate to possess the whole set, soon find them so voluminous as to be

extremely difficult of reference. It is a laborious task, under such circumstances, to find out what is the actual law, on a given point; and none but an experienced person can trace a subject successfully, through all the mazes of a periodical and voluminous legislation. The difficulty is manifold, and the obstacles to such a search numerous. The statutory provisions on a given subject, are not only often scattered in fragments through many volumes, but of these some remain in force, while others have been repealed, some are apparently inconsistent with others, and some are arranged under heads where none but a politician would think of looking for them—and in addition to all this, the indexes are hastily prepared, and full of errors. After all, the largest proportion of every annual volume of statutes, consists of matter which is not of general interest, or which soon becomes obsolete—of private acts, special appropriations, and statutes of a local or an ephemeral interest; and as all this soon becomes so much dead letter, it encumbers the possessor, and baffles the student, while it is of no more value than so much blank paper. To winnow the wheat from this mass of chaff, and to present to the public so much of the existing law, as is of general operation, is therefore a duty which every legislature should occasionally perform. It is especially necessary for the direction of public officers. Sheriffs, magistrates, and a host of others, who are engaged in the performance of civil duties, involving the rights of the citizen, are not lawyers. They are often illiterate men: yet their duties cannot be correctly performed without frequent recurrence to the statute law, and it is vastly important that this should be placed in their hands in a simple and concentrated form. Without it they are continually acting at their own peril, under the advice of others, and at the mercy of those who are under strong temptation to misdirect them; while the interests of the citizen are jeoparded by the ignorance of the officer, and the confusion of the statute book.

These periodical revisions of our statutory institutions are also important in a national point of view. We have now a family of twenty-four states, in each of which, there is an average of two to three months annually expended in legislation. The whole number of members is something like three thousand five hundred, and if we suppose them to be engaged sixty-five days in each year, at an expense of three dollars a day for each member, including pay and contingencies, which is a very low estimate, there is an annual expenditure of nearly seven hundred thousand dollars for this branch of government. If any person would take the trouble to carry this calculation a little further, he would find that in most of the states—certainly in all of the western states—the legislative is the most expensive branch of the government. It is certainly a little curious to reflect, that with governments completely organized, with principles of law well settled, with excellent civil institutions in complete operation, we pay more money annually for making and altering laws, than for the whole police and civil administration of our affairs. We can hardly conceive the necessity of so great an expenditure for such a purpose. Nor do we lose sight of the fact, that much of this legislation refers to matters which must necessarily require the frequent action of the legislature, such as the election of officers, the making of internal improvements, and the raising and appropriating money. Still there is much of it devoted to discussing and settling, or to discussing and unsettling, legal principles; and it is due to the country that the fruits of so much labor, so great expense, and such grave deliberation, should be conspicuously placed before the public. It is not to be doubted that in an inquiring and improving age like ours, there must be much that is

good, and something that is new, elicited by such frequent and voluminous legislation; and it is right that each state should afford to her sister republics the benefit of her wisdom.

These remarks might be extended further, and perhaps we may on a future occasion resume the subject, or induce some of our jurists or politicians, who are more competent, to do it for us. We should be very grateful to any one who would furnish us with a judicious essay on codification.

We have examined the Digest of the Statutes of Kentucky with great pleasure, not only for the reasons already suggested, but on account of its own merits. It is in all respects creditable to the editors and to the state, and it is very seldom that we see a public work so liberally patronized, or executed with so much fidelity. That the legislature was duly impressed with the importance of the undertaking, is obvious, not only from the judicious selection of the gentlemen to whom it was entrusted—one of whom is attorney-general of the commonwealth—but from the liberal subscription, 'for two thousand copies of said work, at the price of three dollars and fifty cents for every six hundred pages of printing contained therein.' The work is directed to be received on the part of the state, whenever two of the judges of the court of appeals, shall certify that 'it is faithful and accurate, and worthy of public patronage, and should be received as authority in the courts of justice;' and it is to be distributed to the judges, justices of the peace, clerks, sheriffs, &c. The first volume, containing 792 pages, is before us. When complete, the work will embrace all the statutes of a public and permanent nature, enacted by the legislature of Kentucky, together with such acts of Virginia as have not been repealed or superseded, and such English statutes as have, by legislative and constitutional adoption, been incorporated into the code. A few acts which are obsolete or repealed, have been retained, from the necessity of frequent reference to them in the deduction of titles to real estate; but in general the work contains only the acts in force.

The plan pursued, has been to arrange the leading titles alphabetically, and to embrace under each head all the acts relating thereto, placing them in chronological order, and presenting the statutes in a continuous and unbroken form, with the addition of their dates and titles. The sections are furnished with ample side-notes, and at the foot of the page are copious references to the judicial decisions of the state courts, expository of the statutes in force.

We cannot too highly applaud the liberality of the Kentucky legislature, in the encouragement extended to this judicious publication; nor can we withhold our approbation of the plan of placing in the hands of her judicial officers of every grade, a compact and accurate compilation of the statute law, accompanied with the explanatory decisions of the court of appeals. It is much to be regretted, that the legislature of Ohio did not adopt a similar course in relation to the equally meritorious work of Mr. Chase, whose book, or one of a similar character, ought to be placed in the possession of every public officer of the state. We still hope that they will be induced to view this subject in the light in which it has presented itself to us, and that the state will extend her patronage liberally to an enterprize which cannot fail to prove a public benefit, and in which the gentlemen concerned as editor and publishers, have expended a vast amount of time and capital.

Of the work of Messrs. Morehead and Brown, it is hardly necessary for us to express our opinion. They are gentlemen who would not undertake any thing which they

did not intend to do well. The arrangement of their matter is simple and perspicuous, the references are expressed in clear and definite language, and the indexes full and accurate; the whole work bears the evidence of that skill, care, and fidelity, which might have been expected to be the result of the talent and legal experience which were combined in its production.

On one point we were agreeably surprised. The mechanical execution of this work is admirable. It compares well with the Statutes of Ohio, which has been universally admired as a superior specimen of workmanship, and has been pronounced equal to any law book published in the Atlantic cities. In a city where so much business is transacted, and where the mechanical facilities are so numerous, as at Cincinnati, there is no reason why the arts connected with publishing books should not be carried to perfection; but we seldom discover the same elegance and accuracy of execution, in any of the mechanical productions of smaller towns. Book publishing, especially, seems to be the art which most frequently lingers in the march of improvement. It was therefore with no small degree of surprise, that we received this fine specimen of workmanship from the interior of Kentucky. It was printed at the publication office of the 'Commonwealth' newspaper. The paper is excellent, the type new and handsome, the printing in good taste, and the binding very good. We are happy to have an opportunity of saying this much for the arts of our sister state, and we hope that the example thus set will be thought worthy of imitation by future publishers.

THE QUARTEROON, a Poem. By the Rev. ANTHONY GANILH. Cincinnati, 1834.

WE got ourselves into trouble about the last poem that was sent to us, for saying that poetry was out of our line. Two editors pounced down upon us, 'with bended bow and quiver full of arrows,' indignant at the idea that the editor of a literary periodical, should disclaim an intimacy with the muses. They might just as well get angry with a man for not understanding music; yet many a clever gentleman has no more ear for melody than a mile-stone. It does not follow of course that a critic is a poet, or even a judge of poetry; and professing as we do to have very little taste for this kind of composition, we think we offer the best reason for touching the subject but seldom, and then with a sparing hand. Nor do we recognize the propriety of that censorship which some editors have thought proper to exercise over us. We cannot review all the books that are published, nor the hundredth part of them, and it is assuming but little when we take upon ourselves to select from the mass according to our own judgment.

But the poets are kind enough still to send us their productions. There are two now on our table—'insatiate archers! could not one suffice?' Well, if they will insist on having a corner in the Western, here goes:

The Quarteroon! what will come next? There is no end to the fecundity of the poetic fancy, nor any subject which may not be rhymed into notoriety. The scene of this poem is laid in Louisiana. The lover is a likely yellow fellow.

'Tho' fairest 'mongst all southern swains,
There runs a *drop* in his blue veins,
Which all his noble merit stains;
And be his skin as white as lawn,
That fatal drop from Afric drawn,
Shall always speak as foulest blot
And shame worse than dishonor's spot.' p. 9.

The lady is a white girl of wealthy parentage, very beautiful, of course, and all that a heroine ought to be, saving the matter of her taste in the choice of a beau. Like Desdemona, she

'Saw Othello's visage in his mind,'

and she loved him:

'Her heart so pure and yet so fond,
Knows so well how to correspond
To all his sensibility,
Yet keeps its maiden dignity.' p. 10.

The lover runs away with his mistress, and passes through a variety of adventures, which we have not time to detail, nor could repeat perhaps so well as the poet himself. Those, therefore, who feel inquisitive to know the sequel, are referred to the poem, which contains some very good lines, and will no doubt repay those who have time to bestow on such productions, and taste to enjoy them. We cannot, however, part with the author, without expressing our regret that he has chosen a subject which will enlist the sympathies of but few of his readers. Even poetry must fail when it attempts to throw a charm around the unpalatable doctrine of amalgamation. The course of true love did not run smooth in this instance, end most of those who accompany the lovers through the vicissitudes of their brief, but eventful story, will feel very well satisfied with the conclusion.

The Past and Present; a Comparative View of Idolatry and Religion, as Aids to Learning: a Poem, pronounced July 23, 1834, before the Athenian Society of Bristol College. By Willis Gaylord Clark.

The author of this composition has selected his subject judiciously, and has shown, in treating it, a rare union of genius and good sense: we mean rare in these latter days, when those who mount on Pegasus, usually take leave of their sober senses, and dash away into the regions of extravagance or sentimentalism. He commences thus:

When Learning, with a spirit dim and cold,
Bow'd to the dark idolatries of old;
When loftiest minds in clouds of doubt were veil'd,
And dire confusion in belief prevailed,—
Before the glory of a deathless star,
From rural Bethlehem pierced the gloom afar,
Or poured its radiance through the eastern skies,
And shone triumphant forth to Wisdom's eyes:
Before the dawning of that glorious morn,
Whose early anthems spoke a Savior born,—
Tumultuous tempests swept the human mind,
And wild misgivings with its hopes combined;
Rapt inspiration, borne from heaven along,
Woke but few hearts to praise—few lips to song;
On shrines impure, unholy incense burned,
And scarce an eye of faith was upward turned,
Where all the sorrows born of earth are past,—
And the pure spirit finds repose at last.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

For the Months of JULY *and* AUGUST, 1834; *taken at the Woodward High School, Cincinnati. By* JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

	JULY.					AUGUST.				
Day of Month.	Thermo'r. min.	Thermo'r. max.	Barometer mean h't. inches.	Course of Wind.	Weather.	Thermo'r. min.	Thermo'r. max.	Barometer. mean h't. inches.	Course of Wind.	Weather.
1	69	86	29.289	S	var'ble	62	83	29.226	NW	vari.
2	78	89	29.201	NW	var'ble	62	85	29.303	NW	vari.
3	71	82	29.160	NW	var'ble	62	91	29.321	NW	fair. [p m
4	71	83	29.198	SW	var'ble	67	85	29.296	NW	cly. storm
5	69	85	29.222	NW	var'ble	69	81	29.253	NW	cly. clear
6	70	87	29.185	SW	var'ble	64	87	29.243	NE	clear.
7	69	92	29.199	SW	var'ble	68	89	29.233	NW	clear,hazy
8	72	85	29.246	SW	var'ble	68	89	29.183	NW	vari.
9	72	91	29.201	SW	var'ble	68	91½	29.150	NW	clear
10	57	80	29.330	NW	clear	73	99	29.151	W	clear
11	56	80	29.421	NW	clear	73½	97	29.230	W	clear
12	57	82	29.445	NW	clear	76	95	29.186	W	vari.
13	59	85	29.445	SW	clear	76	96	29.200	NW	vari.
14	64	87	29.395	S	var'ble	74	89	29.203	W	cloudy
15	72	86	29.341	NW	var'ble	63	81	29.333	NW	clear
16	70	87	29.298	SW	var'ble	56	83	29.301	SW	clear
17	73	82	29.315	N	cloudy	59	93	29.296	SW	clear. fog
18	65	81	29.445	NW	var'ble	77	94	29.286	NW	hail storm
19	60	84	29.444	NE	clear	72	89	29.241	NW	vari.
20	72	85	29.432	SE	var'ble	73	82	29.160	NE	vari.
21	75	91	29.401	SW	var'ble	60	84	29.250	NE	clear
22	77	92½	29.375	NW	var'ble	56	86	29.263	NE	clear
23	73	93½	29.371	NW	clear	58	90	29.250	NE	clear
24	76	93	29.345	NW	var'ble	59	81	29.290	NW	vari.
25	74	95	29.331	NW	clear	53	76	29.386	NW	vari.
26	73	94	29.331	NW	clear	57	78	29.343	N	vari.
27	73	92	29.315	NW	var'ble	53	79	29.373	N	clear
28	71	92	29.275	NW	var'ble	53	79	29.376	N	vari.
29	74	87	29.239	NW	var'ble	51	84	29.380	NW	clear
30	68	84	29.248	NW	clear	53	87	29.363	W	clear
31	67	87	29.255	NW	clear	55	85	29.315	SW	clear

	July,	August.
Mean temperature of the air. Fahrenheit's scale,	78.18°	75.16
Maximum height of thermometer,	95°	99°
Minimum height of thermometer,	56°	51°
Range of thermometer,	39°	48°
Mean height of barometer, (English inches,)	29.3128	29.2822
Maximum height of barometer,	29.491	29.410
Minimum height of barometer,	29.140	29.120
Range of barometer,	.351	.290
Perpendicular depth of rain, (English inches,)	3.75	2.42

JULY. Direction of wind—NW 18 days—SW 8 days—S 2 days—SE 1 day—NE 1 day—N 1 day.

Weather. Clear days, 10—cloudy, 1—variable, 20.

AUGUST. Direction of wind—NW 16 days—N 2 days—NE 5 days—W 5 days—SW 3 days.

Weather. Clear days, 16—cloudy 3—variable, 12—this month was remarkably warm and dry.

In order that the observations for the two months might appear in the same number of the Magazine, we have omitted the least important parts—such as the character of the wind and the quantity of rain on each day, &c. It may be remarked, however, that in July, the force of the wind at no time was greater than that of a strong breeze; and that in August it exceeded this character only twice.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

TAKEN AT BELLEVILLE, ILL. IN JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST, 1834.

THE thermometer, which is Fahrenheit's scale, hangs upon the west side of a house, under a porch ten feet wide—thus sheltered from the direct influence of the sun and winds. The times of observation are V o'clock, A.M. and I and IX, P.M.

The mean temperature at each of these three hours, and for each month, is as follows:

	V.	I.	IX.	Mean of the Month.
For JUNE,	66.90	79.33	72.23	72.82
JULY,	70.98	88.56	78.21	79.12
AUGUST,	68.52	88.61	76.58	77.91
For the SUMMER,	68.80	85.50	75.67	76.64

Thus, the mean temperature for the whole summer season is 76.64.

The maximum and minimum for these times of observation are:

For June, max. 89.50, on the 20th—min. 56.25, on the 11th.
July, ,, 97.00, 26th ,, 60.00, 12th.
August, ,, 98.00, 19th ,, 55.00, 31st.

As neither of the above times of observation are, at this season, the hottest part of the day, a column has been kept for July and August, at three o'clock, P.M.

The mean and maximum for each month, at this hour, are:

For July, mean, 91.65, differing from mean at 1 o'clock, 3.10, max. 100,00.
August, ,, 92.20, ,, ,, ,, 3.59, ,, 101,50.

The mean temperature of well water, and the amount of rain that has fallen each month, in inches and hundredths of an inch, are:

For June, well water, 54.62—rain, 2.86.
July, ,, 54.81 ,, 4.10.
August, ,, 55.37 ,, 0.50.

The amount of rain, during the whole summer, ... 7.46.

For June, the fair days are 17—cloudy, 9—variable, 4. For July, fair, 21—cloudy, 5—var. 5. For August, fair, 21—cloudy, 10—var. 0.

There has been very little wind through the season. The course of the breeze has been extremely changeable—often varying to nearly every point of the compass during the twenty-four hours. Not only has there been a great deficiency of rain during the summer, but there was little in the spring after the middle of April. September commences with a very severe drought. There were several hard frosts near the last of April and first of May. One, on the morning of the 27th of April, stripped the forests of nearly all their foliage, except the tops of the highest trees; and by it almost the entire fruit of the orchards was destroyed.

THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1834.

SCHILLER.

It may not be improper to remind the reader, that in a previous number of the Western Monthly Magazine was published an article containing several reasons for an acquisition of the German language. In addition to those based upon the analogy of the German to the English, as well as upon the existence of a vast and still increasing German population in the western country, it was suggested that a knowledge of this language would furnish a key wherewith to unlock one of the most magnificent intellectual treasuries which human genius had ever erected and enriched. The subject appeared to be one of some interest, and we propose at this time, to redeem the promise made, on that occasion, to renew it. It is therefore designed in the present article, to give a picture, necessarily brief and imperfect, of the intellectual and moral life of Schiller. Schiller! whose name is linked with so much that is tender and sublime in German poetry; whose memory is enshrined in so many human hearts; and who is loved and idolized as the Shakspeare of the German stage.

Johann Christoph Frederich Schiller was born November 10th, 1759, at Marbach, a town of Wurtemberg, on the Neckar. The poverty of his parents shut out from him the means of early mental development, but their pious spirit was breathed into his young heart, and inspired it with that holy melancholy so beautifully shadowed forth in the passages of his after life. There was, however, an early manifestation of that part of the

poetic character which consists in a sympathy with the grand and beautiful. It is related, that, in a thunder storm, he was seen swinging to and fro on the lofty bough of a tree, and shouting with delight at the wild scene around him. When reprimanded for his temerity, he replied, 'that the lightning was very beautiful, and that he wished to see where it was coming from.' The reader may recall a similar anecdote of Sir Walter Scott, who, in earliest childhood, during a tempest of lightning and rain, was found lying upon his back in his father's garden, and clapping his little hands as he shouted 'bonnie, bonnie!'

Schiller was, at first, destined to the ecclesiastical profession. His religious studies were soon interrupted by circumstances beyond his control. Then he was compelled, with a sad heart, into solitude and law. The law filled him with unutterable disgust, and for it was eventually substituted medicine. He is now nineteen years of age. Thus far the grand duke of Wurtemberg has had the charge of his education. Thus far has he been pursuing the cramped systems of instruction prescribed by the grand duke in his Stuttgard school. He is a silent youth. He intermingles little with his fellows. Alone he walks abroad at eventide, and no one marks him. A stranger, perhaps, may pause for a moment to gaze upon him, struck by his simple dress, his thoughtful gait, and the melancholy beauty of his countenance. The grand duke supposes him to be meditating on nosology and therapeutics, or looking up with fond hope to the medical celebrity of Schnurrer and Hufeland. The grand duke is a practical man. He abhors the ideal. He forbids even the study of poetry in his institution. He never dreams of one so bold as to practise it. What then must have been his amazement, when he heard the universal voice of Germany suddenly sounding but one name, and when it was announced to him that a drama had appeared whose terrible energy seemed to proclaim that Melpomene had again awakened from her ancient slumbers. That name was *Schiller!* That drama was *The Robbers!*

We will not presume to give an idea of the tremendous agitation which its appearance created throughout all Germany. Nor will our space permit us to give a critical analysis of this and the other intellectual efforts of this great man. We can only enumerate them, and subjoin such general remarks as may illustrate how vast and beautiful an accession to the literary domain has been derived from the workings of Schiller's mind.

Soon after the representation of *The Robbers*, Schiller made a secret escape from the thraldom of Stuttgard and the jealousy

of the grand duke, and under the name of Schmidt, took up his abode with a lady of Franconia. He says he 'went away empty; empty in hope, empty in purse.' He was, however, kindly entertained under the roof of his hospitable benefactress, and in the course of the year 1783, sent forth into the world two additional tragedies—*The Conspiracy of Fiesco* and *The Cabal and Love.* In September of this year he was invited to Manheim as poet to the theatre, where he resided until 1789, and where he composed *Don Carlos*, one of his most admired tragedies. Previous to this time he had composed a history of the *Revolt of the Netherlands*, in which he had been so eminently successful, that on the resignation of Eichorn, he was appointed professor of history in the university of Jena, whither, in 1790, he removed, and where was written his other great historical work, the *Thirty Years War.* In 1791, a pulmonary complaint settled upon him, and continued to prey upon his constitution until the close of his life in 1805. Still was his intellectual activity in nowise abated, and he successively sent forth *Wallenstein*, in 1799; *Maria Stuart*, in 1800; the *Maid of Orleans*, in 1801; the *Bride of Messina*, in 1803; and *William Tell*, in 1804. In order to complete our general catalogue of his literary exertions, it may here be stated that in the course of his life he originated and edited the *Thalia*, the *Horen*, and the *Musen Almanac;* periodicals containing those lyrical effusions and ballads, on which is based his pre-eminence in this unimposing though delightful branch of literature.

The three lights in which the intellectual character of Schiller may be contemplated, are, as an historian, a dramatist, and a lyrical writer. He combined within himself some of the rarest qualifications for historical composition. There was the power of ascending above his nation and his age, and of comprehending within his mental vision long lapses of time and many dissevered kingdoms. To this was added that universal insight into men and events, whereby he was enabled to perceive their relations and bearings. Subordinate to these powers was that skill which could mould historical elements into harmonious and attractive forms. There was the deep penetration continually discovering wells of wisdom, where, to every other eye, all was dry and barren. He was abundantly gifted with that philosophic spirit which loves to analyze thoroughly, and to deduce momentous truths from the various combinations of human action. Besides these, he possessed descriptive powers, graphic to an extraordinary degree. Many of his sketches, of which the memorable battle of Lutzen may be instanced, remind the reader of the fearfully wild and vivid delineations

of Salvator Rosa. The Thirty Years War and the Revolt of the Netherlands, are the two pillars of his fame in this department—the former of which is said to be superior to any historical work that Germany has ever produced.

But history was not the sphere of his noblest activities. It was a collateral, not the main pursuit of his life. He loved to sojourn for a time among the achievements, the heroes, and the martyrs of a by-gone age; for they stirred up his spirit, presented him with lofty models, and uttered thoughts with which his best sympathies were in harmony. Hence was it resorted to as furnishing means of intellectual improvement. But it was not his beloved pursuit. That pursuit was of a far more spiritual, a far holier character. Unto it had he consecrated his highest energies. It was to poetry that he had given up his soul and heart and strength. Poetry! the embalmer of all that is most grand and beautiful in the outward world—of all that is most pure and lovely and of good report in the world within.

The great aim of Schiller's life—the end for which alone he lived and toiled, was, the exaltation of his intellectual being. Gifted as he was with an active sympathy for the fair and the good—that sympathy which, like the name upon the white stone in the apocalypse, no man may know save he who receiveth it—he deemed poetry to be the most efficient instrument of that exaltation. It was in inspired fountains that he would quench his thirst, and bathe his weary limbs. They were the fabled spring that preserved him in the strength and freshness of his youth. There can be no more impressive evidence how fervently he cherished his poetical enthusiasm, than his prayer that he might not survive it. And well may such hearts as Schiller's forget to beat, when they are not kindled at the name of patriots and of martyrs; when they cease to thrill at the contemplation of the majesty of heaven, the beauty of earth; when, for them, there is nothing lovely in childhood, or venerable in age —nothing holy in religion—nothing solemn in the grave. For to such hearts these are the be-all and the end-all of earthly good, and when they are not, the wine hath fled from life's cup;

'The beautiful has vanished, never to return.'

One of the forms in which the poetical genius of Schiller manifested itself was, as we have seen, the drama. Whatever may be said of its condition and downward tendency at the present day, when Schiller first appeared, the stage was very popular throughout all Germany. It was regarded as a central fire, whence, in every direction, were radiated light and warmth. Schiller so regarded it, and his evidence was in the thousands, who thronged, night after night, to enjoy the representation of

his tragedies at the Manheim theatre. To illustrate the admiration in which his genius was held, as well as the enthusiasm upon dramatic subjects, we may relate that at the close of the first act in the exhibition of the 'Maid of Orleans,' the theatre resounded with shouts of 'long live Frederich Schiller,' and at the end of the performance, the people with loud acclamations gathered around him, and as he walked along, many, it is said, holding up their children, exclaimed, 'that is he!'

However great may be the strictly dramatic merit of his plays, to us they appear most interesting as vehicles of sublime and beautiful thought, as animated exhibitions of remarkable historical events, and as glowing pictures of the traits most lovely and heroical in human life and character. They do not need the aids of music, and scenery, and attitudes, and the living voice. We are pleased to take them up in the solitude of the chamber, and as the eye glances over each successive page, voices seem to fall upon the ear—now gentle as love's whisper, now thrilling as the howl of grief, now sad as the dying tone of an organ, and anon terrible as the thunder's peal. The reader feels no ennui settling down upon him. He is in the midst of a world instinct with life and action; a world, too, fashioned with the nicest skill, and shining in a heavenly beauty. Schiller elaborated his dramas to the extremest degree of excellence. His mental labor was excessive. Like all who aspire to live forever in the memory of man, he scorned to be classed with the 'mob of gentlemen who write with ease.' Doering relates of him that, on sitting down to his desk at night, he was wont to keep some strong coffee, or wine chocolate, standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbors used to hear him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night, and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasions, might see him, now speaking aloud, and walking to and fro swiftly in his chamber—then, suddenly, throwing himself down in his chair and writing and drinking the while from the glass standing near him. In winter he was to be found at his desk until four or even five o'clock in the morning—in summer, until three. He was engaged seven years in the composition of Wallenstein; and not one of his other works appeared before the world, until it had passed through the severest ordeal of his judgment and his taste. *Totus teres atque rotundus* was the character which he would have impressed upon each of his intellectual offspring. Immortality he felt to be a great thought, not to be achieved but by repeated and condensed effort; toil unwearied, sleepless. Lope de Vega diffused the vigor of his genius through one

million verses; and whom in the present age does the genius of Lope de Vega move and mould? The elaborate finish no less than the abounding wit of Don Quixotte has elevated it into a classic. A Roman author left to his country fifty books on rhetoric; his name alone has come down to posterity. But the epic of Virgil, after near twenty centuries, is still all freshness and life, and one of the richest bequests of antiquity.

Schiller's mind was copious in thoughts and feelings and gorgeous imagery. When they flowed forth, they flowed tranquilly and healthily, in channels fashioned by his own careful hand. Not in him raged that *cacoethes scribendi*, which has diseased so many writers of the present age, and flooded the literary world in the form of an intellectual hæmorrhage, which no styptics, applied by the most relentless criticism, have been able to suppress. He would have but few monuments of his inward power, yet each should be endowed with all the perfection which genius, and toil the most incessant, could bestow. To this end he made all ages and all climes tributary unto him. The past, the present, and even the future, yielded up their treasures. He watched the changes ever glancing over the countenance of nature—the shadows and the sunlight, the smile and the frown—and as he gathered all unto himself, his soul became a mansion for every form of loveliness and of grandeur. When we reflect upon the vastness of his mental range, he seems the centre of a circle whose circumference is beyond the stars. No wonder that as his imagination soared into those distant realms, it seemed to hear a celestial harmony. There are in his works glimpses of a brighter being, aspirations for a purer state, and strains of devout and heavenly feeling, which proclaim that into his heart had descended many

'A wandering breath of that high melody.'

The dramas of Schiller are generally regarded as his best achievements. They do, indeed, wonderfully combine energy with tenderness. They are thronged with thoughts. They are rich repositories of poetical imagery. They are all alive with action, and around each has that genius which can refresh and quicken all things, flung a radiance beautiful as it is sublime. The works of Shakspeare had been by Schiller most intensely studied; and as his countryman, Klopstock, is said to have approached on sacred themes the sublimity of Milton, whom he regarded as his model, so has he enthusiastic admirers, who would fain advance him to an equal rank with his immortal master.

How much soever Schiller may be eulogized as a dramatist, in our judgment, he appears equally worthy of commendation

in the department of lyrical poetry. Were all his other writings swept away, his ballads, his songs, his devotional strains, would remain to rescue him from forgetfulness. Ben Johnson said, he had rather be reputed the author of the single ballad *Chevy Chace*, than of all his own dramatic compositions. Schiller's fame in this sphere does not rest upon any single effort. His pieces are numerous. They were given to the world at very different periods of his life. Whenever a poetical incident passed before him, he seized upon it. When any poetical emotion within his bosom struggled for utterance, he lent it a voice. How beautifully this has been performed, none can well appreciate save those who can read in their original tongue, the *Song of the Bell*—his *Hero and Leander*—and his verses in *Praise of Woman*. The last-named is peculiar. The alternate stanzas which breathe forth the loveliness of woman, are each followed by those which exhibit in contrast the rougher features in man's character. The former are as remarkable for their exceeding delicacy, as the latter for the stern and masculine energy which distinguishes its subject. The language is made to harmonize with the thought. In the one case it is voluble and silvery, such as only the plastic skill of a master could fashion: in the other, it has, what is almost peculiar to the German, a ruggedness, whose utterance is as trying to the organs of speech as it is grating to the sensitive ear. The ode well illustrates two of Schiller's characteristics: his wonderful mastery of his native tongue, and his surpassing tenderness. By the hand of Schiller the German language is moulded into every variety of form. Its wide capabilities are thoroughly revealed. It is shown able to body forth all the lights and shades of poetical imaginings. Its yielding pliancy is made manifest. It is strong and harsh, and gentle and melodious, at the bidding of him whom it serves. The tenderness of Schiller is a trait which here suggests itself. It beams occasionally forth in every one of his compositions; but never, we think, in such mild beauty as from his lyrical pieces. We might adduce in proof many of a strictly devotional character. So mild are they and gentle, they seem to have proceeded not from the heart of a being like ourselves, but from the inmost heart of the serene spirit of Tenderness herself. They do not rouse and agitate; they tranquillize. They visit the soul as falls the music of an æolian harp upon the ear in the still shadows of an autumnal evening.

Much of Schiller's popular fame is based upon his efforts in this department. The character of lyrical poetry; its familiar thoughts, its simple language, and the briefness of the song, conspire to make it charming to the heart of the people. It

embodies and makes permanent a thousand thoughts that till then had been wandering. It renders visible to the mental eye a thousand emotions, which till then had been indistinctly seen, or seen not at all. It discloses a thousand lovely features in the countenance of nature, which, like the images in certain prints, are invisible till a master's finger shall point them out. It clothes every-day sights in the freshness of the earliest spring, and breathes a poetic life into the daisy, the rivulet, and the forest leaves. No wonder then that it finds an entrance into the bosoms of every class. No wonder that it encircles the popular heart, and accompanied with the well-enchanting skill of music, 'holdeth children from their play, and old men from the chimney corner.' The symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart are only for the initiated—the amateur; but the wild, the simple, the ever-varying melody of the Tyrolese airs, is understood and enjoyed by every ear. Milton and Dante can only hold converse with an audience fit and few; but where is the heart that is not touched by the inspiration of Uhland and of Burns? We have said that Schiller excelled in this humble kind of writing. His traits are tenderness, simplicity, seriousness; devout, sincere, and earnest feeling. He seems to have always written from his heart. Whatever comes from him, we feel to be real—to be true. These are the qualities which have so much endeared him to the great mass of his countrymen, and given him a place by the side of their most popular poets. The lyrics of Schiller, springing up from fountains deep within, have already joined those of Burger, and Goëthe, and Uhland, and contributed greatly to swell the rich stream of German song.

We would gladly give some examples to illustrate the foregoing remarks, but our space forbids it. Moreover, a translation could afford but a shadowy conception of the original. Schiller's thoughts and language, like the thoughts and language of every great original mind, are joined as closely and necessarily as soul and body. To sever them is death. The sublime conceptions of Milton and Shakspeare cannot be clothed in a different phraseology, even of their native English, without suffering by the change. How vain then the attempt to dress them in a foreign garb! The girdle of Florimel circled the waist of none save the being for whom alone it had been formed.

There are several features in the moral as well as the intellectual character of Schiller, upon which we should be happy to dwell, but at which we can barely glance. There was, what we have before slightly alluded to, his ever active wish to exalt, to purify, to make better his spiritual being. 'Onward—

ever onward,' were his watchwords. Within had he erected an ideal standard of perfection, to approach which was the object of all thought and action. His powers he regarded as coming from the author of all gifts, for the especial end of self-improvement and the good of others. He was penetrated with a sense of the dignity of the human soul. It was an emanation from the immortal Beauty and the immortal Good, whither, at the appointed time, it was its sublime destiny to return. To improve it, then, was his duty and delight. Hence his incessant labor and consequent rapid progress. At the latter, even the surprise of Goëthe was excited. He expresses astonishment that at the end of every week his mental advancement had been so great. To Schiller's intellectual eye new worlds were ever unfolding themselves; and yet his humility whispered to him, that he had beheld nothing, had achieved nothing. In the magnificent thought of another, while the wide ocean of truth was all unexplored before him, he felt that he had spent a life of trifling, in gathering up a few pebbles that lay scattered along its shores. What are these works of mine which my countrymen deem so mighty? They are but a very small part of what man in the successive ages of the world has accomplished. Even man and all his achievements are but a small portion of this earth. The earth itself is but a fragment of this solar system; and even this solar system is a mere atom in the visible universe: nay, more—may not this majestical universe of suns and stars which everywhere meets the eye, be a single wheel only in the vast scheme of the universal God! From this latter contemplation he reverts to the narrow sheet before him, and to the thought, then half unwritten, and he feels how small a thing he is in the creation of the Almighty. And yet that humble feeling is a part of an immortal nature, which is destined to ascend forever and ever to high and still higher states of existence. Wherefore, he crowds his hours with intellectual toil. He rejoices to create thoughts that shall people the hearts of millions, when the heart which gave them birth shall be still. Sickness, which bows down other men, abates not a jot of his heart and hope. Nay, he gathers up strength in his disease. As the temple waned, the inward service of his mind seemed to wax stronger and stronger. During the last fifteen years of his life, he was suffering continually from a pulmonary affection; yet, in those fifteen years, he conceived and executed his noblest efforts. And when, at the early age of forty-five, he was called into a higher sphere of action, his mind was full of mighty enterprises, as yet hardly begun, of 'new forms of truth, new maxims of wisdom, new images and scenes of beauty,

won from the void and formless infinite.' Much yet remained undone. What farther might have been achieved, we faintly conjecture, by reflecting, that had not Milton survived that age, Paradise Lost would still have been a theme for poetry, and its author would never have been classed among the few great central writers who have arisen to bless and dignify the human mind.

The private life of Schiller was one of great beauty. We doubt if its parallel can be found in literary history. Throughout his whole career, it was tranquil, and unassuming, and pure. Tranquillity was the element in which he delighted to live. He would have his existence settled in harmonious composure: 'not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and pure.' He shrunk from the noisy and coarse realities of the world; for they disenchanted him of the fairy dreams which made up so much of his life's happiness. It was retirement that he courted, not solitude.

'His soul was as a star, and dwelt apart.'

At home, he always enjoyed the company of his wife and children, and occasionally the society of Goëthe, and a few of the other great minds of Germany. From abroad came the attentions of his prince, and the enthusiastic admiration of his countrymen. The manifestation of the latter was ever distasteful to him. His modesty withdrew him from public applauses and the popular gaze. He somewhere speaks of the annoyance he met with whenever he ventured out, from the 'baleful swarm of creatures who keep humming round you like so many flesh flies; gape at you as if you were a monster, and cannot understand how a man that wrote the Robber should look like another son of Adam.'

But above all were his heart and life a model of purity. The pious teachings of his mother, and his early sacred studies, impressed him with hopes, and feelings, and aspirations, that never were effaced. In every scene of his beautiful life, his eye was towards that fair land where all truth and all goodness dwell. The desire to live, and rule, and be mighty here below, did not, like the iron skeleton in the eastern tale, embrace and crush forever his noble spirit. He had higher aims. He would prepare himself for companionship with loftier intelligences. The life of Sidney has been called 'poetry in action.' The life of Schiller was poetry in action under the guidance of the celestial spirit of Goodness. We regard this union of genius and virtue—this combination of so much that is mighty in the intellect with whatsoever is lovely in the heart of man, as one of the noblest, as it is one of the rarest, gifts that ever came from

the bounty of Heaven. It was the crowning glory of Schiller's life. Whatever he would do highly, that he would do holily. It was not enough to arouse his intellectual powers from their slumber, and to start them forth in a career of vigorous activity: he would have them marshalled on their way by Virtue and Truth.

We close these desultory remarks by observing, that the life and works of Schiller are every day becoming subjects of deeper interest in England and in this country. The former has recently been executed, by a gentleman of distinguished abilities, in a style equally worthy of the theme and of himself. Many of the latter have been transplanted into the English language, and the belief has been expressed, that the time is at hand when the same may be said of all his incomparable writings. Even in the disguise of a translation, Schiller may have attractions. He may thus enlarge the horizon of his influence. He may move and mould a vastly greater number of minds. We hope that this belief is well founded. We hope that the master intellect of one country may not forever be as a sealed book unto the inquiring minds of every other. We hope that Schiller may soon cease to shine alone in the literary firmament of Germany; but that as time rolls on, he may ascend

'Far above the melancholy main,'

and from a loftier zenith shed a broader illumination over the hearts and minds of men. J. J. J.

THE FESTIVAL AT BLUFFDALE.

'Did you go to the Fourth of July?'

'Why, yes; to be sure I did. Did not you?'

'No: the description is all I want. So, let me know all about it.'

'In the first place, there was the parade.'

'Was that grand?'

'Splendid! Conceive of several thousand troops—"horse, foot, and dragoons"—besides artillery, rifle corps, and what not: arms glittering, plumes waving, uniforms multiform, yet all handsome and symmetrical; and those of each corps seemingly fabricated like wooden combs and wooden clocks, by machinery. And they moved by machinery, too; first, all the left legs, and then all the right; just as if a piston rod reached from one end

to the other, and acted on each pair of legs, at the same instant. O, it was beautiful! And the music—cymbals, timbrels, clarionets, flutes, hautboys, kettle-drums; ay, and the very old serpent, roaring like a lion.'

'That was rather queer music, I should think.'

'Any thing for a noise, you know, on the Fourth of July.'

'True: I had forgotten that. But, go on.'

'There were majors A and B and C and D, and so on; and colonels E, F, G, H, I, K, &c; and there were two brigadiers and the major-general with their aids, all dressed in full uniform, and superbly mounted; each trying which could equip the most elegantly. And they formed, and dressed, and faced, and marched, and wheeled, and at last being all ready, general A took command in fine military style; and then they all marched off to the open ground on the commons. You can't think what an appearance they made: only the dust was so thick you couldn't see them. The commons were surrounded with booths, where all sorts of good things could be had for money. And there were roly-poly tables, wheels-of-fortune, and I don't know how many games and devices; and men and *women*, and boys and *girls* were very busy among them, eating and drinking, and playing. But when the troops came, every body turned to look at them: and there was scrambling, and running, and scuffling, and fighting, and shouting, and screaming to get a good place to see the manœuvring. O, it was lovely! I tell you.'

'No doubt.'

'And then the troops marched up, and wheeled, and faced, and charged, and fired, and then halted and executed the manual, and all that, in fine style; and at last, after they had paraded about until they seemed ready to drop, they all at once stretched out—deployed, I think the general called it—into line: and a long line it was, I assure you. And, when all was ready, there was a roaring of cannon and rattling of small arms, to some purpose. I'll tell you how it was. The general ordered them to fire a triple *feu-de-joie;* and they began at one end of the line, and let off, one after another, clear to the other end, just as fast as the roll of a drum. It was fine!'

'Very; for delicate ears and nerves.'

'Pretty soon the general made a short speech to them, which nobody heard only a few just round him, and then dismissed them; when they marched off in regiments or companies, as they pleased, to the different places where they were to dine.'

'But had you no orations? Was it all marching and eating?'

'O, yes! orations enough. But they did not gain much attention. The people were too busy or tired to listen very atten-

tively. But *then* came the lively time. The tables were loaded with dainties—

'The soldier tired of war's alarms,'

or, the fatigues of parade, at least, set to with keen relish; having whetted the appetite with divers *bracers*, and so forth; and ate and drank for the good of his country to the manifest injury of his purse, his health, his reason, and his morals. And it was not long before the patriotic fire burst forth in songs, and jests, and oaths, and disputes, and quarrels, and fights, until most of the gardens or groves, where they happened to be enjoying their feast of love and reason, assumed quite the air of the battle-field: only each of the belligerents here, like the yankee volunteer during the late war, was "fighting on his own hook?"'

'Now, this I should call rejoicing with a vengeance. But, go on.'

'I have not much more to tell. Towards sundown, you might have seen them gathering together such as were in tolerable marching order—the others were got home in carriages or carts, as it happened—and making their way towards their several places of rendezvous.'

'Did they move like spinning jennies, now?'

'Rather reeling in their motions. The piston rod was broke. Too high pressure.'

Reader, this is *not* a description of the Festival at Bluffdale; but it is what my eyes have seen, my ears heard, and my heart felt: it is what all have seen. I will proceed to *our* festival.

Some of us in C. had an invitation to attend the celebration of independence by the Bluffdale Temperance Society; and, of course, those whose arrangements permitted, chose to go. Accordingly, as soon as the preliminaries were settled; the horse borrowed of one, the carriage of another, and the harness wherever it could be got, I put my wife and the babe (of course) into it; and away we went.

My friend, B, rode alongside, and a pleasant ride it was, of some eight miles. The first half, recently open prairie, was now wholly occupied by farms. The tall open grove, which shades the last four miles, was only in a few instances disfigured by 'improvements;' so that in the main the grassy knolls and flowery dells appeared in their primeval beauty, while the under-growth was so sparse and so clustered as rather to give the idea of an ornamented grove than a wild and untouched forest.

We descended into the Bottom by a gradual slope, behind a high and extended peak, that shut out all views on that side;

so that we only caught a glimpse of the fields and meadows through a kind of half-intercepted vista, formed by the glen down which we passed. As we approached the foot of the hill, we came in view of the place where the festival was to be held; and truly it was a sweet charming scene. There were men, and women, and children, sitting, standing, walking, or reclining, according to their several inclinations: some in groups; some alone but not lonely; some kindling a fire and preparing a place to hang teakettles on; some carrying water; some ladies laying the table; all occupied, none toiling to fatigue.

I wish I could describe the place. I know you have read descriptions of Bluffdale, that made you think of Paradise; and what is more, they were true, too. But I mean this particular spot, where the community of Bluffdale meet as to a common centre. It is one of those glens which open from the table-land for the passage of some bright little brook, that wanders about from side to side, as if to catch the various views before it emerges to the open plain. Here, at the mouth of the glen, on either hand, stands a bold and massy pinnacle of solid rock, worn and rounded—by the horizontal action of water, no doubt—to the appearance of lofty towers, built to guard the approach to this sweet little vale between. Looking up the glen, you see on its diminutive base a farmhouse—a little elevated, and partly hidden by native trees—with its offices, and gardens, and fields; and on the hill sides, falling gracefully back in varied form, the trees stand singly and in clusters—now opening to the enlivening influences of the sun, and now shutting out his beams with their dense foliage.

But come out more into the open plain. You will have to climb this fence and walk through the stubble. There: now turn your face to the bluff. What a sight! Those towers you now see stretching out right and left, as far as eye can reach, into magnificent embattled castles. They are somewhat in ruins, to be sure; the rounded summits, covered with verdure, and the sides ornamented with beautiful bunches of the trumpet creeper; but there are the walls. See the masonry! The lines as regular as Rogers would have done them. The jutting turrets, and aspiring towers, and buttress open from the wall it joins nearly to the top, combine to render the illusion perfect. But you are not in *old* England, but in *new* Illinois. I will prove it. Turn your eye to the glen again. There, on a line with the bluffs, you see the framed school-house—just where the road *empties*. Then the log stable—*not* very picturesque. Then, further down, and on the other side of the opening, the company is collected, under that beautiful shade. Did

you ever see a more perfect shade? Not a sunbeam darts through those beautiful black walnuts, yet open and airy as the prairie itself. Now look behind the group: you see the trees rising above one another almost to the top. It looks as if you could jump over the whole grove, without touching; and as if the trees were trying to hide the rocks behind them. But they cannot: *they* stand out in high relief.

Now turn around, come to this higher ground. What do you see? The plains of Eden? No, this is Bluffdale. I hope the fields stretched out for miles, with the yellow wheat, half harvested, the waving oats, and rustling corn do not disappoint you. To me, who have a large family that cannot live on beautiful scenery alone, I assure you they enhance the interest of the prospect, mightily. But look beyond them: there is prairie, as smooth, as green, and as flourishing as heart can wish; and charming groves not only fringe the whole, but here and there interspersed, give a sweet variety to the general view.

But to the festival. It was formed for man as he is—partly intellectual, and partly animal. A stage was erected whereon chairs and a table were set for the officers of the Society and the orator; and the dinner-table spread immediately in front, with benches for the accommodation of the company. The exercises were commenced with prayer; the Declaration of Independence, was, of course, read; and then an appropriate oration was delivered.

'An oration! was it good?'

'Good! it was delivered by John Russell.'

After all, I am not sure that I can give you a full idea of the interest of the occasion. Think—the orator standing up amidst his neighbors, convened for the purpose of a *rational* celebration of his country's glory; without a single fear of riot, quarrel, disturbance, or excess. Before him a profusion of refreshments poured out by the warm-hearted matrons of the dale, from their various vehicles—without a single drop of poison—and the whole formed into a band, for the purpose of saving themselves and their children from a thraldom infinitely worse than that which our forefathers had thrown off.

There he stands. Behind him rises the ambitious grove, aspiring to the summit of the lofty bluff, which yet it cannot reach; before him the little valley bounded by the sudden rise of the bold cliff that stands the sentinel of time; on the right the sloping hills, the noble sweep of their concave forming a gigantic amphitheatre; on his left the broad prairie whose nearest myriads of acres, covered with rich and flourishing

crops, are thrown by the industry of man into a kind of immense chequer-board—there he stands; his theme

.....'Looking before and after,'

first throws a glance at the scenes of by-gone years, and then peers into futurity, not to inquire curiously of things unknown, but to *purpose* and to *do* for the benefit of those who shall then live.

The first sentence drew tears. It was a happy allusion to the group around him, gathered from various states and regions, to enjoy the blessings of freedom, and plenty, and peace, and home, and society, and religion, here, on a spot so beautiful and so recently wild and tenantless. And when he told the *children* how their grandsires fought and bled and suffered to achieve the liberty we now enjoy; when, *for their benefit* he set in new forms of beauty the old and precious jewels of revolutionary story, there where hearts overshadowed by grey hairs, which glowed and melted, and young hearts that beat high with patriotic feeling. And then, when the orator came to the specific object of the day, and pointed to the foe now lurking in the dark ravines of the forest and coiled in the supervenomous worm of the still, there were those who looked back with regret, and forward with high and noble purpose, not merely to keep *themselves* free henceforth from the toils and curse of intemperance, but to throw a shield of determined and sympathizing hearts—a noble cordon *sanitaire*—round the generations who shall live hereafter.

The business of the Society occupied a few minutes, and then the company sat down to the plentiful and sumptuous cold collation—accompanied by the refreshing beverage whose steam rose to enliven, but not inebriate; for the ladies had taken care to provide abundance of excellent tea and coffee for the numerous guests. It was a feast in the true and complex sense of the word. It was a feast prepared by the ladies.

I took a walk after dinner with the orator and our friend B., and had a more extended and particular view, of the scene, than I had opportunity to take before: and what enhanced the pleasure, an interesting conversation with the intelligent and pious companions of my walk. It was a feast of reason and a flow of soul.

One thing amused us. Casting our eyes over the prairie beyond the fields, we saw some miles off, a large herd of cattle, stretched out in a continuous line, except a slight break or two, covering a space perhaps of a mile. 'There,' said I, 'is the cavalry.' The illusion was perfect. It required not the effort of imagination to form a regiment or two of cavalry, before

our eyes, but the exertion of memory to bring us back to the sober fact.

In due season the company separated: not with aching heads and boiling blood, to sleep off fumes of poison, and wake with regrets and remorse; but to recal with new pleasure the delightful associations and occurrences of the day, and to put in practice the virtuous and noble principles then resolved on. I have seen the gorgeous sights and joined the festive boards, and listened in stately halls to the eloquent harangues of our national anniversary, while yet the fervor of youth gave zest and novelty to all; but never before did I mingle in a celebration so free from fault, so really ennobling, as the festival at Bluffdale. L.

LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

BY W. S. STONE.

Perhaps few questions of literary interest, that have been so variously agitated, can be more easily determined than that of the origin of colleges. The term was one of very ancient use, occurring not only in classical authors, but in the writings of the earlier christians. The Romans had their colleges and priests, and Horace mentions the 'collegia ambuliarum.'

But the original and distinctive traits of their present character, are plainly to be traced in the form of after monastic institutions. Out of them they arose, and from them have derived much that is peculiar in their language and discipline, and of the various dresses still worn at Oxford and Cambridge, many are but slight improvements upon the habits of old religious orders. These monasteries had each an abbot for their rector, their scholars were monks and clerks, and the graduates bishops and abbots.

It was in application to these when united, several of them in a particular location, under the supervision of a provincial prior, that the term university came to be used in its present acceptation.

Of the literature of the monks, antecedently to the commencement of the twelfth century, accounts are unconnected and involved in traditional obscurity. Almost two hundred years had elasped, since the schools at Cambridge had been

erected into a regular university, and thirty more since the founding of Oxford, as some are strenuous in maintaining, by Alfred the Great.

At Stamford, however, according to Harding, the old chronicler, cited by Anthony Wood, there was a university of still earlier date, which

> 'Had scholars fele of great habilitee
> Studying ever alwaye in unitee.'*

It was here that Bladud, who brought with him from Athens, where he had long studied, certain philosophers to assist in the purposes of education, is said to have taught.† But in what their philosophy particularly consisted, it is not now easy to ascertain. To collections of students as singularly diversified in character, as they were fluctuating in number, instruction was imparted in the *trivialia*, or three sciences, as grammar, rhetoric, and logic were denominated. To these, four others were afterward added, and they read

> 'In all the seven liberal science
> For to purchase knowledge and sapience.'

But in the more gloomy period of English history that succeeded, even these doubtful glimmerings seemed likely to become extinct. The incitements to learning, which princely patronage and example had for awhile afforded, had ceased to exist, and since the mild and liberal reign of Alfred, the rudeness and ferocity of the Danes had been destructive alike to civility and intelligence. With the general ravaging of the kingdom, which schools and monasteries could not escape, with the apprehension and disfranchisement of the clergy, to whom was confined whatever of culture and information existed, the English relapsed into the same stupidity and contempt of learning, into which, in this darkest of the dark ages, the other nations of Europe were sunk.‡ Nor was the Norman conquest, in its immediate effect, more auspicious to their interests. Warned by the fate of the mild Canute, William added to the insolence of Danish oppression, the harder feature of systematic severity. Their wealth was confiscated, their civil capacity denied, their name made odious, and their language contemptuously rejected. Peace did indeed ensue, but it was the calm of an imperious and wary despotism.‖

But in a period thus unpromising, there originated causes, which, in their gradual operation, affected advantageously the

* Hist. et Antiq. Oxon. p. 3. † Stow. ‡ A. Wood's Hist. Univ. Oxon. pp. 42–46.
‖ Hal. Mid. Ages, vol. 3. p. 235.

interests of learning. The conqueror was himself deemed erudite, was favorably inclined towards studious men, and took care that his sons should be well imbued with the learning of the times. The Normans, who followed him in multitudes to his new possessions, had much the advantage of his English subjects, if not in the intrinsic virtues of social life, yet certainly in that external courteousness which tends to the refinement of taste and manners. Something of the studious spirit that was beginning to be excited in France, they retained and cherished; the clergy, admitted to preferment, began to assume a more elevated character, schools were revived, monasteries rebuilt, and public institutions patronized. The learned Herberts, who became abbot in 1109, introduced monks, from his priory in Normandy, who had been educated at Orleans, and were zealous in the diffusion of knowledge. Another century had not passed, when Cambridge, which now had its second beginning in a barn, numbered three thousand students, and Oxford a thousand more.* In their sudden and extensive reputation, they became the resort of scholars from every part of the kingdom, and were visited by numbers from the most enlightened nations on the continent.

But it is not by the popularity attained by these and other institutions, nor the number and variety of studies, in which instruction was afforded, that we are to estimate the literature of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, to define its connexion with that of the preceding age, or determine its influence upon the new and more important era that was to follow. It is only by an inquiry into the nature of the sciences themselves, and the manner in which they were developed. A cursory view of a few of these is all that can here be taken.

The grammar of the schools—for this was their *limen disciplinae*—had little to do with the philosophy of language. Still less was it concerned with that species of criticism which is the peculiar province of philology. In tracing the origin of terms, and accurately and extensively displaying their various susceptibilities, almost nothing was attempted, while still in the trifling labor by which it was reduced to the meagerness of a mere verbal art, was the measure of proficiency.

In rhetoric they followed Tully and Quintilian, and so long as eloquence was thought of possible attainment, it was pursued with an ardor that in better circumstances might have insured success. But it was discouraged by a sentiment that had its baneful effects upon other arts and in later times. It

came at last to be regarded as the gift of Nature. If bestowed, the labor of cultivation was unnecessary; if withheld, it would be unavailing. Consequently, it fell into total neglect, or the worse condition of a drivelling affectation.

Classical literature, in the earlier part of the period under review, could scarcely be said to have an existence.

There had previously been, in a few instances, some limited acquaintance with the Greek language; but even this knowledge was now lost, and much later than this was found inscribed in a glossary on a pandect, by Accursius: 'Hæc Græca sunt, quæ nec legi, nec intelligi, possunt.' The study of heathen authors, whether Greek or Roman, was explicitly forbidden, even to the bishops; and against too free an intimacy with the Latin classics particularly, was pleaded the high authority of the angel who was still reported to have rebuked Jerome, with the utmost sharpness, for reading Cicero.* This interdict, however, was not long of force, and it was afterward asserted, that the latinity of no age, from the decline to the revival of learning, was more terse and elegant, than that of the twelfth century. French was indeed the language of the court, and of civil life, but Latin continued to be the dialect of scholars and of the church.

Mathematics, as then understood, might well be omitted, in this partial sketch, were it not for the purposes to which, in this age, when every thing was scholastic, they were made subservient. By the definition of Pythagoras, they had long before been made to include harmonics; and music, as appears from Plutarch, was applied by the Greeks, as well to political as to moral use; and now that it was employed in its full extent, to heighten the imposing grandeur of cathedral worship, it became, in the hands of skilful ecclesiastics, an intricate science. The chief singer was generally a person of distinction, and often advanced in virtue of his art, to the highest dignities. Such was the eagerness to appropriate every advantage it could possibly confer, that the whole service, whether devolving, in its separate parts, upon the people or the priest, was adapted to harmonic intonation. By this process, it was converted into a kind of 'figurate descant,' which, if it heightened, in some cases, the proper effect, was in others irregular, and confused, and often sufficiently amusing. Of the latter kind, but a single instance will be adduced. In the genealogy with which the gospel by Matthew commences, and which, as we are told by Mason, was thus set to music; while the bass

* Baker. Refl. on Learning, c. 14.

was holding forth the existence of Abraham, the tenor, in defiance of nature and chronology, was begetting Isaac; the counter-tenor begetting Jacob; and the treble begetting Joseph and all his brethren.

But whilst music, from its immediate use to the church, was thus scientifically cultivated, geometry was almost forgotten, and astronomy after the Ptolemean system was studied, only as it affected a science, which, not to understand, was to have no claim to the name of mathematician.* This was no other than the fallacious science of judicial astrology. Ridiculous as it may now appear, human ingenuity could not have devised a system better suited to the visionary and crude conceptions of that age. Professing as it did, to disclose the secrets of the future to the earnest inquisitor, it addressed itself directly to that eagerness of curiosity, which, together with a germ of superstition, has more or less a place in almost every bosom. Add to this the influence of those prejudices which are strongest when the common mind is just emerging from obscurity, and of those phantoms which hover thickest in the twilight of knowledge, and it will not appear singular that an art, which promised to conduct by secret avenues into recesses hidden from the vulgar eye, should be pursued with ardor, and widely credited. Thus powerfully aided, no wonder that weakness and credulity admitted its exorbitant pretensions, till there was scarce a prince in Europe, that had not in keeping a proficient in the art, to cast the horoscopes of his family, to foretell the issue of his schemes, and to discover the fate of his kingdom. Success, however, which has its effect with classes as with individuals, created confidence, which in its turn effected their disgrace. Presuming upon their unlimited authority, the enigmatical expression of oracular response was laid aside, and the separate schools becoming as dissimilar in prediction, as they were alike in failure, the result was the general wreck of astrological reputation.

Another subject, however, which, if not more consonant with moral principle, was less repugnant to common sense, had become the object of attention. With the ambitious design of erecting an overpowering spiritual monarchy, laws had been enacted by numerous councils, by which the officials of the church were to be governed in the transactions of their civil courts. Attaining by the decretals of Gratian, A. D. 1250, the rank of a science under the name of the canon law, they were studied with a zeal proportionable to their influence in

* Vossius de Math. c. 63.

procuring favor, distinction and emolument.* With this was united the study of the civil law, revived by the introduction of the Justinian code, and made a favorite pursuit in the universities and cathedral schools.† Here the solution of knotty and intricate questions was the test of skill, and the clergy engrossing in this, as in other departments, the learning of the times, became, like the Druids before them, singular proficients in the law, whether canon, civil, or municipal.‡

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

It had been a day of restless anxiety and fatiguing care, such as, when night comes, makes us welcome the calmness and undisturbed rest that may fold our weariness to repose; such that its close almost made me rejoice that another 'day was dead,' and feel that, if life's end would steal on me thus peacefully, I could lie down like a tired child, and sleep in its gentle quietude. The light that had looked another day on the bustling strife of the teeming world, had lingered in mellowed shades in the west, and faded from the view, till it yielded to the stillness and beauty of the tranquil evening.

How fitted is such an hour of hushed and breathing solitude for those thoughts that will sometimes visit us, like messengers from an untroubled world, and how do feelings spring in the heart that seem to aspire upward as if invited by some hovering spirit, and yet cannot find release from the prison of their humble tenement.

I found myself unresistingly drawn to the spot which I had never visited, but with feelings which succeeding engrossments could not efface, and which, by the hallowed influences of such a time, seemed gifted with a peculiar power. It was my mother's grave. The moon shone out in heaven, and her soft and mellowed light fell upon the smooth white marbles that dotted the yard, and on the quiet waters of the bay that slept beneath. It was a solemn stillness. It was the silence of the dead. And yet, as I looked where the sleeper lay, in her dreamless slumber, and remembered the ills and disquietudes of life, I thought I could lie down in such a place and rest from sorrow. Might a whisper have awakened her repose and returned her again to life, I could not have breathed it. I looked up at

* Hist. Literaire de la France, tom. 9. p. 215. † Selden. ‡ Blackstone Intr. Com.

the pale moon and the pure and stainless sky she wandered in. Not a floating cloud obscured her unchanging brightness. Often, in childhood's hour, had I hailed her light as it danced on the fountain whence I imbibed my happiness. Many are the changes that have since been wrought in this heart of mine, and often has darkness wrapped up, in its dusky folds, its brightest anticipations. But there she floats like an isle of light through the same pathless element, with no dimness of years nor trace of decay. Hers is the same pure, serene, and changeless splendor—whether it smiles on the happy and joyous scenes of the living, or rests on the dwellings of the dead.

But how had it been with those who were taking their rest around me? She had smiled on their hours of bliss when life was young with them, or on the clear thoughtfulness of maturer years; and now she looked down on the silence and forgetfulness of their narrow house. As her soft beams fell on the smooth marbles that marked each spot where they lay, I could read the brief memorials which bereaved affection had traced upon them. Many of them I had known in life, and I could but remember how it had gone with them.

Some of them had been young with me; but their morning of hope and promise, with no intervening change of shade or brightness, was shrouded in the night of the grave. Health had planted its rose on the cheek; but it had bloomed treacherously the while: death was insidiously at work within, till his icy fingers chilled the warm current, and from the fresh delights and opening anticipations of joyous youth they went down into silence.

Some had more to do with life in its mingled lot of grief and gladness. They had known more of the eagerness of pursuit and the futility of human effort. Their hearts had oftener swelled with the ecstacy of hope, and felt the bitterness of disappointment. They had grasped at visions of delight, and found them airy phantoms. They had felt the aspirings of ambition, had trodden life's perilous heights, and climbed where Fame allures her cheated aspirants: But in death's embrace they were powerless as the infant that now folded its quiet limbs beside them.

There, too, slumbered softly, as it seemed, like a closing flower, in her long repose, a fair one, who had known only the sweetness and sunshine of life. The steady spoiler relented not, even at the smile of beauty and loveliness, and the bridal ornaments were exchanged for the cerements of the grave.

Here, all were slumbering in their silent abodes, free alike from the hopes that had flattered their day of life, and the

griefs that embittered its cup. Here no fear invaded their rest, no high-swelling thoughts heaved the pulseless breast, and the mockery of distinction could not enter. The grave admits no expiation or even memory of life. The turf that hides their bones, may be decked with dew drops; but no tear of grief, or even of penitence may flow within. A breathing stillness was around, such as might almost call up again the spirits of the past.

Silently I gazed on the spot where my mother rested. It was not now fresh and broken as on the day when it closed over all I had most loved, and had since so mournfully remembered. The grass had grown over it, and above its deep verdure a bending flower hung its solitary blossom; and I could have seen it spring there forever, so softly did it breathe its fragrance amid the surrounding gloom and darkness. As I gazed upon it, still green amidst this domain of death, it seemed an emblem of my own condition. I had once mingled with the heart's delight in scenes of liveliest enjoyment; but now happiness had no zest, and I felt like one alone—and a deeper desolation came over my spirit from the surrounding gaiety, in which I had no heart to participate. O, the grave! the grave! it entombs every earthly pleasure, annihilates every earthly hope!

W. S. S.

ON A BUTTERFLY.

All hopes of happiness on earth are vain.

FALCONER.

How like the career of this gay, giddy thing,
Is the range of existence from morning till noon—
With the fancy unshackled and loose on the wing
For sweets all as vain, and that vanish as soon.

But, alas! there exists this dark feeling in ours—
We shall see them to fade, and outlive their decay,
Whilst the offspring of sunshine sports on with its flowers,
And dies ere their perfume hath wasted away!

Oh! there is the black veil that hangs o'er the morrow,
Like the gloom of the tempest, each star to eclipse—
That steeps every hope of the future in sorrow,
And poisons the cup of delight on our lips.

Tell me not, tell me not, of the pleasures awaiting,
In this cold dreary world, the track of our days;
I have tried, but to find them as false and as fleeting
As the phantoms that mock in the mist of the seas.

There was never a spot where the sunny rays brightened,
But some dark cloud has gathered to wreath it in gloom;
There was never a flower, when its beauty was hightened,
But the blight was at hand to descend on its bloom!

Ah, me! it is thus with the hopes that delight us,
It is thus with the joys that await on us here;
They lure in the distance with rays that invite us,
To pall on the senses when once they are near.

Say, ye who have bled to shine out on the story,
And warred for a line on the tablets of fame,
How false have you found the gay visions of glory—
How hollow the pleasures that spring from a name!

And ye, whose young hearts, in the gay hour of morn,
Have plunged in the hot tide the passions oppose,
How oft have ye wept o'er the wound of the thorn,
Ere your souls had well relished the scent of the rose!

There is not one of all that have rode on the billow
Of rank or renown, down this life's turbid stream,
But at night when he turns to the thoughts of his pillow,
Will sigh at the query and tell you the same.

In vain, do we strive for that phantom receding—
A joy that will last—'tis denied to our doom;
Let those that we have, serve the cold and unheeding,
But the hope of the true heart must rest in the tomb.

10*th June*, 1833.

—

12*th December*, 1834.

Yet, no; I have erred—there 's one joy, and one only,
To prove there is wrong in the words I have said,
And soothe an existence else hollow and lonely,
As the vain pomp that shrouds the chill face of the dead.

'Tis that soul-cherished feeling, and, oh! how it warms,
Which whispers, betimes, there 's a true gentle breast,
That will throb for our weal, through life, sunshine, and storms—
Be our comfort in grief, and our refuge in rest!

A form without fault, and a heart without guile,
Unsullied and stainless, confidlng and pure—
A voice that could soothe, and a glance that could wile
All the venom away from the pangs we endure.

Yes, such could breathe hope through the chamber of mourning,
And strew, as with roses, the down-path of years—
Could cheer the lone watchfire, when fitfully burning,
Or call up a smile in the midst of our tears.

But where does she wander, that heart-witching stranger,
That bright in the summer eve's vision is seen?
I could strive with a world of turmoil and of danger—
Through joy, and through grief, for one glance of her e'en.

The red wreath of battle, how cold is it borne—
Though the horse and his rider went down by your blade—
The green one of genius—how bootless though torn,
As it only is sweet, unpolluted by aid!

A shout and a cheer as your name is ascending,
A look of surprise, and the wonder is o'er.
Ah! is it for this, foolish man, you 're contending,
Through billows of slaughter, and ages of lore?

True, true, it might balance whole years of despair,
One moment of triumph as proud as we're told—
Where the shouts of the brave, and the smiles of the fair,
Hail your name as the boldest and best of the bold.

And, oh! it is sweet, in the pathway of fame,
To turn and look back on your loved native land—
And twine, e'en though humble, a wreath round her name,
And fling your wild strains o'er the deeds of her hand.

But, alas! they are fleeting as meteors above—
Give, give me the joys that outlive such as these,
Which we only can taste on the bosom we love—
Oh! life, you have nothing to match their decrees!

INNISFAIL.

PETER THE GREAT.

THE character of Peter the Great is one, which the more we reflect upon, the more we admire. History has recorded few like him. His is the true and substantial fame which bears the test, and receives the approbation, of a discriminating and impartial posterity, and before which the magnificent, but at the same time bloody, laurels of the conqueror must wither into an empty remnant of useless pageantry. To effectually establish the principles of civilization in an empire of barbarians; to launch upon seas, where hitherto a vessel had been unheard of, fleets that could contend with those of the long powerful nations of Europe; to rear up cities splendid in architecture and refined in police, and to set in operation throughout a vast extent of territory that most powerful engine for the promotion of national welfare, internal improvement, few would suppose could be accomplished by the efforts of one man, however powerful or however energetic.

Russia was scarcely known to the rest of Europe before the reign of this emperor, though comprehending a large portion of both Europe and Asia. There existed an ancient law, which the inhabitants held sacred, forbidding them from leaving their native country: a policy of masters as barbarous as their slaves, to preclude them from every opportunity of becoming sensible of their slavery, and by which at last they became to disdain all commerce with foreign nations. Their burthen of bondage

was augmented by the most extravagant superstition. The patriarch of the empire received all the servile homage which the ignorance of the people was capable of bestowing. He combined in his person to an absolute degree, both temporal and spiritual authority: a union of powers of all others most calculated to oppress. His was the tribunal of punishment from which there was no appeal. In the grand semi-annual procession through the empire, the emperor, on foot, carried the bridle of his horse, and the people prostrated themselves before him. The priests maintained the propriety of their bigoted rites with all the warmth of knowing theologians; but it may be remarked, as indicative of the sageness of their discussions, that their most important dispute, and one which finally ended in a sedition, was, whether the sign of the cross should be made with two fingers or three. Few Russians would eat a pigeon, because the Holy Ghost is represented under that form. No one would presume to drink milk on lent; though upon a festival, priests, men, wives, and children, would get drunk on brandy without scruple. These examples, though apparently small, serve perhaps to give us as correct a notion of the genius of the people at that period, as the enumeration of more striking characteristics.

Over this nation Peter was brought to reign, as ignorant and inhuman as his subjects. How often have the circumstances, by which great events are brought about, been made to hinge upon an accident; and the emperor imbibed his first notions of civil policy from a young Genevese fortune-hunter, who followed into Russia an ambassador from Denmark. In conversation with this young man, he became acquainted with the degraded state of his subjects, when compared with those of the more refined governments of Europe. He heard described the advantages of commerce and navigation; was entertained with the consistent policy of princes, the discipline of armies, and the account of manufactures and sciences, which rendered other nations powerful and happy. These discourses, as the historian remarks, awakened the young emperor from a profound lethargy. His mighty genius, which a barbarous education had repressed, but was not able to destroy, now unfolded itself. He resolved to be a man; to govern men, and to create a new nation. The remainder of his life was devoted to the attainment of these designs. History has recorded the names of many men who were eager to sit upon a throne and wield a sceptre to the detriment of mankind; 'but none like him, who was willing to cease to be a king in order to learn how to govern.'

He commissioned Le Fort, the man from whom he obtained

his information, and to whom, in a great measure, he was indebted for his enterprise, an ambassador extraordinary. In the capacity of his domestic servant, disguised under a common name, Peter left his empire, enrolled himself among the shipwrights of Amsterdam, and labored in the yard like the other mechanics. With a mind bent upon the application of the knowledge he might obtain, to the most benevolent of all designs, nothing in the arts of manufacture escaped his observation. From thence he passed over to England, to perfect himself in the knowledge of shipbuilding; and, finally, after two years of labor and assiduous application to all the arts of refined civil and military policy, he returned to his own kingdom. He was followed by crowds of artists of every description. The consequence soon appeared. Large vessels were launched upon unaccustomed seas; buildings of stately architecture rose upon the ruins of Russian huts; colleges, academies, libraries, and printing houses were established; the superstitious rites of the people abolished, and gradually and finally their manners and customs changed. An ignorant and barbarous clergy were humbled; the power of the patriarch suppressed, and the emperor made head of the church in his stead. With a company of foreigners, in which Peter himself served in the capacity of a drummer—so much did the nation stand in need of examples—he dispersed the Russian janissaries, a body of soldiery designed as the instruments of oppression. He founded cities, dug canals, encouraged commerce, and attempted a discovery of a northwest passage to China and the Indies. But the most extraordinary act of his enterprise, was the erection of St. Petersburg upon an uninhabited island—an impassable bog in summer, a frozen pool in winter—amidst all the obstacles of nature, the ignorance of workmen, and in spite of a mortality which destroyed two hundred thousand men in the commencement of the undertaking. He was singular in the determination to bring every possible means to the accomplishment of the reformation of his people; even to the sacrifice of his domestic happiness. His first queen he divorced for her opposition to his measures; and raised to the throne, from the capacity of a servant captive, a woman possessing none of the qualities which adorn the sex, but who, he perceived, was calculated to forward his plans, and even to carry them on after his death. With regard to the nation's improvement in the military art, it need only be remarked, that the same emperor, who had, at the battle of Narva, his army of eighty thousand undisciplined Russians, routed and nearly destroyed by eight thousand Swedes, in his turn, nine years after, vanquished a superior army of Swedes, commanded

by one of the greatest warriors of modern times. Such is a concise and feeble description of the career of an emperor, who, philanthropists agree, is worthy to be ranked with the greatest of men. I. C.

TRAVELS IN HOT WEATHER.

No. III.

An editor of a newspaper, in a neighboring state, has objected to my *Travels*, because they contain only what is known to all who have travelled. I take the objection as implying a compliment; for, if other tourists have experienced all that I describe, there is strong reason to infer that I have related only the truth. And this is no small merit in a traveller—the usual objection to this class of writers being, their propensity for the marvellous, which induces them to tell that which is not known to any but themselves, and which all others are strongly inclined to disbelieve. I shall therefore pursue my original plan; and instead of regulating my communications by the standard which my critic would recommend, shall try to stick as nearly to the truth as the circumstances of the case will admit.

The passion for novelty, which suggested the criticism to which I allude, is the bane of our literature. It has poisoned the fountains of knowledge, and corrupted the atmosphere of taste. Too many writers have been shamed out of their honesty by the fear of being pronounced dull. Our young poets and orators are seduced into the wildest bombast by the lust for striking figures and original modes of expression; and experienced writers permit themselves to descend to the littleness of disfiguring their compositions by foreign words, for the purpose of seasoning their style so as to suit this diseased taste. Travellers, especially, are expected to tell something that is not in the geographies; but the makers of the latter are wide awake to this conspiracy against their interests, and as they do not travel, take care to copy all the extravagant fictions of those who do.

But enough. I must be off. Here is the Harrodsburg stage driving up, and an elegant affair it is—a new Troy coach, of the latest construction, drawn by four fine horses. What a contrast is presented between the arrival and the departure of a stage! On one occasion, you see a handsome vehicle in complete order, the horses sleek and shining, the harness clean, the pas-

sengers decently clad, bustling, full of excitement, and in high glee. The driver cracks his whip, and off they dash at a canter. On the other, the same vehicle comes rolling heavily into town, weighed down by its cumbrous load, and spattered with mud. The horses are covered with foam and dirt, wearied, panting, and with heads drooped. The passengers are all of one color, and a monotonous gloom is seen on their visages: they are the saddest, sorriest, vilest looking set, that can be imagined. They are alike tumbled, angry, dirty, and silent. The gentlemen have not shaved lately, and the ladies have had their dresses crushed out of all shape. They are hungry, thirsty, sleepy, and covered with dust. They started, a genteel, well-dressed, affable company; but they have arrived a silent, haggard, unhappy-looking set of creatures. One has lost his trunk, and another his temper. One has forgotten her travelling basket, and they have all forgotten their good manners. They have been upset, perhaps—an arm has been broken, an umbrella fractured, and a new bonnet knocked into a cocked hat. A painter might study their faces as they crawl out of the carriage, and would find depicted upon them all the varieties of impatience, peevishness, and discontent.

I set out from Lexington for Harrodsburg, in one of the elegant coaches owned by a proprietor at the latter place, who discharges his duty to the public with admirable fidelity. I have since seen his stages on different routes, leading from the place of his residence, and I venture to say, that they are inferior to none in the United States. The horses, carriages and drivers are all excellent, and afford the most ample testimony, that this mode of travelling may be rendered both secure and comfortable, wherever the proprietor combines with a due attention to his own interest, a regard for the safety and convenience of those who travel.

The road from Lexington towards Harrodsburg, leads through a country similar to that which we have described—a rich and highly improved region—until we approach the Kentucky river, at the distance of nearly twenty miles from the former place. Here the surface becomes much broken, and along the high banks of that beautiful stream, the elegant foliage of the cedar is seen, giving variety to the landscape, and presenting a strong contrast with the luxuriant growth proper to the richer soil of the surrounding region. The Kentucky is a small river, which has worn a deep and narrow channel, through the thick and solid strata of limestone, which prevail throughout this region; and it is, of course, at almost any point at which it is approached, overhung by high and precipitous cliffs, and embo-

somed in heavy forests. Nothing can be more sudden and striking to the eye of the traveller, than the transition from the gently sloping surface, the improved fields, and the elegant groves, over which we had just passed, to the wild and rocky peaks that overhang the Kentucky. To me, however, this river had another attraction, in the variety of historical reminiscences with which its name is associated. On its shores was the first residence of the pioneer Boone, after his removal to the west. Many a rude fortress was erected on its banks, and there are many spots among its cliffs which have been rendered famous by the battles of the founders of this commonwealth, whose history is richer in romantic incident than that of any of her sister states.

We descended into this valley by a rugged and winding road cut in the hill side, and climbed the opposite bank by an ascent equally rough and tedious, to the Shaker village, which is situated about a mile from the river. The habits of the society who have formed this little settlement, are too well known to require description. With whatever surprise we may contemplate that hallucination of the mind, which has led them to violate some of the plainest dictates of nature, to tear asunder the holiest and sweetest bonds of kindred and affection, and to estrange themselves from all the wholesome ties of society—the benevolent mind cannot but be gratified by the exhibition which their community affords of the genial effects of some of the moral virtues. On entering their village, we are forcibly struck with the neatness and admirable economy which reign throughout. We see the effects of industry, frugality and temperance, carried into full practice, and unembarrassed by the countervailing influence of the opposite vices. All that we behold is the fruit of hard labor and severe abstinence, with little intelligence and less taste—without literature, and almost without art. Agriculture and the simplest arts of mechanism, constitute the employments of the people, and their intervening hours are filled with worship and repose. Their lives are rude and simple; their wants are few, and their pleasures, I should think, still fewer. Instead of advancing with the age in which they live, they have rejected nearly all its improvements—intellectual, physical, and moral, and gone back to the simplicity of a ruder time. I say *nearly* all; because some of their virtues are modern: their cleanliness and temperance are among the refinements of civilization and christianity; and they have adopted all those improvements in agriculture and mechanics by which their labors might be facilitated or rendered productive. Yet even these are few; and they are exercised under

the influence of a principle of action, which if not selfish, is narrow. They live harmless lives, improve their property, accumulate wealth, and, we are bound to suppose, worship God in sincerity; but they extend no influence beyond the circumscribed sphere of their own territory, and perform few of the duties of citizens and christians in the wide fields of benevolence and patriotism. The society is interesting only as an example of well-conducted industry. Their buildings are large and admirably constructed—but of course, few; for living as they do, in a community, which forms but one family, and recognizes no division but that which separates the sexes, they do not require numerous buildings, either for habitation or for other purposes. Their lands are highly improved, and their domestic animals of the best stocks. Those, therefore, who wish to see the effects of labor well directed, of temperance, prudent management, and rigid frugality—those who would behold the condition of a diligent, inoffensive, moral community, without refinement, intelligence, or active philanthropy, may find much to invite reflection in the institutions of this singular society.

The distance from this place to Harrodsburg is about eight miles, and the road tolerably good. One remark, however, is applicable to all the natural roads of this region: the hill sides are invariably rocky. The soil is nowhere deep, except in the alluvial bottom lands; and the substratum of rock on which it rests, is so near the surface, that wherever the ground over which the road passes, is uneven, the earth is speedily worn or washed away, and the rock left bare.

Harrodsburg is a neat, well-built village, though the situation, which is lower than the surrounding hills, does not seem to have been judiciously chosen. It was one of the spots selected by the earliest emigrants, and the location of the fort, which formed the *nucleus* of the infant settlement, was probably determined with reference to a convenient supply of water. The country around it is elevated and hilly, but interspersed with tracts of fine land.

I was agreeably surprised on reaching the Harrodsburg springs, to find one of the best-regulated and most pleasant watering places that I have ever visited. The buildings are extensive and commodious, and the grounds laid out with taste. Dr. Graham, the proprietor, keeps the house himself, and feels an interest in sustaining the character of the establishment, which is evinced not only in the large sums which he has expended in improving and beautifying the property, but in his personal courtesy, and his indefatigable attention to his guests. An intelligent and liberal man, possessing a large share of native

kindness, and a more than ordinary degree of perseverance, he is unwearied in his endeavors to extend the reputation of this delightful place of resort, by every possible attention to the comfort of those who are allured thither in pursuit either of health or recreation.

There are two medicinal springs, which are distinguished in reference to their properties, as the Epsom and the chalybeate spring. They have been described by Dr. Drake, in the second volume of the Western Medical and Physical Journal, and by Dr. Yandell, of Lexington; both of these gentlemen having subjected them to careful analysis. The *Epsom* spring contains *sulphate of magnesia*, which imparts its peculiar taste to the water, and is the characteristic ingredient, with small quantities of *carbonate of magnesia*, *sulphate of soda*, *sulphate of lime*, *carbonate of lime*, and *sulphuretted hydrogen*—the latter gas, however, in so minute a proportion as to be barely discoverable by the chemical test. In this spring no impregnation of iron is detected; and so large a quantity of the principal ingredient is held in solution, as to be distinctly perceptible to the palate, and as decidedly nauseous as the most determined valetudinarian could desire. The chalybeate spring is similar in composition, with the addition of a small quantity of iron, and a stronger impregnation of *sulphuretted hydrogen*. There is another, called the *Greenville* spring, within a mile of Dr. Graham's establishment, the composition of which is precisely identical with the *Epsom* spring, but it is not now in use. The medical gentlemen whom I have named, with others who are competent to decide, bear ample testimony in favor of the medicinal qualities of these nauseating fluids. The Epsom spring is said to bear a striking analogy with the celebrated Seidlitz spring of Bohemia, which has for more than a century maintained a high reputation. But I leave that subject to the doctors—knowing how ticklish a matter it is to venture an opinion on any topic connected with that benevolent profession, about which it is possible that a diversity of opinion may exist.

It will be more pleasant to speak of the beautiful grounds, and commodious buildings, which contribute to the innocent enjoyment of so many of those who travel in hot weather. It was hot enough when I arrived there, about the middle of July; and as I left the stage, heated and weary, I could not but admire the inviting air of coolness which seemed to reign over this delightful spot. The grounds adjoin the village, but are as much protected from noise, and every kind of annoyance, which the vicinity of a place of business might be supposed to produce, as they could be in a more retired situation. Although the violently

contested election between Moore and Letcher—the former of whom is a resident of Harrodsburg—was at hand, and excited throughout this district an unusual degree of interest and irritation, the subject was scarcely mentioned at the springs, nor the effects of the excitement perceived. The village was at all times, during my visit, remarkably quiet; a large proportion of the people are attached to some religious denomination, and the whole population is characterized by an appearance of industry and correct morals.

The buildings at the Springs are extensive, and better than are usually found at such places. The hotel is a long building, with a piazza extending along the whole front, which forms an admirable promenade. It contains a dining room, in which 150 persons may be conveniently seated, an excellent ball room, parlors, chambers, &c. There are besides two rows of very comfortable cottages; and another row is about to be erected. The usual facilities are provided for those games and amusements which seem necessary at such a place, to dispel the monotony occasioned by want of employment, and to supply the place of thought to those to whom thinking would be too laborious an exercise for sultry weather. Here were some playing chess or backgammon, some throwing the hoop, others engaged at battledore, and others amusing themselves at ten-pins. Riding and walking were, of course, resorted to, in the morning and evening. The grounds afford delightful *promenades*—the proprietor having improved almost forty acres, which are tastefully laid out into walks, and embellished with ornamental trees. The country around is not so picturesque as some other parts of Kentucky, nor are the roads so good as might be wished: yet the latter are not so bad as they might be, nor is the former devoid of interest. Those who desire exercise, or love riding, may visit Shakertown, and spend a day agreeably in observing the anomalous customs of a people as remarkable for the singularity of their sectarian belief, as for the success of their worldly labors. If they happen to be there on Sunday, they will see a dance, the like of which they never saw before, unless they have happened to witness it in the worship of the same sect—and which, however ridiculous it may seem in description, is not without a degree of solemnity and imposing effect. Or they may gallop away to the romantic cliffs of the Kentucky river, and spend hour after hour in clambering over rugged precipices, and gazing upon scenery of the most engaging description. Standing upon a natural parapet of solid limestone, at an elevation of four hundred feet above the water, they may look upon the narrow river, embosomed in the deep chasm below; while

around them the perpendicular ramparts, the tall peaks, the huge masses of shapeless rock, and the rich foliage that shades and beautifies the scene, afford an endless variety of scenic beauty.

I found at the Springs a company consisting of about one hundred and fifty persons; but was informed that the number would be considerably augmented after the election, which was then approaching, when the Kentuckians, who are too patriotic to leave home before that event, would begin to pour in. The persons that I found there, were chiefly from the more southern states—from Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi. Among these, though collected from different regions, the greatest cordiality prevailed. There was scarcely any perceptible division into parties; on the contrary, the whole company mingled together in the most cheerful and harmonious manner. The frankness and amenity of the southern manners, with the facility in making acquaintances, which forms so remarkable a feature in the character of the western people, were strikingly displayed in their agreeable intercourse.

Dr. Yandell, in the interesting pamphlet to which I have alluded, says: 'Kentucky abounds in mineral springs. Almost every neighborhood has one. But as they generally contain little else than sulphuretted hydrogen, with the earthy substances common to all water in limestone regions, they are not remarkable for any healing virtues, and have attracted but little notice.' So true is this remark, that the traveller who should ride through this state in the summer, would be surprised at the number of *watering places* he would find, even in the most retired neighborhoods; for although none of these springs, except a few of the most celebrated, have become known to the public—the fashionable public—a vast number of them are resorted to by persons residing in their respective vicinities. There seems to be a decided taste for such excursions; and in addition to the crowds that resort to Harrodsburg, the Olympian Springs, and the Blue Lick, there is scarcely a county in which there is not a medicinal spring, with accommodations for visiters. At all of these some persons are to be found, during the hot weather; and a stranger, unacquainted with the social habits of this people, is often agreeably surprised, when riding through a thinly settled part of the country, into which the customs of polished society seem not to have extended, by meeting, unexpectedly, at some great log house, surrounded by a cluster of equally rude cabins, a gay company of plain but intelligent people. They are not the fashionable people of the land, but they represent their own county, as those who assemble at the great watering

places represent the state. They are the inhabitants of the smaller villages, and the families of the surrounding farmers, and among them we often find a few accomplished ladies, who would be ornaments to any circle.

The Olympian Springs, formerly called the *Mud Lick*—are situated about fifty miles east of Lexington, among the extreme western ranges of the Allegheny mountains. In travelling towards them from Lexington, the road passes for more than twenty miles, over that beautiful Elkhorn tract, which I have already attempted to describe, but to which no description can do justice. A hilly region succeeds, and on reaching the vicinity of the springs, the traveller finds himself in a high mountainous country, embellished with scenery of a bold romantic character. Its natural advantages are infinitely superior to those of Harrodsburg; but the accommodations not so good. In the latter particular, Harrodsburg may compare, favorably, with the best places of resort in the United States; and in the former respect, the Olympian Springs present the most preeminent attractions. Here is the bracing air of the mountains, and the picturesque beauty of a wild and broken country. Here are cold streams, dashing over beds of rock, and affording an abundance of game for the angler, with mountainous solitudes in which the deer are found in sufficient numbers to reward the activity of the hunter.

[*To be continued.*]

THE SPANISH GIRL.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

A FAIR, young Andalusian maid
  Was out on the bank of a winding river,
As, down through a flowery vale it strayed,
  To lose itself in the Guadalquiver.
And the girl was chasing a butterfly,
Alone, when the son of her king came by.

She ran, while the pure, fresh morning air
  With her light mantilla's head was playing,
It flushed her cheek, and her raven hair,
  In its loosened locks, to the wind was straying.
But, it never entered the maiden's mind,
That the son of her king was close behind.

For he, while he looked at her beaming face
  And her sylph-like form, felt his heart grow tender:
And he thought, *sub rosa*, he'd watch the chase,
  So see where the hope of her prize would send her.
A cluster of flower-shrubs wove a screen;
So, he stepped behind it to view the scene.

Though bright were the hues that the insect wore,
The soft black eyes of the maid were brighter;
And light, little feet the pursuer bore,
But, the wing of the fugitive still was lighter;
For every time that it tired and lit
She crept near enough just to startle it.

At length it tacked with a lazy whirl,
Like a sportive child with his fellow playing;
While after it ran the delighted girl,
The whim of a butterfly still obeying:
Intent on the jewel that charmed her eye,
She still saw not that her prince was nigh.

It went and lit on an osier bough,
And seemed for a moment calmly sleeping.
Said the joyous girl, 'I will have thee now!'
But, she heeded not, that the waves were sweeping
Along the bank where the osier threw
Its frail arms out, and the tall grass grew.

She gave one bound, and the pleasing snare
That the wily insect laid, had caught her;
A quick, faint cry to the passing air,
And, her light young form, met the cold dark water!
But, the noble heir of the Spanish throne
To save her life, soon forgot his own.

For, swift as a dart from the tight-drawn string,
He flew to the stream for the sinking maiden:
And the youthful arms of the future king
Came up with their precious trophy laden;
While the wildered girl thought a minister
Of Heaven had come down to rescue her.

But, soon he proved he belonged to earth,
And to link her fate to his own besought her.
He gave her the rank of a royal birth,
As a prince's bride, and a monarch's daughter;
And, if he was joined to an idol, now,
It had dropped in the stream from an osier bough.

Newburyport, Massachusetts.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Essays on the Principles of Morality. By Jonathan Dymond. With a Preface, by the Rev. George Bush, A. M.

This is, to all intents and purposes, a quaker book. Plain, neat, sensible, and with all, somewhat conceited in both matter and manner. The author has carried his discussions into, not unexplored territory, but into 'nooks and corners,' that had been, most unaccountably, overlooked by his predecessors in these and such like speculations. This constitutes the chief merit of the work. It enables the student of ethics with but little expense of time or thought, to apply the principles and reasonings of others, adapted, and sometimes remoddeled with advantage by our author, to the various cases of *practical causistry*, which, despite of the name, form the chief concern of the conscientious citizen.

The book is, what its author intended it to be, a practical book. And this, contrary to what is commonly supposed, renders its errors in principle more innoxious. It will, by nine out of ten, be read for its *rules*, which are generally correct, while the tenth reader, who looks for principle and analysis, will not be likely to adopt any of the author's peculiar or sectarian heresies. Many an expert accountant would be well qualified to write a practical arithmetic, who would make but a sorry figure at 'analytic algebra,' or the rationale of 'universal arithmetic.'

Our author (and still more, as we think, his American *prefacer*) seems to have widely mistaken the ground of moral obligation. Instead of putting 'the truth' of a moral system 'upon *authority*,' we are inclined to believe, that truth, and morality, and *authority*, have, all, one *common* foundation. What that is, we shall hereafter find a more convenient place to state. We never could admit—and we doubt whether those who seem to advocate the doctrine, ever seriously believed—that a mere volition of the duty, could change the moral nature of an act; or the moral character of an agent, while the *relations* of the one, or the other, remained the same. And if it cannot, then we must seek for some other view of the foundations of virtue.

Nor can we, on the other hand, agree with our prefacer, that actions are what they are, 'not by will, or decree, or power; but by nature and necessity.' 'We see not,' says Mr. Bush, 'how the will of any being can render any thing *morally* good and obligatory, which was not so *antecedently* and from *eternity*—or any action *morally* right, which is not so *absolutely in itself*.'

Now, we must frankly confess, that we have no conception, and honestly fear that we never shall have any distinct notion, of a thing *antecedently* to its existence; or what was the *character* of any created thing, or of any action of a created thing from *eternity!* Nor, after repeated trials, have we been able to assure ourselves of what *can* be meant by an action being morally right *absolutely in itself*. A being perfectly isolated cannot sustain a moral character, or be the author of moral acts; except in relation to itself. But an *action* considered absolutely—that is, without reference to its agent or its object—is a nonentity; and if it were not, could not possibly sustain relations to itself; and must therefore be destitute of moral character, in every intelligible sense of that phrase. An insulated wheel may turn to the right or to the left; may have a perpendicular, a horizontal, or an oblique position—but you cannot pre-

dicate propriety or impropriety of either its positions or its revolutions, except in reference to *some relation* which it either does, or is supposed to sustain, to something else. We are told, that all our duties are comprised under three heads: those which we owe to our Creator, those due to our fellow-men, and those which relate to ourselves. But Mr. Bush would introduce a fourth class—absolute duties—having relation to nothing! Or rather he seems to imagine that the very nature of virtue is *absolute;* and that actions and things had a moral character from eternity, though they did not begin to exist until long after 'time began.'

'Extremes meet.' Our author and his eulogist arrive at the same point, though they reach it by different routes. They both represent the nature of virtue as arbitrary; and its obligations as tyrannical. The one puts them upon *authority;* the other upon *necessity.* The one makes the will of God the foundation and the criterion of virtue: the other represents the divine will as only declarative of moral distinctions—while those distinctions themselves were from 'nature and necessity.'

The questions: Is a thing right, because God willed it? or did he will it, because it was right? are, in most of their aspects, highly important. Yet these inquiries must be familiar to the mind that can contemplate nature or necessity as controlling the Divine mind in the relations which it constituted among the works which were made. What, we would ask, *was* there, before the energizing will of the Almighty gave it existence? Was he not at perfect liberty to make any given system which he might please? Was he under obligations even to select the best final cause as his motive to create? Would not that have precluded the possibility of any except one system—the most perfect—being brought into existence by almighty power? And does not such a supposition involve the greatest absurdity? God is the *author* of nature; and his unchanging counsels the *foundation* of necessity. He was, antecedently, at liberty to create, or to refrain from creating. He might give to the creatures of his power what natures, laws, and relations, he saw fit. He might have made the system of which we are a part, the direct reverse of what it is. Nay, who will venture to say that he has not, somewhere, in his vast dominions, given existence to a system essentially unlike our own, in every respect, except dependence upon himself; which must be an attribute of all created existences. No one will deny, that whatever promotes happiness, simply, is virtuous, whether the promotion of happiness be *the* criterion of virtue or not. Had then our motives been the reverse of what they are, that which now produces suffering would have been promotive of enjoyment, and consequently virtuous. In different circumstances, that which was virtuous becomes vicious; and so, too, may vice become virtue. A certain amount of stimulus produces, in health, intoxication. The same amount, in disease, may be necessary to sustain the vital action of the system. In the one case, it is criminal to take it—in the other, it would be criminal to decline its use. Natures so constituted, as to secure their perfection by that course which would destroy ours, would be virtuous in pursuing that line of conduct which would constitute us vicious. Virtue is a conformity to our relations. Change these relations, and our conduct must be different.

The Creator, then, is the author of all things that exist. They are what he *willed* them to be, and that is right. But had he willed them an existence the reverse of what they now possess, who is prepared to say, that that too would not have been right? True, consistency is requisite to be preserved throughout the system. And when the first atom had been produced, all that followed was required to correspond

to that which was already made. Nor can one created system be, in every respect, the direct reverse of any other that has been, or that may be projected. All must be dependent on the Creator's hand, for the beginning and continuance of existence. No moral agent *could* be formed, so that it would be his duty to hate God, or a crime to love him. But such propositions involve a contradiction in their very statement. 'Omnipotence itself,' it has been said, 'cannot form a twelve-inch rule without two ends.' Admirable sagacity! The very definition of a twelve-inch rule is, that it *has* two extremities, and these at a given distance from each other. The statement then amounts to this—that a thing cannot *be* and *not* be the same at the same time. A moral being, is one that conforms voluntarily to its relations. A prominent relation of all created beings, is their dependence upon God. It must, therefore, always be immoral in a creature, to cast off its obligation of dependence upon the Creator.

But with these last-mentioned limitations—limitations which do not seem to have been contemplated by moralists of Mr. Bush's school—it should be constantly affirmed, that things are right because God willed them—and *not* that he willed them because they are right.

The foundation of virtue, then, is traced to the nature of things—and the nature of things originated from the will of the Creator. What he willed came into existence—and all that exists, is thus an *expression* of his will. Hence the foundation of virtue may be said to be arbitrary as respects the Creator—but rational in regard to the creature. Things are as they are, because the Creator so willed them. They might have been different had he so pleased. But in no system, nor in any given part of a system, would it have been better for any integrant to have been differently constituted, or differently related from what it originally was. So far is the foundation of virtue from being arbitrary, in regard to God's moral subjects, that the Creator himself cannot, by a mere fiat of sovereignty, consistently alter one of the essential relations of a single atom in the universe, without, at the same time, producing a correspondent change in the entire system.

We repeat, then, that the foundation of moral distinctions resolves itself into the will of God—but not his *arbitrary* will, which he may now alter, or which he ever could, 'since first creation's work was done,' have altered, to suit a change of purpose, had such a change been possible.

The criteria of virtue are made up of all the methods by which we are enabled to discover our true relations in life, and to direct our conduct according to these relations. Our author seems to think that revelation is the sole, or almost the sole, guide in this matter. And, undoubtedly, as far as regards another life, beyond the grave, the Bible is our only guide. But, if we are correct in supposing that things, as they exist; or rather as they did originally exist, furnish an expression of the Divine will; surely there are other methods of ascertaining our duty besides consulting the oracles of revealed truth. Our individual interest, so far as is compatible with the welfare of others—the good of the community—public opinion—and various other sources, are constantly open before us, and which we cannot innocently neglect to consult. But let it be ever borne in mind, that the Bible comes in to supply the desiderata which the light of nature and human philosophy could never have supplied. No, not if man had never fallen. He was destined to a future existence, of which he could know nothing but as he was informed. Nor was there any that could give the necessary information but God himself. In a state even of innocence, therefore, man would

have needed communications from his Maker; how much more then in the darkness and ruins of his fall!

Our author's views of moral obligation are far from being satisfactory. The idea that we are bound to obey, because a superior has commanded, seems to have been suggested by the nature of those governments under which our writers on morals have mostly chanced to live. Certainly such notions, when applied to the Divine government, have a tendency to favor the growth of tyranny and even despotism among men. The true rendering of the doctrine is this—'*power gives right.*'

Now where power coexists with unquestionable integrity; or rather where right confers power; it will be the interest—nay, even the duty of inferiors and dependents to obey. But we protest against that method of philosophizing, which represents the Deity as acting arbitrarily in any thing that he requires of his subjects. The distinction between 'moral natural,' and 'moral positive precepts,' we never have been able to recognize. True, there are requisitions in the Divine laws, the reason of which we do not fully apprehend. But may we not presume that they are as natural—that is, as rational, as those, the reasons for which are within our comprehension.

It has seemed to us, that no sentient, moral being *can* be laid under *any rational* obligation to obey *any* law, the requisitions of which are incompatible with the perfection of its whole nature. The Creator has made us capable of appreciating that state of existence, in which the healthful performance of every function is harmoniously going on. The recognition of this we call happiness. This we have been made to desire, and to pursue; and thus have we been obliged to seek that which tends to the perfection of our nature. Suffering results from derangement of body or mind; or from irregular action, or deranged functions of both body and mind. This we have been made instinctively to decline; and by avoiding pain, we are obliged to shun or remedy those defects which cause our suffering. Thus, too, our avoidance of suffering is made to contribute to the perfection of our nature. It is observable, also, that all motives to duty, and every inducement to abstain from crime, point directly, or indirectly, to our desire of happiness and our aversion to pain. How can it be otherwise? The perfection of our nature is but another name for enjoyment; and the derangement of our physical, or moral system, is, when rightly understood, synonymous with suffering.

That susceptibility, then, of enjoyment and liability to suffer, together with the unquenchable desire for the one, and the unconquerable aversion to the other, which was incorporated with our very being, and which form the most essential elements of that being, lays the foundation of all moral obligation; and to these must be the appeal in the presentation of every moral motive.

A being incapable of enjoyment and unsusceptible of suffering could not be appealed to on any moral principle. No motive to duty nor dissuasive from crime could possibly be presented to a mind under such circumstances. The conclusion is inevitable, therefore, that the foundation of moral obligation is laid in man's sentient nature; and that the enactments of the moral legislator, and the procedure of every moral executive, must be predicated upon that nature, and have a distinct and legitimate reference to the elements of which it is composed.

The author's opinions in regard to conscience, are those peculiar to the sect to which he belonged. With them, conscience is not only 'the divinity that *stirs* within us'—but a constant and infallible admonitor from the 'spirit of the Almighty' to keep us in

the path of rectitude and truth. And the efficiency of this moral monitor, in controlling the whole conduct of the mass of those who hold this opinion, is certainly no mean argument in its favor. We think, however, that their philosophy is wrong, though their 'lives are in the right.' On this subject, it must be confessed, that but little distinctness of statement can be claimed by our most eminent ethical writers; while amongst the lower order of philosophists, such confusion of thought has all along prevailed, as to give no small countenance to the old theory of vibrations in the brain.

The theory and practice of medicine have been constructed on the experience of health and sickness. Systems of criticism are predicated upon our emotions of taste. The science of music owes its origin and perfection to what is commonly called 'an ear for music.' Had men been devoid of these susceptibilities, theraputics, criticism, and music, must have forever been unknown. Yet no one will pretend that the recipes in medicine, the canons of criticism, or the rules of musical composition, are the same with the susceptibilities upon which they are founded; while all must admit that without the latter the former could never have been framed.

So it is with our moral sensibilities. Without an original moral sense, we must have forever remained unfurnished with a system of moral conclusions. And had a moral code been furnished us by our Creator, (as indeed has been done, in part, by the author of our religion) still we would have been unable to appreciate, or even to understand it, without the aid of a constitutional conscience.

When our bodies are diseased, we feel pain. When our taste is offended, we experience disgust. When our moral nature is violated, we are conscious of wretchedness. When it is in health, we enjoy a kind of moral gladness, which is nearly, if not quite synonymous with selfapprobation. We instinctively avoid, not only that which has caused us suffering, but every thing analogous to it; and hence arise rules ad extra, and such as have a prospective reference. Now, neither our susceptibilities of pain; our emotions of taste; nor our moral sensibilities, could, of themselves, have given us any intimations in relation to the future. Their office is wholly retrospective. The use of pain, both physical and moral, is to admonish us of some derangement that *has* taken place, in order that we may, if possible, remove the cause. But as experience would often come too late, we learn to judge by analogy, and to avoid not only that which *has* injured us, but whatever is judged to be of a similar tendency. Hence we say to ourselves and to others—Abstain from such and such a course of conduct, because it has injured us, and will injure you—or it is analogous to that which experience has proved to be prejudicial to human nature.

The simple elementary notion of conscience, then, would seem to be that it is a constitutional necessity of moral wretchedness, whenever our moral nature has been in any way, or to any degree deranged; and that, too, antecedent to any act of our rational nature, other than is implied in the presentation of moral truth to the mind. We do not need to reason, in order to feel from whence our hand or foot is injured. But it requires an exercise of our rational faculties to remedy the injury, and to prevent its recurrence for the future. So, neither does it require an act of reasoning, in order to our experiencing the distress consequent upon 'moral unhingement'—though without ratiocination we should never be able to discover the cause of our suffering, nor to devise either a preventive or a cure.

Our moral sensibility admonishes us of an injury. Our rational powers devise means of redress and prevention. The combination of both has been generally denominated

conscience; but incorrectly, as we think. True, the combined action of both these parts of our nature is requisite in order to give the greatest efficiency to both in the business of moral education.

Man suffers whenever his nature is violated. He naturally therefore connects such violation of his nature and its consequent suffering, with the displeasure of the Author of his being; who, surely, he reasons, 'cannot but disapprove of the derangements of the works which he has made.' Hence the anticipations of coming wrath—those 'fearful lookings for of judgment and fiery indignation,' which fill out the elements of remorse. But even this would never have been experienced but from that principle in our nature which makes present suffering inevitable upon present injury done to our moral nature. And that principle is conscience. We have room to say but a single word more. The sanctity of oaths is but too little regarded generally, and it is injudicious therefore, to say any thing which can be construed so as in the least to favor their profanation. Still we do not believe with our author, that the gospel injunction, 'Swear not at all,' amounts to a prohibition of the use of oaths. Oaths, like the lot, are an ordinance of Heaven—an act of high religious worship; and surely it cannot be required by the gospel of Christ to abstain from such acts.

The administration of oaths is a contrivance to bring our constant obligations to speak the truth more distinctly before us, in proportion as the ill consequences of falsehood, or want of integrity, might be more extensively felt on account of the peculiarity of a given case. Now, if all men always recognized their habitual obligations in this matter; and it was known to others that every man did so, there would be no occasion for those artificial forms, contrived to force attention to this obligation, when especially required. Our conversation, then, on the most momentous occasions, need not be more than simply to affirm and deny. But while a moral hebitude pervades the minds of men, as regards their obligations to veracity, oaths will continue to be necessary and lawful both in the administration of justice, and to guard against its misconduct in matters of public trust. Whatsoever is more than yea and nay, says the Savior, cometh of *evil*. That is, the depravity of human society requires it. Amongst Christians it ought to be otherwise. If they but lived as their profession requires, the necessity of oaths would, amongst them, be entirely superseded. To this high state of christian ethics the work under review is well calculated to contribute, and as such, cannot well be too highly recommended. H.

THE INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS, illustrated by referring the anomalies in the literary character to the habits and constitutional peculiarities of men of genius. By R. R. MADDEN, Esq. 2 vols. pp. 412.

IF an author desires to be read with profit, it is necessary that he understand the subject of which he professes to treat, and dispose its several parts into a lucid and proportionate arrangement. But with many modern book-makers these are considerations of no value. Write they must, whether the subject be understood or not; and as to management that must be left to regulate itself, as the author pours forth from his burning brain, in one continuous stream, the heterogeneous thoughts that were linked together by some principle of association peculiar to his disordered intellect. 'The

infirmities of genius,' or rather the infirmities that characterize defect of genius, are finely developed in the work named at the head of this article, whose avowed object is the truly noble effort to collect, in one loathsome mass, all the infirmities of distinguished men, for the purpose of showing that they emanated from the same source. In one department of his pursuit—that of collecting whatever is odious in the characters of certain renowned men—our author has succeeded certainly to the disgust of his readers, if not to his own satiety; but in essaying to resolve them into a common origin, he has betrayed an 'infirmity' quite common to a conceited 'genius.' Notwithstanding the import of his title-page, his work exhibits a pompous parade of professional knowledge and vulgar reports adduced as facts, arrayed in support either of a visionary theory, or of his pretensions to superiority in medical science. A desire—perfectly natural—to make his own profession appear superior to all others, and to render himself 'proudly eminent' among his compeers, has tinged the complexion of the whole book, and made it but too evident that, whilst portraying the infirmities of others, he 'painted for his own renown' as much as for their cure.

A position, unsupported by proof, is assumed as the basis of the work, on which our author has expended no small amount of toil. He lays it down as an axiom, that literary men are invariably characterized by certain frailties, which, by way of furnishing consolation to the ignorant, he suggests, is a wise arrangement. But what superior power, whether Providence, Fate or Chance, has 'ordained' that the 'infirmities of genius' shall counterbalance the evils of ignorance, and leave little or nothing to choose between the condition of the learned and the unlearned, we are not informed. His subject is thus introduced: 'It is generally admitted that literary men are an irritable race, subject to many infirmities, both of mind and body; that worldly prosperity and domestic happiness are not very often the result of their pursuits.'

Eccentricity is the 'badge of all their tribe;' and so many errors accompany their career, that fame and frailty would almost seem to be inseparable companions. 'Perhaps it is wisely ordained that such should be the case, to check the pride of human intellect, and to render those of humbler capacities contented with their lot, to whom nature has denied the noblest of gifts.' p. 13.

This 'general admission' that literary men possess qualities necessarily subversive of 'worldly prosperity and domestic happiness,' we are slow to receive. If their pursuits in any manner incapacitate them for hoarding up wealth—which our author perhaps means by 'worldly prosperity'—it is by enlarging and elevating the mind so as to render it morally incapable of descending to those petty artifices, and sometimes actual deceptions, which are too frequently rendered necessary to secure this misprised possession. They as well as others generally know how to acquire a fortune, or to retain it if in their possession, although they may spurn the means necessary to the former, and prefer not to sacrifice the pleasures of high enjoyment to the latter. Their being made the real or supposed dupes of intriguing, unprincipled, business-men, arises in some instances from their neglecting to ascertain the value of certain objects, and often from their disdaining to assert their rights when it cannot be done without inducing an altercation with their inferiors, or shamefully exposing those whom, from motives of self-respect, they could not condescend to injure.

We are aware that not only their 'domestic,' but social 'happiness' is vulnerable at a thousand points, where those of ordinary minds are securely guarded. Exquisite sensibility is the inseparable attendant of a mind enlarged and refined by that peculiar

culture which is essential to the development of genius. Nor can this instrument, wrought up to so high a degree of delicacy, sustain, uninjured, those rude jostlings of life originated by contact with those obstacles, that the sinister purposes of others have violently impelled against it. The injury resulting from such collisions will always be in proportion to the delicate perfection of the instrument. Men of genius are sometimes confiding even to a fault; and on discovering that their confidence has been misplaced, their heart is wrung with almost insupportable anguish. The excruciating torture, which they suffer under such circumstances, is more intense and of longer continuance, than that experienced by others. But as their unlimited confidence is placed in only a select few--perhaps but one at a time--and that not until the fidelity of each individual has, to some extent, been tested, the man of genius is less liable to the pangs of betrayed confidence than his inferiors. But even admitting that his sufferings from this and every other source of human wo, are greater than those of others, his pleasures are also increased in proportion to his susceptibility for enjoyment. Nor would he exchange those evils, great as they may be, which are incidental to his elevation, for the incomparably few experienced by the least miserable among the vulgar, if the exchange must be made at the expense of that infinitude of enjoyment within the compass of his enlarged capacity. A man's real happiness is not to be estimated by comparing his sufferings with those of others, but by a comparison of the residuum of enjoyment in each individual, after the balance has been accurately struck between his happiness and misery. An estimate formed on this principle--which is the only one that can ensure a correct result--will determine whether 'domestic happiness' does not as frequently find an abode in the family of a man of genius as in that of any other. And until the position of our author is thus confirmed, we shall beg leave to differ from him so far as to adopt the opinion diametrically opposite to that of his--that literary men, instead of enjoying less, do enjoy more domestic happiness than their inferiors in knowledge, the 'general admission of mankind' notwithstanding.

That men of genius, or literary men--our author uses the terms indiscriminately--have their infirmities, no one can deny; and that they will universally consent to any process, however painful, that shall detect the origin of those evils and administer a remedy, does not admit of a doubt. But the position that they are pre-eminently distinguished by frailties, is perfectly gratuitous, and should have been subjected to a faithful inspection before it was selected as the basis of so imposing a superstructure as our author has professed to erect. Such an analysis of the first principles in his treatise might have saved the reader the suggestion, that when the author penned the following sentence, he need not have searched beyond the precincts of his own apartment for a pertinent illustration.

'It unfortunately happens that those who are disqualified by the limits of their capacities for the higher walks of learning, are those who take upon them the arduous duties of the literary Rhadamanthus, and at whose hands the "masters of the world" generally receive the roughest treatment.'

This application may be considered uncharitable; but very much of the pleasure and consequently advantage, that might have been derived from the perusal of a work containing as much valuable matter as this--if properly arranged and divested of every thing extraneous--is destroyed by the continual recurrence of the thought, that our author is one of those whom he has most happily described as 'fastening on the infir-

mities of great talent, for the purpose of gnawing away its fame, like those northern insects that prey

On the brains of the elk till his very last sigh.'

Still the work is not without positive excellencies, which will richly repay a cursory perusal; and we are not sure but it would have acquired a respectable celebrity, had it been divested of professional vanity, which has displayed itself in the many futile efforts to wrench facts out of their true proportions, and adjust them to a favorite theory. Much that is said on physical education, is highly valuable to the student; and it is to be regretted that this class of persons, so desirous to excel in their pursuits, very frequently neglect the precautions necessary to insure success. The conclusion drawn by our author, from observing the effects of intense study disjoined from a corresponding degree of corporal exercise, is perfectly correct:—'that the balance of health can be maintained in its natural equilibrium only when mental exertion is proportioned to bodily activity.' This position is sustained by a protracted but interesting inquiry concerning 'nervous energy'—a subject of peculiar moment to those engaged in literary pursuits.

In treating of the influence of studious habits on the duration of life, he has advanced the opinion that various learned professions have their peculiar effect in this particular. And as every theory must have a parade of something in the form of facts, our author has presented a synopsis of twelve literary professions, embracing each twenty eminent men—chosen professedly at random—whose respective ages in the aggregate form the *data* of his computation. The result of this *physiologico-mathematical* process, gives the poet the shortest, and the natural philosopher the longest life. From this he infers that those 'pursuits in which imagination is largely exerted, are unfavorable to longevity.' Poets therefore must expect the Muse in her wayward flight, soon to transport the body as well as the mind beyond the ken of mortals. And yet deluded souls will cultivate poetry instead of natural philosophy, which would have insured a long life! Still a ray of hope enlivens the gloomy prospect of the poet—whose pursuits consign him to an early grave—as we read in the catalogue of this ill-fated fraternity, that Milton lived sixty-six years, Petrarch sixty-eight, Cowper sixty-nine, Dryden seventy, and Young eighty-four!

The error of our author consists in his combining several series of truths perfectly distinct and independent, and from this crude assemblage deducing a *specific* inference, instead of examining each principle separately in the method peculiar to itself, and then classifying the results in their proper order for the purpose of obtaining the legitimate deduction. We cannot ascertain the tendency of different professional pursuits on the health without a rigid inquiry into the character of the constitution, the bodily and mental habits of each individual, and a variety of other circumstances, none of which our author has separately considered.

The application which Mr. Madden makes of a large collection of facts and observations—many of which are truly valuable—is to show that 'bodily disease has an influence over the feelings, temper or sensibility of studious men; and that it gives a color to character, which it is often impossible to discriminate by any other light than that of medical philosophy.'

This opinion he has attempted to support by referring to the physical infirmities of Pope, Johnson, Burns, Cowper, and Byron, which doubtless had no small influence on their social habits. Those individuals he contrasts with Walter Scott, in whose case,

he observes 'the absence of the ordinary errors of genius, may be ascribed in a great measure to well-regulated habits, which certainly were not those of the others above mentioned.'

To some of the above-named authors a degree of justice may have been done, in ascribing their eccentricities to bodily infirmity, and we are willing to concede to this cause a more extensive effect than it is usually allowed to produce. Let the errors of Pope and Byron receive every palliation that physical infirmity demands, and we shall perhaps draw a different conclusion, in some respects, concerning the characters of those two individuals of most unhappy temperament, from that which has generally been adopted. Had we been intimately acquainted with Pope, and observed the irritating effect of his malady, we might also have discovered enough of his benevolence to have convinced us, that, although he was 'irascible, capricious, peevish, and resentful,' there was some truth in the remark of Bolingbroke,—'I have known him these thirty years; he was the kindest-hearted man in the world.' A similar acquaintance with Byron might have taught us to refer his sad delinquencies to some cause which has hitherto been overlooked, and which might have presented them in a different aspect, although it is impossible for them to be excused by being referred to any source.

Of all the 'masters of the world,' whose infirmities Mr. Madden has proposed to delineate, the unfortunate Cowper has received the most harsh usage. In order to display his superior medical acumen, or cast opprobrium on evangelical religion, our author has severely taxed his ingenuity to prove that the afflicted poet was affected with 'religious mania.' He assumes the position that 'Cowper's malady was connected with certain delusions on the subject of religion,' and that his 'hallucinations' were occasioned or influenced by his disease. The professed object of his extended disquisition is, to 'point out the peculiar character of his malady, and to show how far his mental aberrations were caused or encouraged by religious enthusiasm.' Whether his effort has been successful admits of a question.

That our author might not lose his reputation for extensive research, he has ransacked writers ancient and modern, and presented their definitions of insanity in imposing array before the reader. Xenophon, Aristophanes, Locke, Conolly, Beattie, Cullen, Pritchard, and Hawkesworth, are called in to confirm poor Cowper's madness. And who would presume to confront such a redoubtable phalanx of names as Mr. Madden has summoned in defence of his theory? It behooves us to proceed with cautious step. Fortunately for those who differ from him, after summoning such a host of distinguished names, he has discarded all but one as unfit for his service. Presently another is enlisted, and on their united testimony, interpreted by our author, is the unfortunate individual convicted and condemned. And yet, we are told that it is the 'collective information of all he has quoted, rather than the particular opinions of any one of them, that is likely to lead us to a correct knowledge of the nature of Cowper's affliction.' Vol. ii. p. 9. How admirably this comports with what is said on the preceding page! 'The two definitions of this malady, which may be found to apply to the case of Cowper, are those of Locke and Mead.' At one time, the definitions of insanity given by *two writers* are precisely in point, and all others, of course, irrelevant; at another, we are told, that it is not the 'particular opinions of *any one of them*, but the *collective information of all* he has quoted,' that is essential to establish

his position. Another specimen or two of such statements might lead us to question the 'sanity' of the writer.

The definitions of insanity in Locke and Mead, on which our author bases his reasoning, are these:

'A man,' says the former, 'who is very sober, and of a right way of thinking in all other things, may, in one particular, be as frantic as any man in bedlam, if either by any sudden or very strong impression, or long fixing the fancy upon one sort of thoughts, incoherent ideas become cemented together so powerfully as to remain united. Dr. Mead regards madness as a particular malady of the imagination, which arises from intense and incessant application of the mind to any one object.' Vol. ii. p. 8.

What is there in these descriptions, admitting them to be correct, that can apply to the case of Cowper? Mr. Madden has tortured his ingenuity to collect something from the history and private correspondence of the melancholy bard to prove that his religious ideas were inconsistent, or such as might naturally be expected from a maniac. But none of the many facts which he has gleaned with the untiring diligence of a scavenger, establish the point that Cowper's religious sentiments were confused or irrational. The very definitions which he has selected from Locke and Mead—in which injustice may have been done to the authors by abstracting certain parts from their inseparable relations, which perhaps gave a different shade to the meaning—show that he was determined to sustain his positions, even if it must be effected at the expense of enlightened philosophy. If he has given the true sense of those writers, he cannot be charged with want of candor, although he has betrayed a lamentable weakness in supposing that 'incoherent ideas become cemented together so powerfully as to remain united, by long fixing the fancy upon one sort of thoughts'—and that 'madness arises from intense and incessant application of the mind to any one object.' It is not the 'intensity' of mental application or its 'long continuance,' but the *nature* or *manner* of mental exercise that wrenches the mind from its true proportions. Intellectual employment, directed in a rational manner, may be prosecuted with impunity to almost any extent. Mechanical instruments, when skilfully used, are rarely ever broken, although 'incessantly' employed until they are worn out: but by misapplication, or improper use, they are easily marred. The same is true of the mind. The question in relation to Cowper is, did he employ his thoughts *rationally* on the subject of religion? Mr. Madden affirms that he did not, and attempts to convince the reader that the pious bard dwelt so much on the subject of religion that his intellectual vision became obscured, and his ideas on this point wholly irrational. But let us examine the facts adduced in support of Cowper's mania on the subject of religion.

Our author quotes a passage from his diary where he complains of extreme dejection of spirits bordering on despair, and which destroyed his relish for those studies to which he had been inordinately attached. 'The classics,' he observes, 'had no longer any charm for me; I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it.' This is set down as the 'first attack of his disorder,' and soon after, at Southampton, the 'fervor of his enthusiasm on a single subject assumed the settled character of monomania.' This assumption is based on the fact, that the extreme depression of the bard, arising from a sense of his guilt in the sight of a God of spotless purity, was suddenly removed as he was surveying on a delightful morning, the richly variegated scenery of Southampton and New Forest.

'Here it was,' says the enraptured poet, who had just learned to contemplate Nature's God, and was as much astonished as if he had just emerged from a subterranean residence, where he had never seen the beauties of the scenery spread before the eye of earthly inhabitants, 'here it was as if another sun had been created that instant in the heavens, on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit. I felt the weight of my misery taken off, my heart became light and joyful in a moment; I could have wept with transport, had I been alone; I must needs believe the Almighty fiat, and nothing less could have filled me with such inexpressible delight, not by a gradual dawning of peace, but as it were with a flash of his life-giving countenance.' All this is accounted 'enthusiasm' by our author, and set down for unequivocal proof of madness. And what rational, unbiassed mind does not perceive that there might not have been the least shadow of extravagance in this happy change of feeling? Such an emotion must necessarily have been produced by an instantaneous conviction of the beneficence of God, displayed in the enchanting works of nature; a conviction so overpowering, as to make the soul of the true Christian thrill with ecstacy.

After having, according to his own confession, been 'day and night upon the rack, lying down in horror and rising up in despair,' in consequence of a vivid conception of the state of his heart viewed by the lamp of divine truth, a glimpse of the beneficence of God displayed in the beautiful scenery before him, suddenly dispelled his gloom, and lit up his soul with indescribable rapture. This sudden transition from grief to joy, although the cause is apparent and rational, is regarded as an unequivocal symptom of madness!

Our author discovers another instance of mental aberration not altogether unlike the preceding. After an interval of dejection, as Cowper was walking in the country, 'he knelt under a bank and prayed for a considerable time. A load of wretchedness was immediately removed from his mind, and on arising, he looked upon himself as standing redeemed and regenerated in the presence of his Maker.' To those who disbelieve that prayer is an efficient instrument in obtaining blessings, this may appear like madness. Such as have experienced the efficacy of devout supplications, and all who firmly believe in revelation, will claim the privilege of adopting a different opinion.

We shall close this extended notice of Cowper by quoting two passages from our author, whose discrepancy shows how little credit is to be attached to his opinions. Mr. Madden is unquestionably a man of violent prejudice, and is frequently betrayed into gross blunders and surprising absurdities by this passion, and that of professional vanity, which sometimes act in conjunction, and at others, in opposition. In the first passage which we shall adduce, prejudice refers the cause of his delusions to *religious enthusiasm;* in the next, professional vanity, operating as an antagonist principle, ascribes it to *dyspepsia or indigestion.*

'The simple fact remains irrefragable, that Cowper was a man of melancholy temperament, whose *mental gloom degenerated into monomania, and that* RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM WAS THE SOURCE OF HIS DELUSIONS.' Vol. ii. p. 36.

But all through his disorder, the *digestive organs were impaired and neglected;* to use the words of his biographer, 'the process of digestion never passed regularly in his frame during the years he resided in Norfolk;'—and this little paragraph is the essence of the 'history and mystery' of Cowper's malady. *This was indeed the true source of his hypochondria;* and to whatever gulf the torrent of his dejection

might have flowed, whether of insanity or eccentricity, RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM WAS BUT THE TRIBUTARY STREAM, which found a ready channel to receive its troubled waters. The original current might indeed have swelled with their increase, till the banks of reason were broken down by its aggravated fury; but the SOURCE *of the mischief must be traced to the* FOUNTAIN-HEAD, *not to the feeble* STREAM *that fed its violence.*—Vol. ii. pp. 71, 72.

Notwithstanding the exceptions to the work before us that we have pointed out, and others that the limits of a review forbid us to notice, it has many positive excellencies, and will richly repay, at least, a cursory perusal.

COLLECTIONS OF THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY; to which is prefixed an Address spoken before the Society, &c. By JONATHAN P. CUSHING, A. M., President of Hampden Sidney College. vol. i. Richmond. 1833.

THE Society from whose labors this pamphlet has been produced, was originated in the winter of 1831; but owing to the fatal epidemic which prevailed in that country, in common with other parts of the United States, and other adverse causes, effected but little during the two first years of its existence. The interesting publication now before us, however, affords an earnest that the rich hoard of ancient lore, treasured in the public archives, or private records, of the ancient dominion, will not be suffered to lie concealed any longer from the public eye.

We hail the establishment of this Society, at the head of which we perceive the name of the venerable Chief Justice of the United States, as an event highly auspicious to the literature of our country. Notwithstanding all that has been published, the older states of the Union abound in fragments of traditionary history, of the most interesting and valuable character, many of which will soon be lost to posterity, unless they shall be rescued from oblivion by the efforts of zealous and learned associations. Virginia especially, is rich in the materials of history. From the day when the intrepid Smith first wandered in search of adventure, along the wooded shores of the Chesapeake, and when the gentle Pocahontas gave to the world an example of female heroism and affection, more touching than any thing recorded upon the pages of romance, down to the present era, her annals have been filled with events of thrilling interest, and high importance. Long before the revolution, her scholars and statesmen were known to fame, and her soldiers were distinguished in the colonial wars. Mistress of the wide expanse of the unknown west, her sons began early to explore the wilderness, and to lay the foundation of a new empire in this enticing region. From that state came the pioneers who subdued the enemy, in the forests of Kentucky, and to whom America owes a large debt of gratitude. The war for independence, was not fought by our gallant forefathers upon the shores of the Atlantic only. While our armies were contending there, the British had turned loose the savage hordes of the west upon the frontiers, and the backwoodsmen were successfully repelling the incursions of the barbarian, while Washington was employed in fighting their regular armies. When we recal those events, when we recollect the services of Virginia, in defending the western settlements, and her magnanimity in yielding up to the general government the broad lands of this Great Valley, the larger portion of which were her own by right and by possession, it will be seen that there is no state to

whom the inhabitants of this region owe so much, and none whose history is so nearly connected with our own. We witness, therefore, with no small degree of gratification, an attempt to place on record the existing reminiscences of the patriotic and hardy deeds of the noble generation which preceded our own. And we hope it will be successful. Abounding as Virginia does, in all the elements of greatness, there is no reason why she should not perpetuate the fame of her own sons. Containing within her limits so many men of genius, education, and comparative leisure, she has at command the most ample means of collecting and preserving every bright relic which has been scattered along her career, by the hand of time.

The first article in the pamphlet before us, is the address of President Cushing, of Hampden Sidney College, in which he sets forth the objects of the Society, and presses them earnestly upon the attention of the members. They are such as are usually embraced in the plans of similar institutions, including not only historical and biographical details, but facts in relation to the natural history, and actual condition of the state.

The next article is a 'memoir of Indian wars, and other occurrences, by the late Colonel Stuart, of Greenbrier'—a paper which sheds considerable light upon the events which transpired upon the western portion of Virginia, during the thirty years succeeding the year 1749. The writer participated in the eventful scenes of that interesting period, and was not only a soldier, but a man of strong mind, who has recorded his recollections in a clear and easy style. The following anecdote is quite characteristic:

About the year 1749, a person who was a citizen of the county of Frederick, and subject to paroxysms of lunacy, when influenced by such fits, usually made excursions into the wilderness, and in his rambles westwardly, fell in on the waters of Greenbrier river. At that time, the country on the western waters were but little known to the English inhabitants of the then colonies of America, being claimed by the French, who had commenced settlements on the Ohio and its waters, west of the Allegheny mountains. The lunatic being surprised to find waters running a different course from any he had before known, returned with the intelligence of his discovery, which did abound with game. This soon excited the enterprise of others. Two men from New England, of the name of Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell, took up a residence upon Greenbrier river; but soon disagreeing in sentiment, a quarrel occasioned their separation, and Sewell, for the sake of peace, quit their cabin and made his abode in a large hollow tree. In this situation they were found by the late General Andrew Lewis, in the year 1751. Mr. Lewis was appointed agent for a company of grantees, who obtained from the governor and council of Virginia, an order for one hundred thousand acres of land lying on the waters of Greenbrier river,—and did, this year, proceed to make surveys to complete the quantity of said granted lands; and finding Marlin and Sewell living in the neighborhood of each other, inquired what could induce them to live separate in a wilderness so distant from the habitations of any other human beings. They informed him that difference of opinion had occasioned their separation, and that they had since enjoyed more tranquillity and a better understanding; for Sewell said, that each morning when they arose and Marlin came out of the great house and he from his hollow tree, they saluted each other, saying—good morning Mr. Marlin, and good morning Mr. Sewell, so that a good understanding then existed between them; but it did not last long, for Sewell removed about forty miles further west, to a creek that stills bears his name. There the Indians found him and killed him.

Colonel Stuart gives a very detailed account of the campaign of General Lewis, in 1774, which resulted in the battle at Point Pleasant. That battle was, in fact, the beginning of the revolutionary war; for it is well known that the Indians were induced by the British to commence hostilities, for the purpose of confounding and ter-

rifying the American people. It was thought that an Indian war would prevent a combination of the colonies for opposing the measures of parliament, and would turn their thoughts from resistance to the government by engaging them in the defence of their homes. The Shawanese, a fierce, warlike, and numerous tribe, were employed on this occasion, and they were a tribe not to be despised—for by them, with their allies, have the most conspicuous battles in the West been fought. It was chiefly the Shawanese that cut off the British army under Braddock in 1755, and defeated Major Grant and his highlanders at Fort Pitt, in 1758. It was they who defeated an army composed of the flower of Kentucky, at Blue Licks—who vanquished Harmer and St. Clair, who were beaten by Wayne, and conquered by Harrison.

The army sent against these formidable savages by Gov. Dunmore, was composed of Virginia volunteers, led by General Andrew Lewis, a gentleman of whose military abilities General Washington entertained so high an opinion, that when the chief command of the revolutionary armies were tendered to himself, he recommended that it should be given to General Lewis. He was the companion of Washington in the fatal campaign under Braddock, and was a captain in the detachment which fought at Little Meadows in 1752. He commanded a company of Virginians, attached to Major Grant's regiment of Highlanders, in 1758, and on the eve of the battle, in which the latter was so signally defeated, was ordered to the rear, with his men, in order that he might not share the honor of the expected victory. There he stood with his brave Virginians, impatiently listening to the reports of the musquetry, at a distance of more than a mile from the battle ground—until the Europeans were defeated, when, without waiting for orders, he rushed to the scene of slaughter, and by his coolness and skill, turned the scale of victory, drove back the savages, and saved the regulars from massacre. 'When he was advancing,' says the narrative before us, 'he met a Scotch Highlander under speedy flight, and inquiring of him how the battle was going, he said they were "a' beaten, and he had seen Donald McDonald up to his hunkers in mud, and a' the skeen af his heed." Grant made his escape from the field of battle with a party of seven or eight soldiers, and wandered all night in the woods,' but surrendered himself to the enemy in the morning, while the Virginians marched home in triumph. This was the same colonel Grant who figured in the British parliament, in 1775, when he had the impudence to say he knew the Americans well, he had often acted in the same service with them, and from that knowledge would venture to predict, that they would never dare to face an English army, being destitute of every requisite to constitute good soldiers.

We regret that we have not room to make further extracts from this narrative. We shall have attained our object, however, if the remarks we have made, shall be the means of attracting attention to this interesting era in our history.

The last article in this pamphlet is a very curious document, being an exact copy of the 'record of Grace Sherwood's trial for witchcraft, in 1705, in Princess Ann county, Virginia.' On another occasion we shall present an account of this singular procedure to our readers.

OBITUARY.

NOTICES OF EMINENT PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

THOMAS S. GRIMKE.—It was our intention to have prepared a notice of the distinguished gentleman, whose sudden decease has thrown a gloom over our community, when the following article, written by one who knew him, met our eye, and we have adopted it with a most cordial approbation of its whole spirit. To us, the deceased was only personally known during a few brief days immediately preceding that decision of Providence, which has removed him from an honorable and useful sphere of action, to a better state of existence—and we can speak of him, only as we saw him during that period, the admired orator in public assemblies, and the instructive companion in the social circle. He came among us at the invitation of the students of an eminent literary institution, in a neighboring village, and having discharged the duty assigned there with brilliant success, remained for more than a week in this city, at the earnest solicitation of many of our citizens. The writer, who was an inmate of the same house at which he lodged, and was honored with his confidence, is happy to have it in his power to say, that Mr. Grimke received, while here, the public attentions, and personal civilities, which were due to a distinguished stranger, and that he more than once expressed the gratification which his visit had afforded him. He was invited to deliver public addresses before the Temperance Society, the Inquisition, a literary institution in which many of our most intelligent citizens are members, and the Convention of Teachers—and his cheerful compliance with these requests, was scarcely less gratifying, than the displays of genius, learning, and benevolence, exhibited in his several public discourses. In the Convention of Teachers, besides the regular lecture which he delivered, he mingled, on several occasions, in the public discussion of interesting questions connected with the great subject of education, and was always heard with profound and increasing respect. His manner was earnest, yet grave and dignified, evincing a zeal that enlisted all his feelings and powers, in the subject of discussion, yet a self-possession which always restrained him within the limits of gentlemanly courtesy, and christian forbearance—his language was simple, chaste, and classical—neither ornate nor common—but such as flows without effort from a mind highly enriched by study and observation—his figures and illustrations which were numerous and beautifully apposite, were drawn from the whole range of history and literature, evincing a familiar and thorough acquaintance with ancient and modern classical learning, such as few men possess—and his sentiments were those of an accomplished christian, who founded his whole scheme of thought and conduct upon the solid basis of christian duty, tested every principle by the precepts of the Bible, and avowed himself, on every occasion, a disciple of Jesus Christ. He was a theorist and a reformer, who advocated a system consistent in itself, but which, while it won the suffrage of every christian and patriot, and conciliated for its advocate the profound respect of his hearers, was carried out in its details to an extreme point, to which, to say the least, the minds of this generation are not prepared to follow. In education, he would have banished alike the restraints of coercion and the incitements of emulation, requiring every act of the young mind to flow from a principle of duty, and he would have dispensed with the ancient languages, and the higher mathematics; in religion, his principles, on fundamental points, were those of the great body of enlightened christians, but in a variety of details he would have gone back to the customs of the primitive church.

Although an episcopalian, he maintained the entire parity, not merely of the clergy, but of the whole christian body, and believed that every professed follower of the Redeemer, whether lay or ecclesiastic, was equally bound to preach the gospel, and alike authorized to administer the ordinances of the church.

We have room to say but a word more. We never saw a stranger who, in a single week, won so unanimous a tribute of love and reverence. Though some differed from him in opinion, all admired him as a gentleman, a scholar, a philanthropist, and a patriot; reposed the most implicit confidence in his sincerity, and united in giving the testimony of their gratitude and esteem. His death shocked and grieved all, who had so recently seen him in the full vigor of mental energy and pious zeal laboring for the good of man, and the honor of God—all who had seen his inoffensive deportment, his unblemished chris-

tian walk, his courageous and persevering efforts to do good. Our citizens in public meeting have expressed their feeling sense of the national loss, and private bereavement, occasioned by his death; his friends here sympathize with those who mourn at his late home; but we trust he has received higher honors than we can bestow, and a greater reward than friends or country could give.

From the Ohio State Journal.

DIED, on the 12th October, at the house of Mr. Anderson, in Madison county, after a short illness of the cholera, THOMAS S. GRIMKE, of Charleston, South Carolina, aged forty-eight years and a few days; a gentleman who, to the gteatest modesty of character, and sweetness of disposition, added uncommon intellectual attainments, qualities which gave him a great and just influence in his native state; which made him be known and admired abroad; and which rendered him the delight of the domestic circle in which he lived. Mr. GRIMKE was a member of the bar at Charleston, standing in the front rank of the profession; the man of learning, and of industry; the wise man, and the eloquent. Although the greatest portion of the business which is transacted at the bar, may be said to be of a private character, that is, relating to controversies between individuals, and not reaching those great questions which interest and agitate the whole community; yet occasionally, great public controversies do arise, which call out the whole force of character and the utmost vigor of mind of the lawyer. And on a late occasion, when the constitutionality of the Test Oath was brought before the Court of Appeals of South Carolina, Mr. GRIMKE was selected as one of the counsel to conduct the argument. By all parties, it was acknowledged, that his speech afforded an example of deep and various learning, of close and subtle reasoning, and of the most fervid and glowing eloquence; and that his whole manner and deportment was characterized by the most fearless independence, and by the utmost temperance and forbearance to his opponents. The victory which he contributed to gain, is recorded by one party at least as one of the greatest achievements in favor of constitutional liberty: and his generous opponents, delighted by the noble ardor and the genuine sincerity of his exertions, have abstained from exercising their power on the occasion. May the death of this excellent and eminent individual, contribute even more than his efforts while living, to soften and subdue the bitterness of party strife, and render the people of Carolina once more an united and happy community!

He had visited the Western country, on an invitation to deliver an Oration at the University of Oxford, and a Lecture before the College of Teachers at Cincinnati. His inquisitive mind had occupied itself a great deal upon the subject of education. The great problem of the usefulness of classical learning, he had repeatedly revolved in his mind. He considered, that we, the moderns, were in reality the old people of the world, with centuries of experience and learning in our possession; and that the ancients were the young people, with more vivacity perhaps, but with a more confined range of knowledge; *and, therefore, necessarily*, with more limited powers of mind. Every species of knowledge, he believed to be useful; the productions of no people, he thought, were to be despised, because all contributed to make up a chapter in *the history of man*. But it was also clear, that it was the imagination only, which had raised the works of Greece and Rome to a superiority over those of France, Great Britain, and Germany: and at any rate, if there were any such superiority, and that superiority was rightly attributed to the fact, that the ancients, *had no models to copy after*, it was for that very reason, that we should not make the study of them, the chief part of education. And when it came to be a question of *general instruction* for the people, it was impossible for any man to shut his eyes to the fact, that if youth between ten and twenty were occupied principally in reading Greek and Latin, that in the vigor of manhood, they were principally occupied *with unlearning it all again*. He thought it was time that the spirit of improvement, which had touched men's minds as if with an enchanter's wand, should penetrate even our colleges, and render their instruction useful *in every period* of man's life.

The author of this article was prevented by his public duties, from hearing the Oration and the Lecture which Mr. GRIMKE delivered, as well as the other addresses which he made before Literary Institutions in Cincinnati. But they

who did listen to him, have wondered how one who, for the last twenty-five years, has been immersed in the business of his profession, should find time to think so justly and so admirably upon so many other subjects which are unconnected with the law.

October 15th, 1834.

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Brigadier General HENRY LEAVENWORTH, of the United States' army, who died on the 21st of July, 1834, after a short illness, from fever, at the 'Cross Timbers,' one hundred and twenty miles west of Fort Towson, in the fifty-first year of his age, was a native of Vermont,and wasfound at the commencement of the late war associated with general Root, (under whom his studies had been prosecuted) in the duties of an extensive and increasing practice of the bar.

With a characteristic disregard of self-interest, he left his office, and, with the commission of captain, conferred by government on the tender of his services, raised in Delaware county, New York, where his earlier years had been passed, and among those whom personal attachment not less than the high cause bound to him, a company with which he marched to the northern frontier and served there in the campaign of 1813. Promoted to a majority in Scott's brigade, at the head of the 9th infantry—being its only field officer present—he acted a most distinguished part at Chippewa. At Bridgewater, (Lundy's lane,) he was also instrumental, to a great degree, in the success of that sanguinary conflict with the choicest English troops. The well-earned brevets of lieutenant colonel and colonel, bearing the closely following dates of the 5th and 25th of July, 1814, were conferred on him, and it was conceded by all, that with however little discrimination, these evidences of merit were accorded to the actors in that campaign, general Leavenworth had claims inferior only to the gallant chief of the first brigade.

Pending the arrangement for the peace establishment, he retired on a short furlough, and was called by his fellow-citizens of Delaware county to represent their interest, for which on the field he had so freely perilled fortune and life, in the legislature of New York. Of this mark of their confidence he is known to have entertained a most grateful sense. How he acquitted himself in this position the legislation and debates of that period bear witness.

At the reduction, he was arranged as major to the 2d infantry, stationed at Sacket's Harbor; promoted in 1818 to be lieutenant colonel of the 5th infantry, stationed at Detroit, he conducted that regiment on the following year to the Falls of St. Anthony, and there established a post. At the further reduction in 1821, he was assigned to the command of the 6th infantry, at Council Bluffs, being its second field officer—general Atkinson having a department. It was here that his energy and promptitude were displayed in the chastisement of the Arikarees. On representations from general Ashley, of aggressions by them committed, he assumed the responsibility of moving his disposable force upon their remote villages. Of his success here, and the estimation in which the President and his military superiors viewed this affair, the order books of that period present gratifying testimonials.

Promoted to the 3d infantry in 1825, he conducted it from Green Bay to Jefferson Barracks, where with the 1st and 6th infantry, a school of infantry practice was organized, which, with the brevet of brigadier general, he for some time commanded. The troops at Council Bluffs being drawn in, he was directed to establish a new post on the Missouri, nearer the limits of the state, and to occupy it with a portion of his regiment. His judicious treatment of the Indians on this frontier, humane as it regarded them, conferring protection on our citizens, allaying the excitement which, to the detriment of their own concerns and of the public treasury, prompted them to arms, will not soon be forgotten.

His regiment has recently occupied stations on the southwestern frontier, the command of which, on a recent visit to the seat of government, was assigned to him, with a view to secure the benefits of his energy and experience in the contemplated movements of the dragoons, and his presence at the council to be held with the Indians in that remote region. He was admitted at this time as attorney and counsellor in the Supreme Court of the United States. Advancing in the execution of his military duties, and conducting in person the expedition to the mouth of the false Ouischita, he was arrested by the fever, which terminated fatally on the 21st of July.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

For the Month of SEPTEMBER, 1834; *taken at the Woodward High School, Cincinnati. By* JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date. SEPT'R 1834.	Thermometer. min.	max.	m.tem.	Barometer. mean height in's.	Course Wind. AM--PM	Char'tr of Wind.	Rain	Char'tr Weather.	Miscellany.
1	61.0	88.0	78.5	29.245	S-SE	lt.bre.		fair.	flying clouds.
2	59.0	84.0	76.0	29.365	SE-SE	lt.bre.		vari.	morning cloudy.
● 3	72.0	87.0	81.2	22.440	SE-SE	lt.bre.		cloudy.	
4	72.0	93.0	83.2	29.335	NW-NW	calm.	0.05	vari.	misty.
5	72.0	82.0	77.6	29.180	SW-SW	lt.bre.	0.06	vari.	evening clear.
6	64.2	74.0	69.0	29.260	SW-SW	lt.bre.	0.02	cloudy.	misty morning.
7	64.0	71.0	66.2	29.288	SW-SW	lt.bre.	1.51	cloudy.	wet morning.
8	66.0	85.0	71.5	29.166	SW-SW	str.bre.	0.37	cloudy.	wet morning.
◐ 9	61.0	78.0	68.0	29.235	SW-SW	str.bre.	0.07	vari.	
10	46.0	77.0	63.5	29.315	SW-W	lt.wd.		fair.	flying clouds.
11	40.5	75.0	60.8	29.555	NW-NW	lt.bre.		clear.	
12	42.2	74.0	62.8	29.635	SE-S	calm.		fair.	foggy morning.
13	48.5	84.0	71.1	29.650	SW-SW	calm.		fair.	morning cloudy.
14	56.0	85.0	73.5	29.600	W-W	calm.		clear.	foggy morning.
15	54.5	75.0	67.2	29.495	SW-SW	calm.		fair.	
16	53.0	79.0	68.6	29.385	SE-SE	calm.		fair.	
○ 17	61.0	86.0	76.7	29.223	SE-SE	lt.bre.	0.03	fair.	
18	67.0	76.0	70.8	29.206	W-NW	lt.bre.		fair.	
19	48.0	78.0	67.7	29.360	NW-N	lt.bre.		clear.	foggy morning.
20	46.0	80.0	67.5	29.343	S-S	lt.bre.		clear.	
21	54.0	73.0	65.0	29.273	NW-NW	str.bre.		vari.	
22	47.0	63.0	57.1	29.230	N-NW	str.bre.	0.14	cloudy.	rain at night.
23	54.0	69.0	62.1	29.240	W-W	lt.wd.		fair.	morning cloudy.
24	43.0	76.0	64.1	29.336	W-W	lt.bre.		clear.	morning foggy.
◑ 25	46.0	75.0	65.0	29.460	SW-SW	calm.		clear.	
26	44.0	81.0	69.1	29.393	SW-SW	calm.		clear.	
27	51.0	68.0	57.0	29.373	NW-NW	lt.wd.	0.17	cloudy.	rain at night.
28	43.0	56.0	51.0	29.486	W-W	str.bre.		vari.	
29	32.0	59.8	49.6	29.623	E-E	lt.wd.		vari.	morning foggy.
30	42.0	73.5	63.1	29.406	E-S	lt.bre.	1.09	cloudy.	

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale)	67° 48
Maximum height of thermometer,	93°
Minimum height of thermometer,	32°
Range of thermometer,	61°
Mean height of barometer, (English inches)	29.3698
Maximum height of barometer,	29.65
Minimum height of barometer,	29.14
Range of barometer,	.41
Perpendicular depth of rain, (English inches)	3.51

Direction of Wind: N. 1 day--E. 1½ day--SE. 5 days--S. 2½ days—SW. 9½ days—W. 5 days—NW. 5½ days.

Weather: Clear and fair days, 16—variable, 7 days--cloudy, 7 days.

River: Unusually low.

THE

WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1834.

GOLD MINES AND GOLD LAWS.

The discovery of gold in the south, and its exportation as an article of produce, have added new means of wealth and enterprise to the already vast resources of the United States. That so much treasure should so long have escaped observation, can be accounted for only by the fact that, the necessary supply of his wants leaves the occupant of new countries little time for the examination and analysis of the mineral kingdom. Enough, however, is known, of what is called the gold region, to prove it the richest and most extensive in the world. Gold must, therefore, hereafter be ranked as a staple of the country. In this light it may not be uninteresting to review the facts at present known, in relation to its development and probable effects upon the welfare of the country.

The first gold discovered in the United States was found in 1803, in the bottom of a small creek, called Meadow creek, which falls into a branch of the Pedee. It was discovered by a boy, who was shooting fishes. It appeared in masses, from small grains to a quarter of a hundred weight. The largest specimen weighed twenty-eight pounds, and when refined, lost but fifteen per cent. of its weight. This lump, at the rate gold dust sells at the mines, must have yielded the finder from 6 to 7,000 dollars. From this time till 1807, the amount of gold received at the mint, was only eight hundred and four standard ounces, or $14,310 in value. From that period till 1820, the whole amount received was $39,300. It gradually increased till

1825, when the amount was $17,000 for that year—in 1826, $20,000—in1827, $21,000—in 1828, $46,000. Till 1829, the gold, with the exception of some early specimens, had come exclusively from North Carolina. But, in that year it was received from Virginia and South Carolina, and in subsequent years from Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama. The whole amount received, during the last five years, is as follows. In 1829, $140,000; in 1830, $466,000; in 1831, $520,000; in 1832, $678,000; in 1833, $868,000. For 1834, estimated from the reports of the director of the mint, $1,150,000: being an average increase of twenty-five per cent. per annum, with no reason for any diminution in that increase for many years to come. What may be the ultimate limit of production cannot be told; as it is probable many districts containing the precious metals, are yet unknown as such, and none of them are worked to the greatest extent. The richness of the veins in the gold formation may be judged of, from the following remarks of a writer, in the Transactions of the Geological Society of Pennsylvania. 'The mines of the Brazils, the Gorgo Soco itself, cannot be compared with a vein known to the writer, as existing in the United States. Specimens from Inora and California he has seen in Mexico, as also from El Oro and Angongeo; and from the north in Zecatecas and Chihuahua. They were indeed interesting and beautiful, but not to be compared with those of the gold regions of the United States.' A first-rate hand in North Carolina makes from ten to twelve pennyweights per day, and each pennyweight is worth from eighty-seven to ninety cents. This is divided, in an agreed proportion, between the proprietor and the workmen.*

Of the amount actually produced by the mines, no criterion is furnished by that carried to the mint. Not only the silversmiths in our country purchase it in every direction for jewelry, but large quantities are exported to Paris, and other capitals of Europe, where a steady and extensive market exists for *bullion*, to be wrought into plate and other manufactured articles. This branch of trade has increased in England more than *twentyfold within thirty years*, as shown by the taxes received on that article.† The manufacture of gold and silver together, amount in Europe to the enormous sum of $40,000,000 annually—of which England alone manufactures $23,000,000: a fact which demonstrates, that the *march of luxury* has been quite equal to the *march of mind*.

* Silliman's Journal, vol. xiii. p. 202.

† Pebrer on the Taxation, Debt, and Capital of the British Empire.

The director of the mint supposes that, the gold brought to the mint is about one *half* the whole product; but it is evident, from the remarks of scientific and intelligent observers, who have minutely examined the mines, that the quantity coined is in a much smaller proportion. The produce of the mines has been by them estimated at from three to six times the amount coined. Taking the former proportion, the whole product of 1834 will be about $3,450,000; or nearly *one-fourth* the product of the world.

Heretofore, gold has been exchanged, at the mint, at disadvantage—the depositor being obliged to give *pure* for *standard* gold. A new law, however, has been enacted, by which he may receive its true value: a fact calculated greatly to increase the amount coined. Still large quantities must find their way to the markets of Europe in bars, as the manufacturers prefer the uncoined gold and pay higher for it.

In respect to the *localities* of gold, it is said recently to have been discovered as far north as Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. The gold district of the south commences on the Rappahannoc, Spottsylvania, Virginia; thence, it extends into Louisa and Orange counties, and has been found in Buckingham, between the James and Appomatox rivers. Descending south to North Carolina, it is found on the Yadkin, in the county of Rowan, and on through Cabarras and Mecklenburgh. Further west, it is discovered in Burke and Rutherford. Thence its course is through the upper part of South Carolina, till it enters the state of Georgia, in the county of Habersham. 'Crossing the Chestatee, it enters the Cherokee country, and passing the Etowah, pursues the same course till it is found again on the Coosa, in the Creek nation, Alabama.' Thence it ascends, till it reaches Tennessee. It will be observed, that this region is east of, and not far from the Blue Ridge, the most eastern of the Appalachian range of mountains, throughout its whole extent. We are not geologists, and therefore incompetent to say what this uniformity of geographical position indicates in respect to future discoveries; but we should suppose that, analogy—since the extent of the gold region is already so great—would render its existence probable in the intermediate and similarly situated counties of the states already mentioned, and also in the same range continued through Maryland and Pennsylvania.

The gold occurs in what geologists call a *primitive* formation, granitic, &c.; and disappears when that disappears, towards the lower country. Where it is found in *veins*, their general direction is east and west, inclining about 40°.

The gold is found in *veins* in the rocks, and also in auriferous

alluvial deposits; or the bottoms and sides of streams. The latter furnish, at present, the largest amount of bullion, because they are easiest worked, and require the least skill.

The gold of the alluvial deposits is obtained, sometimes by the proprietors with slaves, sometimes by lessees of the land, and sometimes by simple laborers, who divide profits with the owners. The proportion allowed by the proprietor is one-half or two-thirds. Where the proprietor gets one-half, and the deposits are rich, the profits are very large. At one of these deposits, in North Carolina, one hundred hands were employed per day, and the owner received from five to six hundred dollars per week. Three deposit mines of Georgia are said to have yielded $500,000 annually. These deposits in alluvial soil are worked by simply washing the earth till nothing is left but the gold and sand—after which the former is easily separated.

The veins of gold, which are found in the fissures of the rocks generally, are regularly mined by incorporated companies. This, however, has only been the case within six years. In 1828, no companies had been incorporated by North Carolina. At present the business is largely and efficiently carried on.

The whole number of persons employed at the mines has been estimated at twenty thousand, and their state of demoralization extreme. At the deposits the laborers are of the lowest cast, and during the day are surrounded by wagons, &c. carrying liquor, provisions, &c.—a species of camp followers—who bring with them vice and improvidence.

In a moral aspect, no benefit can be derived to our country from the discovery of mines. They have ever been the resort of those with whom cupidity is the ruling passion, and those whose dissolute habits have driven them from discreet society. To the region in which they are located, mines of precious metals have, universally, been the means of degradation and impoverishment. Fortunately for our country, it is too extensive to be greatly demoralized by influences, which, in that respect, are local to one section of the country; while, on the other hand, the nation may hope to derive lasting benefits from the introduction of a new staple, and the increased means of creating a durable currency.

To estimate properly the effect likely to be produced by the increased production of gold, we will consider, briefly, the amount of gold coined and the amount of specie currency.

The principal sources of the *gold* product are South America, the United States, Siberia, Hungary, Sumatra, and Africa—

which furnish nearly in the following proportions, according to the estimate of Humboldt and other writers.*

South America,	$11,000,000
United States,	3,450,000
Siberia,	1,300,000
Hungary,	500,000
Sumatra,	350,000
	$16,600,000

Africa also produces gold, but it is impossible to estimate how much, and is not supposed to add much to the above amount.

Silver is more extensively produced than gold. It is the product of Spain, Germany, France, England, Asia, and the Americas. Spain and Saxony were anciently the chief sources of this metal, for the supply of Europe. But those mines have become in a great measure barren, while the discovery of America added a new depot of the precious metals, more abundant than that of all the world beside.

Humboldt estimates the product of Mexico and South America, at $32,500,000, annually, distributed as follows, viz:

Mexico,	$22,000,000
Peru,	5,660,000
Buenos Ayres,	4,500,000
Chili,	340,000
	$32,500,000

It may be remarked, however, that the amount given, as the product of Mexico, does not correspond with the *average* amount coined, though it is less than the product of some years—especially those immediately previous to the journey of Humboldt.

The Mexican silver *coinage* is as follows, annually:

For 1809,	$26,172,982
For 1829,	11,787,133

Average coinage for twenty years, $11,014,435, annually.

In estimating the amount of silver *bullion*, something must be added to the amount coined; so that the total amount of $32,000,000 for the Americas, is not, probably, too great.

The amount produced in Europe and Asia is about one-tenth of this; or $3,200,000.

Total silver product of the world,	$35,200,000
Add to this the gold product,	16,600,000
Total product of gold and silver for the world,	$51,800,000

This is, doubtless, not exact; but nearly the true amount.

* Cleveland's Mineralogy.

The first question naturally asked, when such an immense amount is annually produced, and the gold product is doubling, is, why does not the *specie currency* as rapidly increase? Gold and silver are durable metals, and lose little by friction and decay—specie will soon be the only currency, and paper abolished. The answer to this very natural position is contained in a fact we have already stated—that the *manufacture* of gold and silver demands annually $40,000,000. If we deduct this from the total product given above, we shall have $11,800,000 annually to supply the wants of the currency. When we consider the amount of specie already in existence—the probable loss—the extension of commerce, and the increase of population, and, more than all, the advance of luxury, following in the train of refined civilization—there is little reason to believe the specie currency will be relatively increased. Nor is there any reason to suppose it necessary. All currency, whether specie or paper, is but an algebraic *sign* for value, and bills of exchange have, long since, become the *notation* of commerce. When banks fail to pay specie for their notes, it is not the want of specie, which creates the difficulty—but the want of means valuable in society, wherewith to purchase it. The bank, which has property of exchangeable value, never wants means to meet its notes; and, it has been remarked with great force, that the largest banking institutions have never discounted more freely than when they had least specie in their vaults. They then discounted upon the credit and confidence of community in their means of payment; while, in times of distress, they are obliged to hoard their specie, to meet a contrary state of things. Thus the bank of the United States loaned, in 1832, $70,000,000 upon *half* the specie upon which it now loans $50,000,000; still, it is admitted that, a large amount of specie must ever be kept, at least by banks, as a means of withdrawing their notes, without the necessity of a difficult and circuitous exchange. Indeed, the specie now in use, large as is the amount, does little more than this. The soundest banks do not deem it necessary to keep more than *one-third* their circulation in specie; while the greater number keep nothing like that proportion.

The amount of specie extant, we cannot determine, but, we may approximate that held by the two greatest commercial nations of the world, England and the United States.

England holds* - - - - - - - - -	$180,000,000
Of which, the bank holds - - - - -	44,000,000

* Pebrer on the Debt and Taxation of England.

The United States hold about - - - - $35,000,000
Of which, the bank of the United States holds 15,000,000

Thus these two nations hold about $215,000,000. But, of this amount, very little, it is well known, goes into *active* circulation; it is rather a *contingent fund*, held by banking institutions to meet the occasional necessity of curtailment in their notes.

When we consider, then, that the amount of bullion coined and carried into circulation, is only about *one-fifth* of the whole product of the mines—that of this, the greater part is confined to the vaults of the bank, and that the proportion of specie, to paper circulation, is scarcely one to three—there is no real foundation to suppose, that the increase of gold will add greatly to the amount in circulation, or increase the facilities of exchange.

There is, however, another point of view, in which the possession of gold mines may be beneficial to the country. Every article of commerce, the product of the soil, whether grain or gold, adds relatively to the wealth of the nation, by affording the means of disposing of its surplus products. The exportation of $5,000,000 of gold—the product of the country, and *not bought* from foreigners—is in no way different from the exportation of $5,000,000 of wheat. They are both the harvest of the season, sold at their market value, and not taken from the wants of the country; if they were, they would not be exported. The product of the gold mines, then, is a new *staple* of the country, and like the same value in cotton, tobacco, or wheat, adds to the resources and the wealth of the nation.

The legislation of congress upon the subject of gold coining, is embraced in two acts of the recent session; one reducing the standard of gold coinage, so as *apparently* to meet the legal equivalent of silver, viz: ten dollars for an eagle; and the other making *foreign gold coins* current, and regulating the rates at which they shall be received by weight. The former law is based upon the fact, that our gold coins had risen to seven or eight per cent. above par, and consequently, were driven out of the currency. The latter was passed to make a large amount of foreign gold coin, brought to this country by emigrants, current here. Both acts, as matters of public policy, are founded upon the idea, that a gold currency is the best, and, that the recently discovered mines will enable us to keep up such a currency.

With respect to the last position—that our gold mines will enable us to keep up a specie currency—we have already seen, that in all probability, the gold product of this country will be

equal, in amount, to the far-famed harvest of Potosi; yet, we have also seen, that four-fifths of the specie product of the world, is absorbed by manufactures, and that this manufacture is increasing with increasing luxury. The commerce, business, and stock exchange of nations are also increasing, even beyond the increase of population. Hence, the increase of gold would do little towards supplying the demands of the currency.

If a specie currency *cannot be established*, it is scarcely necessary to inquire whether it be the best. It is sufficiently obvious, however, that for many purposes, it is not the best. For example, when it becomes necessary to transmit sums of money, to any considerable amount, from place to place, no one would pretend to carry or send specie. They would send a bank note of the necessary value, a post note, or a bill of exchange. Again, the money used in daily transactions, when above a small amount, is far more convenient in the form of notes. It is then, only in small *change*, to prevent the destruction of small notes—a great tax upon community—that specie is valuable, *as currency*. Its principal office, is to supply this *small change*, and as the most convenient article—to act, as a *deposit* of *value*, in the vaults of banking institutions.

With respect to *gold*—its advantage over *silver*, as a *pocket coin*—is not very apparent. The *five-dollar piece*, is about the size of a *quarter dollar;* hence, a smaller coin could not be used without hazard of constant loss. Yet, it is under this, that the great mass of circulating coin is found, and is needed; *above* that size, but little is wanted, except those large amounts, which can better be used in the form of notes.

The law, reducing the standard of American gold coin, has, however, its propriety and value. The Mint was established to enable the United States to have their specie currency, both gold and silver, in their *own coinage*. The standard of gold coin, however, being higher than that of other countries, but little gold was coined, and that soon disappeared. Gold coin became totally extinct in common intercourse, and the mint, as to that, a sinecure. It was certainly desirable, that some of our native gold should be coined at home, and that when coined it should remain there. To some extent, this will be accomplished by the new law; but another question at once arises: If gold be increased, will not silver be diminished? No government, we apprehend, however omnipotent in other respects, has been able to make the exchangeable *value* of two articles of commerce, permanent and immutable. If this be the case, then silver and gold cannot long remain, in large quantities, current together. In England, gold greatly predominates: in this

country silver. Time and experience will determine whether this state of things shall continue. E. D. M.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY MRS. HENTZ.

I was travelling merrily along, in a snug, green sleigh, wrapped in buffalo skins, rejoicing in the prospect of a comfortable night's rest, in the still village which I saw peeping over the hill I was just ascending. It was a clear, cold, bracing winter's day. The ground was covered with spotless, shining snow, that made the eyes ache from its intense whiteness, and the air had those little, bright, cutting particles of frost, that glance like a razor across the nose and chin.

'How charmingly I shall sleep to-night,' said I to myself, nodding in fancy, at the very thought, 'when I reach that hospitable looking inn, whose sign-post creaks so invitingly in the wind. How refreshing a hot cup of coffee, and light, smoking muffins will taste, after riding so far in the sharp, hungry air!' Regaling myself with this vision of anticipated comfort, I suffered the reins to hang a little too loosely: my horse, who was probably indulging in *his* reveries of oats, and hay, and a warm crib, made a kind of off-hand, sliding step, and with a most involuntary jump, I vaulted at once into a bed of a very different nature from the one upon which my imagination was dwelling. It was sometime before I recovered from the stunning effects of my extemporaneous agility; but when I rose and shook off the snow-flakes from my great coat, I heard the sound of my horse's bells at a respectable distance; and I had to walk speedily, and limpingly too, to the next tavern, before whose door I intended to have made such a triumphant flourish. There, I arrived at the mortifying conviction, that my sleigh was broken, that my horse had run, head first, against the shaft of another sleigh, and wounded himself in such a manner, that I should probably be detained several days on my journey. I felt quite stiff and lame the next day, but my landlady—who was a good little bustling woman, walking about so briskly that the border of her cap blew back and lay flat on her head as she moved—gave me so many warm lotions and doses, that towards evening, I felt as if I had recovered my wonted activity. She advised me not to leave the room that day, 'as it would be a thousand pities, if I cotched cold, after such a marciful deliverance.'

The scene from abroad was too tempting, however, for my philosophy. They may rave about the beauties of a moonlight night in summer—a night of shadows, bloom, and flowers; singing birds and singing rills—but it cannot be compared to the one I then gazed upon—it was so dazzlingly bright!—the virgin snow looked so calm and holy in the clear light that mantled it! The first idea it suggested, was a solemn one. It lay so cold and still, it reminded me of the windingsheet of nature, till the almost supernatural radiance that sparkled from its surface, recalled to the imagination those spotless robes of glory, which are described as the future garments of the righteous. I stood with my arms meditatingly folded, absorbed in these reflections, till the stars twinkled so kindly, with such sweet, beckoning lustre, I could not resist the temptation of going abroad. I rambled awhile down the street, when catching the echo of a gay laugh, and an occasional jovial shout, on the cold, still air, I turned in the direction of the sound, and soon found myself near a boisterous, busy little group, who were engaged in the delightful amusement of sliding down hill. I did not wish to disturb their gaiety, and stopping in the shade of a high stone wall, close to the spot, watched them as they stood on the brow of the slope, preparing to make the grand descent. There were girls and boys without hats, or bonnets, or cloaks—their cheeks looking so rosy and their eyes so bright, it made your own wink to look at them. About half a dozen little girls were wedged closely together on a hand-sled, the handle of which was turned back and held by one who sat in the middle, in the capacity of charioteersman, and one who sat on the right hand, held a stick, which she occasionally stuck in the snow to pilot them on their way. There was one girl, taller and larger than the rest, who seemed to take a kind of superintendence of the band. I never saw such a personification of health, bloom, and rustic beauty. Her hair, which was perfectly black, hung about her shoulders, as if she had just shaken out a confining comb; her face was lighted up with such a living glow of animation, it made one feel a sensation of warmth and comfort to gaze on her; and then her blithe voice rung so musically on the ear, it gave the heart a quicker, gladder bound to hear it. Just as they were about to start on their downward career, there came a dismal screeching from a neighboring farm-yard, that jarred most discordantly with the merriment of the scene. 'Oh!' said one of the little girls, in a doleful tone, 'the poor hens and chickens! What a dreadful, cruel thing it is, to kill 'em so for Thanksgiving—just, too, as they get nicely to roosting! I won't touch a bit of chicken-pie

to-morrow—you see if I do.' 'Do hear her!' started half a dozen at once; 'she shan't have any Thanksgiving, shall she? And don't you pity the pumpkins, and the apples, and cranberries, Mary? And don't you think it hurts them to be cut, and pared, and stemmed!' Here the voices were drowned in peals of superior laughter. 'Never mind, little Mary,' interrupted the kind, glad accents of the elder girl—'I love you all the better for being pitiful, and so they all do, if they do laugh at you.' I gathered from this childish, but moral discourse, that the next day was to be Thanksgiving—that good, old-fashioned New England festival, and was exceedingly pleased at the idea of witnessing the hilarity of the village, on so interesting an anniversary. I recollected that I had seen, or rather heard, most marvellous preparations going on at the inn, pounding, and stirring, and rolling, and beating, and chopping, and various other mysterious sounds.

Now, off they go—faster and faster—the little sled glides like a fairy boat over a moonlit wave: now it shoots like a falling star near the foot of the hill. A shout from above—but, alas! a cry of distress from below! The triumphal vehicle was overturned, and the compassionate little Mary taken up writhing with pain. 'Poor, dear Mary!' exclaimed the pretty, black-eyed lassie, bending anxiously over her. 'What is the matter?' 'Oh, I don't know,' answered the poor child; 'but it hurts *so* bad!' Grieved at the accident that had checked their innocent glee, I immediately offered my services to carry the little sufferer wherever they should direct, an offer which was accepted with readiness and gratitude. Fearing she had broken a limb, I bore her with great tenderness and care to her father's house, which was indicated by her elder sister, the pretty girl I admired so much. It is unnecessary to dwell on the commotion of the family, upon the sudden entrance of a stranger under such circumstances. Every body knows what a bustle is. Let those who love such scenes, seek for a description elsewhere. I wish to say a few words of the good doctor of the village, who speedily arrived—a man, who 'take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.' He was dressed in a long, white, tight-bodied greatcoat—a broad-brimmed white hat, with a pair of huge saddlebags on his left arm, and a pair of huge spectacles approaching the extremity of a long, thin, nose. He walked directly towards the table, without looking to the right or left; took off his hat, laid down his saddlebags, hemmed—then walked straight to the fire, sat down, and looked wisely into it, with his long hands resting on his knees. 'Oh, doctor!' said the anxious mother, 'do look at the poor child and see what is

the matter.' 'I'll pass my judgment directly,' said he, weighing his words as he uttered them. At last, after a great many preliminaries, he 'passed his judgment,' that the child had dislocated her collar bone—set it with greater expedition than I expected, resumed his saddlebags and hat, and walked directly out of the house, without looking to the right or left. Surely, if ever mortal man pursued a steady, undeviating course in the line of duty, it was doctor M. And never was mortal man more venerated for wisdom and skill. It was almost believed he held the issues of life and death in his hands, and his 'judgments' were never disputed. It is strange there are so many inveterate talkers in the world, when a few words, slowly uttered, invariably establish a reputation for superior sagacity. Let me do justice to the good doctor, before I leave him. They said, when once you penetrated the hard, cocoa-nut shell of his manners, you met the sweet flow of the milk of *human kindness*, warm from the best of human hearts.

The family were so grateful for my attention, that they invited me to come and partake of a Thanksgiving dinner with them—an invitation I gladly accepted, especially, as Lucy, my black-eyed favorite was the elder daughter of the household, and backed the request with a glance, that flashed as brightly over me, as the pine-knot blaze that was glowing in the chimney.

Thanksgiving morning dawned—clear, dazzling, and cold. The sun came forth like a bridegroom from the east, unconscious of the slaughtered victims, whose heads lay reeking in the poultry-yard unconscious of his unpitying beams. Thanksgiving day! What 'volumes of meaning' in that little phrase! A day when man makes a covenant of gratitude with his Maker for the free bounties of the year; when the fragrant incense of the heart rises up warm and fresh, above earth's cold, wintry mantle, sweeter than the aroma of summer flowers, and mingles with the odors of Paradise! I went that morning to the village church—a plain, modest building, distinguished by a tall, white spire, that arrested the first and last glances of the magnificent eye of the universe. The village pastor—what endearing associations cluster around that name!—stood in the act of prayer, as I entered: I caught the sound of his voice, and it filled me with venerating sensations. It had that deep, full, organ sound, which breathes so eloquently of soul; and as it rose with the fervor of his feelings, and rolled through the arch of the simple, but heaven-dedicated walls, I felt my spirit as irresistibly borne along on those waves of sound, towards the ocean of eternity, as the fallen leaf upon the billowy sea. I never heard such a voice in my life. 'How,' thought I, gazing

in wonder on his evangelical face, pale, but illumined with the glow of devotion,—'how came such a man here?' Towards the close of the prayer, the deep, majestic tones of adoration and praise gradually lowered to the softer accents of humility and love. He sat down; there was a hush, as if the Spirit of God had descended and was brooding over the abysses of the human heart. I wish I were not limited to a sketch, that I might dwell long on this meek, richly-gifted apostle of our divine religion. Never before, had christianity seemed to me so lovely and august. His sermon was the most eloquent I ever heard—fraught with glowing images, with earnest, affecting, and energetic exhortations. I felt as if I had been a monster of ingratitude, and I made a vow to myself, to live hereafter a wiser and a better man. I fear you will think I did not fulfil my vow, when I pass the succeeding scenes. Yes, I must descend from the holy mount of prayer and praise, to the simple, heart-felt socialities of a village life. Imagine me then seated at a long table, covered with spotless linen and groaning with unutterable comforts, and around that table three generations gathered. 'First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.' There sat the grandfather and grandmother, their brows whitened with the harvest of life, ready to be gathered into the heavenly garner: then the respectable farmer and matron, the heads of the household, in the quietude of conscious competency and domestic happiness; then the children, from my pretty Lucy, down to a little, chubby, golden-haired, blue-eyed thing that peeped from her grandfather's knee, like a violet from a snow bank. The old man raised his feeble hand and every head was bowed, as with a palsied, difficult voice, he called down a blessing on the bounteous board. Even the infant on his knee, clasped its little hands, and looked reverently in its grandfather's face, as if it were conscious it had something to do with heaven. After a decent pause, the business of gratitude commenced. The roasted turkey—the lord of the table; the chickens, roast beef, chicken-pie, with its circumvolutions of paste, salient angles, and loopholes, were first to be demolished, with the accompanying vegetables and relishes, the bright green pickles, garnished with the scarlet barberries. Then came the plum-puddings, and mince-pies, and apples, and custard, and cranberry-tarts; and pumpkin-pudding, and apple-custard: and it would have been considered the height of ingratitude to have refused one of these dainties. A triangular piece of each pie was put upon a plate, till they made a perfect wheel of party-colored spokes. Lucy sat by my side and received my gallant compliments, with a mingled bashful-

ness and roguery of expression, which was completely bewitching to me. I was what they called a genteel, goodlooking young man, and had a tolerable good opinion of my own powers of pleasing. I thought there could be no possible harm in flirting a little with the pretty rustic. I was incited to this, by the evident discomposure of a youth, who sat on the opposite side of the table, whose countenance presented the oddest mixture of displeasure, fear, and shamefacedness I ever witnessed. He had really a fine face, but it was so disguised by these different expressions, it had something inexpressibly ludicrous in it. He sat at a distance from the table, with his feet on the rounds of the chair, so that he was obliged to reach forward his head and arms most lengtheningly; and he kept his eyes fixed so ruefully, yet indignantly on Lucy and myself, that he could not find the right path from his plate to his mouth. Lucy seemed saucily to enjoy his awkwardness and confusion, and true to her sex, triumphed in her power. At last, seeing that he had laid down his knife and fork, over his untouched pie, she asked with real interest and kindness of tone,

'William, why don't you eat? I am afraid you are sick.'

'I havn't got any appetite,' said he, huskily.

'You've lost it very suddenly,' said she, archly.

At this, he cast at me a glance of dim fierceness, so irresistibly comical, I had recourse to a convenient fit of coughing, to hide the rising laugh. Lucy caught the infection, and unable to resist the impulse, laughed outright. The poor fellow started on his feet, set back his chair, with a tremendous noise, snatched up his hat, and marched directly out of the room.

'Oh, Lucy, what have you done!' said her mother, reproachfully.

'Lucy, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!' uttered her rougher father.

I looked at Lucy. Her face was the color of crimson, and an expression of alarm struggled with her scarcely conquered mirth. I began to think I had carried matters a little too far, and that Lucy was rather too much of a coquette. I was sorry for the pain I had given his honest heart, and for the confusion into which I had thrown the good people. She was evidently ashamed of having me suppose that he had any right to be displeased, and put up her pretty lip, and said she was sure she did not care: 'he was nothing to her—he had no business to look so funny.' My thoughts were diverted into a new channel, by a side conversation which was going on by the couch of little Mary (which was nicely made up in a corner of the room, within full view of the dainties of the day) between her and a cousin of

the same age, upon the comparative merits of the different pies their mothers had made, their superior quality and quantity. At last the dispute became very warm—their tones grew angry, and every little sentence began with 'I say.'

What a lesson might the proud wrestlers in the great arena of life take from these Lilliputian disputants! They rested their claims to superiority upon the majority of pies made in their households, and each pie, in their eyes, was of more value and importance than the star of the legion of honor. It may seem a trifling theme; but many a time since that hour, when I have heard the high and mighty, in mind and name, contend for the poor straws of earthly distinction, I have thought of the eager, positive, triumphant assertion, '*my mother made the most pies.*'

To return to my rustic coquette. As evening approached, her vivacity was rather upon the wane: she cast restless glances towards the door: at the sound of the merry jingling bells she ran to the windows, and looked earnestly out, as if looking for something, whose coming she watched in vain. 'He won't come, Lucy,' whispered her sister to her. 'I don't believe he will ever come near you again. You can't go to the ball.' 'I don't care,' answered Lucy; but as she turned away, I saw tears gathering in her bright eyes, which belied the indifference of her words. I understood at once the state of the case. This awkward youth was probably a sweetheart of hers, who when free from the demon spell of jealousy, was very likely a glass of fashion to the village dandies. There was to be a Thanksgiving ball, and he was to have been her partner. In a paroxysm of jealousy he had left her in the lurch; and the prettiest lassie in the country was doomed to the penalty of staying at home, because she could not get her beau!

This would never do. As I had been the bane, I resolved to act *the part* of the antidote. I managed to introduce the subject of the ball; said there was nothing in the world I should be so much pleased to witness, and if she would allow me the honor of attending her there, I should be extremely happy, &c. &c. Her countenance became radiant with animation. From what bitter mortification I had saved her! What a noble revenge would she inflict on her plebeian swain!

I have not leisure to tell the hows—the whys—the wherefores, and wherebys—we are in the ball room, on Thanksgiving eve—a New England ball room. If a son or daughter of the land of pilgrims should read this sketch, who has ever been so blest as to witness such a scene, they behold it at this moment in their mind's eye. Scrape go the fiddles—pat go the feet—the girls all in pure, simple white, with here and there a gay rib-

bon and fluttering flower, scamper down the dance: the young, with stiff, starched collars, and shining metal buttons, and heavy heels, foot it briskly after.

The floor has a noble spring, and those who are sitting round, spectators of the exhilarated actors, feel their feet keeping time involuntarily and their heads nodding, before they know what they are doing. What would my patrician friends have said to see me cutting the pigeon-wing, and taking the double-shuffle with the superfluous animation that I exercised that evening! Yet I would not have been ashamed of my sweet partner even in the heart of the metropolis. She did look lovely. To be sure, her sleeves were not twice as large as her body—her shoulders were where nature placed them—and, worse than all, she wore round-toed shoes! But her robe was as white as the snow on which the moon-beams shone, and her face as blooming as the red rose that decorated her brow. I was really half in love with her, and I rattled more nonsense in her ear than her unsophisticated imagination ever dreamed of. Her vanity was greatly excited, for I was the *gentleman* of the party, and the young girls looked upon her conquest with envy—that mildew which falls on the sweet blossom of the valley as well as the exotic of the greenhouse. At length the tide of youthful spirits began to ebb: the bounding step softened down into a kind of weary slide: the lights looked dim, and a sleepy cloud floated over the young, starry eyes shining around me. Lucy never opened her lips while I was escorting her home. She seemed to be communing with her own conscience, which probably gave her some remorseful twinges and regretful pangs. For my own part, the excitement of the occasion being over, I felt a little sheepish for the part I had taken.

The next morning, every thing being ready for my departure, I called to bid farewell to Lucy, with the commendable resolution of speaking to her frankly on the subject of her jealous love, and recommending to her reconciliation and forgiveness. I found her with an open letter in her lap, the living carnations of her cheeks all withered and pale, and tears that seemed wrung by agony, streaming from her late glad eyes.

'What has happened, Lucy!' said I, trembling with indefinite apprehension. She tried to speak, but could not; and then put the letter into my hand. I read it, and wished I had been shot. I will transcribe it as faithfully as my memory allows, and I think I remember every word of it, for it seemed stamped upon my mind as with a redhot iron.

'Dear Lucy—I'm going away—a great way off—and I don't want to go without letting you know that I forgive you

the wrong you 've done me. Oh, Lucy! if you only knew how it cut me to the heart, when you laughed at and made game of me, before that fine new sweetheart of yours, you never would have done it; for he never can love you as well as I have done; for he 's known you but a day as 'twere, and I—we 've known each other from children, and I 've loved you better than any thing else in the world ever since I knew how. I 'm going to sea, to sail on the great waters, and perhaps I may make my grave in them; for I don't feel as if I had any thing to live for now. I always had a kind of longing for the sea; but I hated to leave you behind. It 's no matter now. If I thought you 'd be sorry, I think I 'd be willing to die. Good b'ye, Lucy,—I hope you 'll be happy as long as you live. No more at present from your faithful WILLIAM.'

Thus ran poor William's letter. Oh, what mischief had my idle vanity wrought! What would I not have given to have blotted out the record of one thoughtless hour! The angel of consideration had whipped the offending spirit of coquetry from her bosom. The memory of his early love and devotion—his integrity and truth—came back upon her with the fragrance and freshness of the opening spring. Then the thought of the cold dark waters to which she had driven him—of his finding there an untimely grave—and his injured ghost coming and standing beside her bed at the midnight hour, and crying—'Oh, cruel Lucy—!' I read all this in her wobegone face; and penetrated with remorse, I took her hand, and said with a manly feeling, which I think did me honor—'Lucy, I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart. I am alone to blame. Your William will come back again—I am sure he will—and if he does not—by Heaven! I will marry you myself! Yes, I am going a long journey—perhaps I too, must cross the ocean; but I shall return in two years, if my life is spared; and then, if you are willing, my pretty Lucy, I 'll marry you, and cherish you tenderly as long as I live.'

'You are very, very kind,' sobbed Lucy, 'and I like you very much—but I'd rather have William, after all.'

Oh, simple and unadulterated nature! how eloquent thou art! Art never taught its polished votaries a sentence more beautifully impressive, than this spontaneous expression of truth and sensibility!

Let us suppose two years and a little more are passed—that spring has covered the hill side with green, and the valley with bloom. It was this sweet season when I again stopped at the village where I had spent the memorable Thanksgiving day. It was Sunday. Every thing was perfectly still: even my bust-

ling little landlady had gone to meeting without asking a single question. I brushed the dust from my garment, and took the path to the white church, that now contrasted beautifully with the velvet common on which it was built. I entered: again I heard those deep, adoring accents, which had once before thrilled through my very soul: again I looked on the benign countenance of the servant of God, still bearing the sacred impress of his celestial embassy. I looked round. My eyes rested upon a pew not far from the pulpit, and they wandered no more. I felt as if a mountain were removed from my heart. Lucy was there, more beautiful than ever: her fair brow turned thoughtfully upwards, and a sweet, subdued expression diffused over her whole sunny face; and William was by her side, in the dignity of manhood, and no longer under the dominion of a withering passion, looked not unworthy of his blooming bride. As soon as the service was over, I stood in the broad aisle, waiting for them to pass out. My heart throbbed quicker as they approached with that sober, decent pace, which becomes those who are leaving the temple of the Most High. At length she raised her downcast eye, and it fell upon my face: a glow, like the morning, overspread her own.

'Oh! sir,' said she, after the first heartfelt greeting was over, 'I am so happy now! William has come back, you see, and'— 'And you are married,' added I, taking up her hesitating speech. William blushed, and turned upon her a look of such pride and affection, I almost envied him. I have had many a joyous hour, but never have I felt so exquisitely happy as in the conviction that moment brought me, that the honest, loving hearts, my folly had severed, were again united in those holy bands, which God having formed, were never more to be lightly sundered!

THE BROKEN PRISM.

A sob shook the bosom of the infant boy, as the zephyr shakes a leaf; and sorrow had come over his beaming face, as the mist before a star. A tear lay below his full dark eye; and a bright crimson drop tipped his small white finger. The sparkling fragments of the broken prism clinked in his frock-shirt, as he held it by its hem in his left hand; and, putting forth the other with a look of horror at the blood, ran to seek his mother, and piteously cried—

'Mother! mother! take away this blood, and join my broken plaything! Mend it—or I cannot cast colors round the room, nor make pieces of the rainbow any more. I staid where you bade me. I sat upon the carpet, or leant upon the sofa, till the wide light of the window had dwindled to a narrow streak. Then, only once, I left the parlor, and carried the prism to the door, to catch the whole sun, and make larger pieces of the rainbow.

'As I stood upon the marble step, a beautiful white dove came and lit down by me. I sprang to take her; but she was gone in a moment. Before I could touch her feathers, she was off in the high air! The prism slipped from me and fell. When I turned to find it, it looked like clear water spattered on the marble! I took up the pieces, and tried to put them together; but they all had sharp edges. One has cut my finger: take my hand in yours, mother, and feel how it aches! Oh! still the pain, and join my broken prism!'

'I feel *all* thy pains, my child, and will bind up thy wound. But I cannot quell its anguish, or make whole the lamented prism.

'Breaking thy promise and my command, thou hast also broken thy plaything. All this sorrow, for which thou hast exchanged the joy of sporting with the colors of the rainbow, is the fruit of one misdeed! But, let the pain of thy hand, and the grief of thy heart be laid up in thy memory for future good—they may yet prove a treasure to thee.

'As long as thou shalt live, remember this drop of blood, and thy mother's word when she wiped it away.

'Innocence, like a white dove, flies from the hand of him whose feet are turned into the path of the disobedient; and he goeth forth to sow that, whereof he shall only reap anguish and tears. The fruit of error is bitterness.'

Thus the mother spoke to her boy; but, the rest she said to herself; for the child could not understand it.

'Poor thing! he has begun betimes to find how soon our brightest joys may become, in their ruins, instruments to wound us. By their smoothness do they slide away, to prove their fragile nature. Their very polish is akin to destruction.

'Hope is a prism. When our sun is unclouded, we see in it all the beautiful hues of the bow of promise. By it, we cast them on the objects that surround us. But if, like this frail thing, whose deceitful fragments have drawn tears and blood from my tender boy, our hopes be made up of the glittering sands of earth, how soon may they be dashed to atoms! Then will they come with sharp edges to cut keenly across our heart-

strings; or, lie like water that is spilt, and cannot be gathered up; while the dove of peace flies away and leaves our bosoms desolate.

'Oh, may my child find his hope in the pure enduring crystal which is clasped between the covers that hold the ETERNAL WORD, that never can be broken!

'In this shall he behold the power and glory of the SUN of an unchanging world. It will enliven the things of time with a reflection of the fair, unfading colors that adorn the throne, and beautify the palace of Him, who placed his bow in the heavens, and made a covenant between himself and his creatures.

'It will delight the eye of his soul with a view of Truth, Justice, Love, Mercy, and Peace, as they blend in the one blessed covenant token, that will remain and brighten when the heavens are passing away; and appear in its fulness of beauty and perfection, when there is a "new heaven and a new earth!"

'Then will the Spirit that once took the form of a dove, hover over him with balm for all his wounds; and they will be bound up by the careful hand of ONE, whose love passes even that of a mother.'

Newburyport, Mass. H. F. G.

TO ———.

I DO love and honor thee; for well I know,
And all who know thee, say so—that thou art
Lovely of form and innocent of heart;
A maiden of kind thoughts, and smiles that glow
With quiet love, and gentle hopes, that throw
A sunlight round thee. And wert thou the bride
Of one by truth and honor sanctified,
High-hearted, gentle, wise, and firm in wo,
How gracefully the tide of life with thee would flow!

For thou art formed to win with gentle art,
And hold in sweet affection's silken tie,
The noblest ardors of a manly heart—
One that could love thee dearly—that could live and die
For thee, and only thee. And is there none
That loves thee thus? Yes, there is one
That lingers but for an approving smile,
One glance from that soft eye that knows no guile,
To kneel and worship at that honored shrine,
And breathe the vow that can be only thine.

Lady, hast thou a heart that may be given
To one whose soul has need of such sweet stay?
A hopeless wight, like me, at random driven,
Lonely and sad along life's rugged path,
Without a breeze of love to cheer me on the way?
More would I speak, but dare not; for true love
Is fearful of repulse, and timid of offence,
And silent ever in its eloquence;
Mute when it fain would speak, and still when it should move.

A10.

TRAVELS IN HOT WEATHER.
No. IV.

I do not remember the day of the month on which I left Harrodsburg—nor is it a matter of much importance. It was in July, after the middle; and the reader, who is curious in such matters, may learn, by the tables published in the Western Monthly, or elsewhere, that the maximum range of the thermometer was something like 98°, and that the heat continued undiminished for several weeks, with the exception of the slight change of temperature produced by the alternation of day and night. After spending a few days at the Springs, I determined to extend my jaunt, on horseback, to some of the more southern counties; and having procured a very pleasant animal, I mounted and set out, taking the main road which leads from Lexington to Nashville. I began my journey after dinner, and rode that evening twenty miles, through a country by no means interesting. Here and there I found a fertile spot, but the land was generally poor, and the improvements very far inferior to those which I had seen in the upper counties. The only village I saw was Perryville, a small place. The next day I passed through Lebanon, crossed the Rolling fork of Salt river, and entered upon a region of high, broken, sterile hills, affording but little entertainment for man or horse, and no romantic scenery to reward the traveller for the labor expended in climbing to their elevated summits.

Among these rugged and precipitous acclivities I saw a cluster of dilapidated log houses, which, I was informed, had been erected by one of the earliest settlers; and I could not avoid feeling some surprise, that a pioneer should have seated himself on such a barren and inhospitable tract, when all the rich plains and valleys of this delightful country were uninhabited, and when he might have selected lands of surpassing fertility and beauty. Yet such a choice was not uncommon; and upon examining the first locations of settlers, in different parts of the western country, we do not find that they always selected the best lands, or the most advantageous situations; and we can only solve the difficulty by supposing that many of them were persons with whom agriculture was not a primary object, and who sought good hunting grounds rather than a productive soil; or else that they chose positions in reference to security from Indian hostilities. The individual alluded to, settled here at a time when there was not a single white man but himself in this vicinity, and here he had resided, with his wife, for a year, without having seen the face of any other human being. Perhaps, as it was his choice to reside in a wilderness, isolated from

his own species, he might have thought it prudent to conceal his place of abode from the Indians, by erecting his cabin in an inhospitable waste, difficult of access, where there were no pastures to invite the deer or buffalo, and no game to allure the savage hunter, and where his family remained secure, while he roved with his gun over some hunting ground at a convenient distance.

After passing a year in this mode of life, he was one day wandering through the woods in search of game, when he heard the barking of a dog, and supposing that an Indian was near, he concealed himself. Presently a small dog came running along his track, with his nose to the ground, as if pursuing his footsteps, and had nearly reached his hiding-place, when it stopped, snuffed the air, and uttered a low whine, as if to admonish its master, that the object of pursuit was near at hand. In a few minutes the owner of the dog came stepping cautiously along, glancing his eyes jealously around, and uttering low signals to the dog. But the dog stood at fault, and the owner halted, within a few yards of our hunter, and fully exposed to view. The new comer was a tall athletic man, completely armed, with rifle, tomahawk, and knife—but whether he was a white man or an Indian, could not be determined, either by his complexion or dress. He wore a hunting shirt and leggins, of dressed deer skin, and a hat from which the rim was entirely torn away, and the crown elongated into the shape of a sugar loaf. The face, feet, and hands, which were exposed, were of the tawny hue of the savage, but whether the color was natural, or the effect of exposure, could not be ascertained even by the keen eye of the hunter, and the features were so disguised by dirt and gunpowder, that their expression afforded no clue, by which the question could be decided, whether the individual was a friend or a foe. There was but a moment for deliberation, and after a hasty scrutiny, the pioneer, inclining to the opinion that the stranger was an Indian, cautiously drew up his rifle, and took a deliberate aim; but the bare possibility that he might be pointing his weapon at the bosom of a countryman, induced him to pause. Again he raised his gun, and again hesitated—while his opponent with his rifle half raised towards his face, and his finger on the trigger, looked eagerly around. Both stood motionless and silent—one searching for the object of his pursuit, the other in readiness to fire. At length the hunter, having resolved to delay no longer, cocked his rifle—the *tick* reached the acute ear of his opponent, who instantly sprung behind a tree—the hunter imitated his example, and they were now fairly opposed, each covered by a

tree, from behind which he endeavored to get a shot at his adversary without exposing his own person. And now a series of stratagems ensued, each seeking to draw the fire of the other—until the stranger, becoming weary of suspense, called out, 'why dont you shoot, you etarnal cowardly varment.' 'Shoot, yourself, you bloody red-skin,' retorted the other. 'No more a red-skin than yourself.' 'Are you a white man?' 'To-be-sure I am—are you?' 'Yes—no mistake in me.' Whereupon each being undeceived, they threw down their guns, rushed together with open arms, and took a hearty hug. The hunter now learned, that the stranger had been settled, with his family, about ten miles from him, for several months past, and that they had often roamed over the same hunting grounds each supposing himself the sole inhabitant of that region. On the following day, the hunter saddled his horse, and taking up his good wife behind him, carried her down, to make a call upon her new neighbor, who doubtless received the visit with far more sincere joy than usually attends such ceremonies.

Having crossed this hilly tract, I came into the *Barrens*, an extensive region of rolling land, some of which is said to be rich; but such was not the character of that over which I passed, the most of which was very poor. It received its name from having been, when first visited by the whites, destitute of timber, and covered with bushes, and from the belief entertained by those who then explored it, that it was not sufficiently fertile to produce forest trees. That opinion has, however, been exploded, by the fact, that since the settlement of the country, the timber has been rapidly increasing; and many parts of it are now thickly set with flourishing young forests, where not a tree was seen forty years ago. In general, however, in the direction that I travelled, the trees were not tall enough to shade the road, while they were sufficiently high to prevent the circulation of the air; and in consequence, the traveller who rides through this region in sultry weather, finds the heat insufferably oppressive.

The next morning I forded Green river, a gentle and beautiful stream, which is destined to become an important commercial highway. It has heretofore been navigated at the seasons of high water, by a very large number of flat-boats, laden chiefly with tobacco, which is raised in great quantities in the counties lying south of Green river. It has been ascertained, however, that this stream may be made navigable at all seasons for steamboats, for about 170 miles from its junction with the Ohio, and at a small expense; and the legislature of Kentucky, at its last session, appropriated fifty thousand dollars for that

purpose. The contracts have been made, and the work will probably be accomplished during next year. This is one of the fruits of a spirit of improvement which has been recently kindled in Kentucky, and promises incalculable benefits to the agriculture, commerce, and general prosperity of that state. It is only surprising that a people so intelligent and patriotic, should have so long delayed the commencement of a system of internal improvement; and that in a country possessing so many natural advantages, and so much wealth, so little has been done to develop its resources by the hand of art. The peculiar shape of the state, having a long line of frontier upon the Ohio river, and a comparatively narrow depth from that river to the mountains, gives it remarkable facilities for opening channels of intercourse, by which the produce of its most remote counties may be transported to the shores of the great western highway. The facilities for making Macadamized roads are also great. The limestone is abundant and of excellent quality, and the substratum on which the roads would rest, is generally of so solid a character, as to afford a stable foundation, and insure a permanent durability.

It is gratifying to see that the state has awakened to her true interest in this respect, and that the legislature has turned its attention seriously to the subject; and there is no question that when this important branch of political economy shall have been thoroughly examined, and its details understood, Kentucky will act with a promptitude becoming her energies and her principles. The liberal appropriations made by the last legislature, and the ability and zeal with which the leading newspapers in Frankfort, Lexington, and Louisville, are now urging the subject upon the consideration of the people, show, conclusively, that a spirit is awakened which will not be suffered to subside until the work shall have been commenced.

Kentucky has within herself the elements of greatness. Her resources are ample; her people intelligent, high spirited, and devoted to their native soil. She only wants *roads* and *schools*. The common idea, that other new states have outstripped her in the increase of their population, in consequence of her toleration of slavery, is only true in part. That has been one of the weights which she has had to carry; but the absence of literary institutions, and of convenient internal communications, has operated with equal power in rendering her latent energies inefficient. Much of her wealth is idle, and much of her labor unproductive, which would at once be brought into active employment, by a system of internal improvements, which should give to the farmers, in every part of the state, a ready access to market, and which, by increasing the gains of the agriculturist,

and the value of real property, would encourage the erection of valuable buildings, and the introduction of improved modes of farming—while the establishment of valuable literary institutions, would not only elevate the tone of public sentiment, but do much towards checking the spirit of emigration, which carries off annually so many valuable citizens, by the inducement which considerate men would find to remain at the places where their children could be educated. There are many ties which bind society together, and the combined influence of which tend to counterbalance the propensity for roving from scene to scene, and to fix individuals permanently in one spot, by surrounding them with advantages and comforts that become necessary to their happiness. Among these, vicinity to market, to the school, and to the place of worship, are so important, that the farmer who possesses these benefits, hesitates long before he consents to exchange them for others of doubtful value—while he who does not enjoy them, and has never learned their full value, is ready to remove to any new country, where he can get better land than that which he occupies.

It is the more desirable that Kentucky should take a liberal and elevated ground upon subjects of such vital interest, on account of the commanding influence which she exercises over public opinion in most of the younger states. She is the eldest sister, and to some of them, has been almost a mother. She has raised distinguished men, who in various civil and military stations, have done honor to the West. She has annually thrown off crowds of emigrants, to the newer states, who have carried with them the state pride, and the love for their native soil, which distinguishes them as genuine descendants of the Virginia stock. These are usually young and enterprising men; some of them are persons of highly gifted minds, and a very considerable proportion of them, are elevated to public offices. They have a fondness for political distinction, which leads their young men, wherever they go, to take conspicuous parts in the popular discussions, and party struggles of the day; and which induces them to seek for office with an ardor which often ensures success. Their sanguine temperament, fits them for the excitement of public life, their native eloquence gives them peculiar advantages in the popular assembly, and we find, in point of fact, that a large proportion of the political offices in all the northwestern states, are filled by gentlemen from Kentucky. The influence of Kentucky, therefore, is great; her example is important to the whole west, and all of us are deeply interested in its direction. It is, besides, one of the peculiarities of the great system of internal improvement, that

its blessings are not confined to the spots which are directly benefited, but that it exerts an indirect, though powerful influence upon the whole country. Every road, and every navigable communication, tends to bring distant points together, to quicken trade, to strengthen the bonds of union, to facilitate the intercourse between the inhabitants of different states, and to give impulse to the widely diffused and multitudinous elements of national prosperity. Literary institutions have a similar effect in the moral world. They bring out and cultivate the latent germs of thought, facilitate the free circulation of public sentiment, and enable the benevolent and the patriotic to act upon the thoughtless mass of intellect which is lying idle, or upon the narrow, the selfish, and the timid minds, that plod in the contracted circle of individual enterprise.

At noon, on the third day, after leaving Harrodsburg, I arrived at Bell's, an excellent tavern, at the point where the roads leading from Louisville and Lexington to Nashville, unite. The distance from Harrodsburg is 90 miles, from Lexington 120, from Louisville 99, and from Nashville 94. The point is one of some note, because Mr. Bell is a most obliging old gentleman, who keeps one of the best taverns on this road, which is saying a great deal, for I have not stopped at a bad one since I left Lexington, and because it is the place of stopping for those who visit the Mammoth Cave. This is one of the greatest of natural curiosities, and perhaps the most extraordinary cavern, in the world. Its extent has never been completely ascertained, although whole days have been employed in exploring its mysterious depths. Some gentlemen speak of having penetrated to the distance of thirteen miles from its entrance, and others estimate the extent of their subterranean wanderings at twenty. The distances actually travelled have doubtless, in most cases, been exaggerated by the representations of the guides, or swelled by the imagination of the pedestrian, who has not fairly taken into his estimate, the slowness of his pace, his numerous halts, and frequent deviations; but with all these additions, the vastness of the cave is truly astonishing. Gentlemen have wandered through its gloomy avenues and gigantic chambers, day after day, in succession, without having reached its utmost limits, or penetrated the deep recesses of even a majority of the numerous passages that branch off in every direction.

The entrance of the cave is in Edmonson county, about nine miles from Mr. Bell's, in a wild, hilly, and thinly inhabited region. Those who visit it stop at Bell's, where they are furnished with horses and a guide, and where, on their return,

they are regaled with a capital supper, and repose from their fatigues upon excellent beds. At the mouth of the cave lives Mr. Gatewood, the Cerberus of this Tartarian abyss, and who, though sufficiently watchful in guarding the region of shade from intrusion, affords all the requisite facilities to the visiter who applies to him for a passport, and for a very trifling remuneration, supplies guides, torches, and whatever else experience has pointed out as necessary to render the excursion agreeable and safe.

During the hot weather, a strong current of air issues from the mouth of the cave, the direction of which is reversed when the temperature of the atmosphere becomes cold; while the temperature of the air within the cave, being little, if at all, affected by the change of the seasons, is nearly uniform throughout the year. It is delightfully cool, dry, and salubrious; so that those who wander through these labyrinths during the whole day, and even sleep here at night, experience no inconvenience from cold or dampness. Parties of ladies and gentlemen sometimes go prepared to spend the night in the cave—carry with them beds, tents, and provisions—and after a day of marching and climbing, sleep at night in a spacious sepulchre, four hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and at a distance of several miles from the only known aperture which communicates with abodes of the living.

I cannot attempt a description of the cavern, for a reason, that all who shall do me the honor to read these brief sketches, will acknowledge to be amply cogent—which is, that I did not happen to see it—being unfortunately so much indisposed, while at Mr. Bell's, as to be incapable of undergoing the fatigue. And this was the more provoking, as I missed a very imposing spectacle, exhibited there while I was in the neighborhood. A religious meeting, which lasted three days, and was numerously attended, was held within the cave. The spot selected for this purpose, is about a mile from the entrance, where a long and winding avenue, through which not a ray of the sun can penetrate, widens into a spacious hall, of about the eighth of a mile in diameter, and more than a hundred feet in height. What a noble cathedral! Here a pulpit was erected, benches disposed around for the audience, and tents arranged in the back ground, for those whose habitations were too distant to allow them to return home at night. How singular and how solemn must have been the scene! Imagine this grand and gloomy cavern, lighted up by a hundred torches, throwing a brilliant glare upon the holy altar and the worshipping assembly, and casting a dim radiance upon the columns and recesses that may be faintly traced

out in the space far beyond. Fancy an unlearned but eloquent speaker, gifted with great muscular energy and power of voice, pouring forth the pleadings of an earnest spirit, in plain, strong, idiomatic language. He is surrounded by a thousand motionless and silent figures, in the attitude of fixed attention. Every eye is turned towards him, and a glow of light is resting upon the faces of that deeply interested multitude. The larger proportion are farmers, plainly clad, of large sinewy frames, and whose sunburnt features exhibit the strong lines that indicate an independent and an impulsive race, while here and there a lovely countenance displays that perfection of beauty, which the purity of devotional feelings impresses upon the native charms of a young and attractive female. The minister of God engages in prayer—the worshippers sink upon their knees, and their heads are bowed in reverence—a few, whose stubborn limbs refuse to bend before the cross of the Redeemer, stand gazing in wonder, in awe, and perhaps anxious fear. The silence becomes more intense—and then the voice of prayer is heard, coming warm from the heart glowing with piety: it is the strong language of thankfulness and supplication, enriched and swelled out into the majesty of sublime eloquence, by the fervid, the vigorous, the figurative diction of the scriptures—while the full round voice of the speaker, assuming a sepulchral depth of intonation, is echoed from cave to cave, until the whole of the atmosphere of the vast abyss seems tremulous with the vibration of sound, and burthened with the voice of prayer.

After a detention of three days, I resumed my journey, and proceeded about eight miles further on the Nashville road, to the Dripping spring, which is about twelve miles from Bowlinggreen. Here I turned off, and pursuing a path through the woods, for about four miles, reached the Camelion spring, a rural place of resort, frequented by the people of this vicinity. The house, which is a log building, is situated in a hollow, blocked up all round by high hills, so disposed as to collect and concentrate the rays of the sun, while they afford the most ample protection against the circulation of air; and the proprietor has ingeniously improved the design of nature, by cutting away the trees, and laying the earth and rock bare to the action of the sun. From these causes, this 'happy valley' is, as nearly as I could guess, the hottest place in the county, and the most suitable rendezvous for those who drink sulphur water to promote perspiration; and from the appearance of the company, I should think that the word *dripping* might be applied to it with as much propriety, as to the place which I passed in the morning; for they sat fanning themselves, with mouths open, gasping for

breath the whole day, while the big drops were rolling down their relaxed features. The house afforded the same kind of accommodations which might be found at the residence of any substantial farmer in the neighborhood—decent beds, and plain food in great abundance and tolerably well cooked. The springs are impregnated with sulphur only, and good of their kind; and the company consisted of some fifteen or twenty persons, of respectable appearance, who seemed to be as affable and as cheerful as the sultriness of the weather and the dearth of amusements would permit.

I spent the day not unpleasantly, and in the cool of the evening rode seven miles to Brownsville, the seat of justice of Edmonson county—a little village of log houses, famous for nothing, that I know of, unless it be the facilities afforded at its only tavern for the study of entomology.

I started the next morning before daylight, forded Green river at Brownsville, and directed my course northwardly for the Grayson springs, where I breakfasted at eight o'clock, after riding twenty-four miles, through a level, thickly wooded, and almost uninhabited country. Here I found another log house, situated in a valley, which had been carefully denuded of the noble forest trees, that had once adorned it, and whose shade would have been most grateful to the panting visiters. The house was large, and the company numerous—the latter consisting of about a hundred persons, chiefly from the neighborhood. The profusion of mineral water, at this place, is remarkable. In an area of not more than a quarter of an acre, there are probably forty or fifty copious springs, rising perpendicularly through a stratum of tenacious clay, and five or six of them have been neatly curbed, for the use of visiters. The chief ingredient which gives character to them all, is sulphuretted hydrogen, but each of them is slightly impregnated with other substances, which vary the qualities of the water in the different springs, so that no two of them are exactly alike. The deposits are blue, red, or white, as the different substances, indicated by these colors, predominate in the composition; and the temperature is varied in the respective veins, from a palateable coldness to an unpleasant degree of tepidity.

The natural advantages of this spot are considerable. The abundance of the water is unrivalled, while the variety afforded by the different springs, is such as to offer to the invalid the chief ingredient under several distinct modifications. The proprietor has adopted for his establishment, the unmeaning name of 'the White Sulphur Springs,' which is not only already applied to several similar places of resort, but would be equally

appropriate to a hundred others; but the establishment is better known abroad as the 'Grayson Springs,' which is used in reference to their geographical position—in Grayson county. Litchfield, the county seat, is three or four miles from the Springs, Hardinsburg thirty miles, and Elizabethtown about the same distance.

I remained here a day, and then went by Litchfield to Hardinsburg. The first half of this day's ride, was through a wild, uncultivated country, over rough hills, and lands of little value; but, on entering Brackenridge county, and approaching Hardinsburgh, the land becomes better, and the farms are well improved. I spent the night here, and the next morning rode ten miles to Cloverport, on the bank of the Ohio, where I found a neat, well-conducted tavern, an intelligent obliging landlord, and every comfort, that a traveller, weary with riding, and exhausted by the excessive heat of the weather, could desire. At this place I left my horse, and embarked for the ultimate point of my journey, in a steamboat. As my voyage down the river, and back to Cloverport, afforded no incident worth recording, I shall omit that part of my tour, and in my next, resume my homeward journey from the lastnamed village.

VERSES TO A LATE FALL FLOWER.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Rich, golden-hued, and fair!
Beautiful gem 'mid the surrounding blight!
Cheerfully wav'st thou there,
A blessing to the sight:
And lavishly dost thou thy sweets dispense—
A balmy pleasure to the longing sense.

When the fair buds of spring
Have burst, and bloom'd, and faded from the eye,
And the rich blossoming
Of summer hath pass'd by,
Thou com'st, 'mid chilling sleet, and winds that blight,
Gladdening the gloom—a star in Sorrow's night.

Thus, when youth's smooth, and fair,
And rose-leaf tinted cheek hath pass'd away;
And the rich, glossy, hair,
Is dim, and thin, and grey;
And Time's fierce storms, and Age's wintry wind,
Have scathed the body, and just spar'd the mind;

Then, 'mid the general gloom,
Bursts forth a light to guide the weary on,
Joyfully to the tomb,
Where life's long march is done:
Light of the soul! that from its heavenly height
Dispels the darkness of the gathering night.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

The circumstances which I am about to relate, are familiar to many now living. In some particulars I have varied from the truth; but if in the relation of an event which excited intense interest, at the time of its occurrence, I shall succeed in impressing upon any one, the delusive character of circumstantial evidence, my object will be attained.

Beneath the magnificent sycamores which bordered a lovely stream in the southwest part of Kentucky, a company of emigrants had pitched their encampment, for the night. The tents were set up, the night-fire threw its gleam upon the water, the weary horses were feeding, the evening repast was over, and preparations were made for repose. The party consisted of three brothers, with their families, who were wending their way to the new lands of the distant Missouri. On their visages, where the ague had left the sallow traces of its touch, few of the nobler traits of the human character were visible. Accustomed to reside upon the outskirts of society, little versed in its forms, and as little accustomed to the restraints of law, or the duties of morality, they were the fit pioneers of civilization, because their frames were prepared for the utmost endurance of fatigue, and society was purified by their removal. Theirs were not the fearless independence, and frank demeanor which marks the honest backwoodsman of our country; but the untamed license, and the wiley deportment of violent men, who loved not the salutary influence of the law, nor mingled of choice with the virtuous of their own species.

As they stirred the expiring fires, the column of light, mingled with the smoke and cinder, that rose towards the clear sky of the mild May night, revealed two travellers of a different appearance, who had encamped on the margin of the same stream. One was a man of thirty. Several years passed in the laborious practice of medicine, in a southern climate, had destroyed his constitution, and he had come to breathe the bracing air of a higher latitude. The wing of health had fanned into new vigor the waning fires of life, and he was now returning to the home of his adoption with a renovated frame. The young man who sat by him, was a friend, to whom he had paid a visit, and who was now attending him, a short distance, on his journey. They had missed their way, and reluctantly accepted a sullen permission of the emigrants to share their coarse fare, rather than wander in the dark, through unknown forests. Hamilton, the younger of the two, was, perhaps,

twenty-seven years of age—and was a young gentlemen of prepossessing appearance, of cultivated mind, and of a chivalrous and sensitive disposition. His parents were indigent, and he had by the energy of his own talents and industry, redeemed them from poverty, and placed them in easy circumstances. In one of his commercial expeditions down the Mississippi, he had met with Saunders, the physician. An intimacy ensued, which though brief, had already ripened into mature friendship.

> 'Affection knoweth nought of time,
> It riseth like the vernal flowers;
> The heart pulse is its only chime,
> And feelings are its hours.'

Together they had hunted over the flowery barrens, and through the majestic forests of their native state—had scaled the precipice, and swam the torrent—had explored the cavern, and visited whatever was wonderful or curious in the region around them; and both looked forward with painful feelings to the termination of an intercourse which had been pleasing and instructive. As they were to separate in the morning, the evening was spent in conversation—in that copious and involuntary flow of kindness and confidence which the heart pours out at the moment when friends are about to sever, when the past is recalled and the future anticipated, and friendship no longer silent, nor motionless, displays itself like the beauty of the ocean wave, which is most obvious at the moment of its dissolution.

Early in the morning, the two friends prepared to pursue their journey. As they were about to depart, one of the emigrants advanced towards them, and remarked:

'I reckon, strangers, you allow to camp at Scottville to-night?'

'Yes,' said Saunders, 'I do.'

'Well, then, I can tell you a chute, that 's a heap shorter than the road you talk of taking—and at the forks of Rushing river, there 's a smart chance of blue clay, that 's miry like, and it 's right scary crossing at times.'

Supposing they had found a nearer and better road, and one by which a dangerous ford would be avoided, they thanked their informant, and proceeded on their journey.

In some previous conversations, Saunders had learned, that his friend had recently experienced some heavy losses, and was at this time much pressed for money, and wishing to offer him assistance, had from time to time deferred it, from the difficulty of approaching so delicate a subject. As the time of parting approached, however, he drew the conversation to that point,

and was informed that the sum of five hundred dollars, would relieve his friend from embarrassment. Having a large sum in his possession, he generously tendered him the amount required, and Hamilton, after some hesitation, accepted the loan, and proposed to give his note for its repayment, which Saunders declined, under the plea that the whole transaction was a matter of friendship, and that no such formality was requisite. When they were about to part, Hamilton unclasped his breast-pin, and presented it to his friend. 'Let this,' said he, 'remind you sometimes of Kentucky—I trust, that when I visit you next year, I shall not see it adorning the person of some favored fair one.' 'I have not so much confidence in you,' laughingly returned the other; and, handing him a silver-hafted penknife curiously embossed, 'I am told that knives and scissors are not acceptable presents to the fair, as they are supposed to cut love, so I have no fear that Almira will get this—and I know that no other human being would cause you to forget your friend.' They then parted.

As Hamilton was riding slowly homeward, engaged in thought, and holding his bridle loosely, a deer sprang suddenly from a thicket, and fell in the road, before his horse, who started and threw him to the ground. In examining the deer, which had been mortally wounded, and was still struggling, some of the blood was sprinkled on his dress, which had been otherwise soiled by his fall. Paying little attention to these circumstances, he returned home.

Though his absence had been brief, many hands grasped his in cordial welcome, many eyes met his own in love, for few of the young men of the county were so universally beloved, and so much respected as Hamilton. But to none was his return so acceptable as to Almira ———. She had been his playmate in infancy, his schoolmate in childhood, in maturer years their intimacy had ripened into love, and they were soon to be united in the holiest and dearest of ties. But the visions of hope were soon to pass from before them, as the *mirage* of the desert, that mocks the eye of the thirsty traveler, and then leaves him a death-devoted wanderer on the arid waste.

A vague report was brought to the village, that the body of a murdered man was found near Scottville. It was first mentioned by a traveler, in a company where Hamilton was present; and he instantly exclaimed, 'no doubt it is Saunders—how unfortunate that I left him!' and then retired under great excitement. His manner and expressions awakened suspicion, which was unhappily corroborated by a variety of circumstances, that were cautiously whispered by those, who dared not

openly arraign a person whose whole conduct through life had been honest, frank, and manly. He had ridden away with Saunders, who was known to have been in possession of a large sum of money. Since his return, he had paid off debts to a considerable amount. The penknife of Saunders was recognized in his hands—yet none were willing, on mere surmise, to hazard a direct accusation.

The effect of the intelligence upon Hamilton was marked. The sudden death of a dear friend is hard to be supported—but when one who is loved and esteemed, is cut off by the dastardly hand of the assassin, the pang of bereavement becomes doubly great, and in this instance, the feelings of deep gratitude which Hamilton felt towards his benefactor, caused him to mourn over the catastrophe, with a melancholy anguish. He would sit for hours in a state of abstraction, from which even the smile of love could not awaken him.

The elections were at hand; and Hamilton was a candidate for the legislature. In the progress of the canvass, the foul charge was openly made, and propagated with the remorseless spirit of party animosity. Yet he heard it not, until one evening as he sate with Almira, in her father's house. They were conversing in low accents, when the sound of an approaching footstep interrupted them, and the father of Almira entered the room. 'Mr. Hamilton,' said he, 'I am a frank man—I consented to your union with my daughter, believing your character to be unstained—but I regret to hear that a charge has been made against you, which, if true, must render you amenable to the laws of your country. I believe it to be a fabrication of your enemies—but, until it shall be disproved, and your character as a man of honor, placed above suspicion, you must be sensible that the proposed union cannot take place, and that your visits to my house must be discontinued.'

'What does my father mean?' inquired the young lady, anxiously, as her indignant parent retired.

'I do not know,' replied the lover, 'it is some electioneering story, no doubt, which I can easily explain. I only regret that it should give him, or you, a moment's uneasiness.'

'It shall cause me none,' replied the confiding girl: 'I cannot believe any evil of you.'

He retired—sought out the nature of the charge, and to his inexpressible astonishment and horror, learned that he was accused of the murder and robbery of his friend! In a state little short of distraction, he retired to his room, recalled with painful minuteness all the circumstances connected with the melancholy catastrophe, and for the first time, saw the danger-

ous ground on which he stood. But proud in conscious innocence, he felt that to withdraw at that stage of the canvass, might be construed into a confession of guilt. He remained a candidate, and was beaten. Now, for the first time, did he feel the wretchedness of a condemned and degraded man. The tribunal of public opinion had pronounced against him the sentence of conviction; and even his friends, as the excitement of the party struggle subsided, became cold in his defence, and wavering in their belief of his innocence. Conscious that the eye of suspicion was open, and satisfied that nothing short of a public investigation could restore him to honor, the unhappy young man surrendered himself to the civil authority, and demanded a trial. Ah! little did he know the malignity of man, or the fatal energy of popular delusion! He reflected not that when the public mind is imbued with prejudice, even truth itself ceases to be mighty. Many believed him guilty, and those who, during the canvass had industriously circulated the report, now labored with untiring diligence to collect and accumulate the evidence which should sustain their previous assertions. But arrayed in the panoply of innocence, he stood firm, and confident of acquittal. The best counsel had been engaged—and on the day of trial, Hamilton stood before the assembled county—an arraigned culprit in the presence of those before whom he had walked in honor from childhood.

As the trial proceeded, the confidence of his friends diminished, and those who had doubted, became confirmed in the belief of the prisoner's guilt. Trifles light as air became confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ to the jealous minds of the audience, and one fact was linked to another in curious coincidence, until the chain of corroborating circumstances seemed irresistibly conclusive. His recent intimacy with the deceased, and even the attentions which friendship and hospitality had dictated, were ingeniously insisted upon as evidences of a deliberate plan of wickedness—long formed and gradually developed. The facts, that he had accompanied the deceased on his way—that he had lost the path in a country with which he was supposed to be familiar—his conduct on hearing of the death of his friend—the money—the knife—caused the most incredulous to tremble for his fate. But when the breast-pin of Hamilton, found near the body of the murdered man was produced—and a pistol, known to have been that of the prisoner, was proved to have been picked up near the same spot—but little room was left, even for charity to indulge a benevolent doubt. Nor was this all—the prosecution had still another

witness—the pale girl who sate by him, clasping his hand in hers, was unexpectedly called upon to rise and give testimony. She shrunk from the unfeeling call, and buried her face in her brother's bosom. That blow was not anticipated—for none but the cunning myrmidons of party vengeance, who had even violated the sanctuary of family confidence, in search of evidence, dreamed that any criminating circumstance was in the possession of this young lady. At the mandate of the court, she arose, laid aside her veil, and disclosed a face haggard with anxiety and terror. In low tremulous accents, broken with sobs, she reluctantly deposed, that the clothes worn by her brother, on his return from that fatal journey, were torn, soiled with earth, and bloody! An audible murmur ran through the crowd, who were listening in breathless silence—the prisoner bowed his head in mute despair—the witness was borne away insensible—the argument proceeded, and after an eloquent, but vain defence, the jury brought in a verdict of *guilty!* The sentence of *death* was passed.

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The summer had passed away. The hand of autumn had begun to tinge with mellow hues the magnificent scenery of the forest. It was evening, and the clear moonbeams were shining through the grates of the prisoner's cell. The unhappy man, haggard, attenuated, and heart-broken, was lying upon his wretched pallet, reflecting alternately upon the early wreck of his bright hopes, the hour of ignominy that was just approaching, and the dread futurity into which he should soon be plunged. It was the season at which his marriage with Almira was to have been solemnized. With what pride and joy had he looked forward to this hour! And now, instead of the wedding festivities, the lovely bride, and the train of congratulating friends, so often pictured in fancy, he realized fetters, a dungeon, and a disgraceful death! The well-known tread of the jailer interrupted the bitter train of thought. The door opened, and as the light streamed from a lantern across the cell, he saw a female form timidly approaching. In a moment Almira had sunk on her knees beside him, and their hands were silently clasped together. There are occasions when the heart spurns all constraint, and acts up to its own dictates, careless of public opinion, or prescribed forms—when love becomes the absorbing and overruling passion—and when that which under other circumstances would be mere unlicensed impulse, becomes a hallowed and imperious duty. That noble-hearted girl had believed to the last, that her lover would be honorably acquitted. The intelligence of his condemnation, while it blighted her

hopes, and withered her health, never disturbed for one moment her conviction of his innocence. There is an union of hearts which is indestructible, which marriage may sanction, and nourish, and hallow, but which separation cannot destroy—a love that endures while life remains, or until its object shall prove faithless or unworthy. Such was the affection of Almira; and she held her promise to love and honor him whose fidelity to her was unspotted, and whose character she considered honorable, to be as sacred, as if they had been united in marriage. When all others forsook, she resolved never to forsake him. She had come to visit him in his desolation, and to risk all, to save one who was dear and innocent in her estimation, though guilty in the eyes of the world.

The jailer, a blunt, though humane man, briefly disclosed a plan which he, with Almira, had devised, for the escape of Hamilton. He had consented to allow the prisoner to escape, in female dress, while she was to remain in his stead, so that the whole contrivance should seem to be her own. 'I am a plain man,' concluded the jailer, 'but I know what 's right. It 'aint fair to hang no man on suspicion—and more than that, I am not agoing to stand in no man's way—especially a friend who has done me favors, as you have. I go in for giving every fellow a fair chance. The track 's clear, Mr. Hamilton, and the quicker you put out, the better.'

To his surprise, the prisoner peremptorily refused the offer.

'I am innocent,' said he; 'but I would suffer a thousand deaths rather than injure the fair fame of this confiding girl.'

'Go, Dudley—my dear Dudley,' she sobbed: 'for my sake, for the sake of your broken-hearted father and sister—'

'Do not tempt me—my dear Almira. I will not do that which would expose you to disgrace.'

'Oh, who would blame me?'

'The world—the uncharitable world—they who believe me a murderer, and have tortured the most innocent actions into proofs of deliberate villany, will not hesitate to brand you as the victim of a cold-blooded felon. And why should I fly? to live a wretched wanderer, with the brand of Cain on my forehead, and a character stamped with infamy?'—

He would have said more—but the form, that during this brief dialogue, had sunk into his arms, was lying lifeless on his bosom. He kissed her cold lips, and passionately repeated her name—but she heard him not—her pure spirit had gently disengaged itself, and was flown forever. Her heart was broken. She had watched, and wept, and prayed, in hopeless grief, until the physical energies of a delicate frame were exhausted: and

the excitement of the last scene had snapped the attenuated thread of life.

Hamilton did not survive her long. His health was already shattered by long confinement, and the chafing of a proud spirit. Almira had died for him—and his own mother—oh! how cautiously did they whisper the sad truth, when he asked why *she* who loved him better than her own life, had forsaken him in the hour of affliction—she, too, had sunk under the dreadful blow. His father lived a withered, melancholy man, crushed in spirit; and as his sister hung like a guardian angel over his death-bed, and he gazed at her pale, emaciated, sorrow-stricken countenance, he saw that she, too, would soon be numbered among the victims of this melancholy persecution. When, with his last breath he suggested, that they would soon meet, she replied: 'I trust that God will spare me to see your innocence established, and then will I die contented.' And her confidence was rewarded—for God does not disappoint those who put their trust in him. About a year afterwards, a wretch who was executed at Natchez, and who was one of the three persons named in the commencement of this narrative, confessed that he had murdered Saunders, with a pistol which he had found at the place where the two friends had slept. 'I knew it would be so'—was the only reply of the fast declining sister—and soon after she was buried by the side of Dudley and Almira. Reader, this is not fiction—nor are the decisions of God unjust—but his ways are above our comprehension.

EMILLION.

LINES.

LIVES there a soul that would profanely dare,
On Love bestow a tyrant's barbarous name,
And, foe to every soft delight, proclaim
His service slavery—its wages care?
Forever may he prove it so, and ne'er
Feel the dear transports of that generous flame.
For much he wrongs the gentlest, best of powers,
Whose very pangs can charm, and torments please,
Whom long I've known, and in whose angriest hours
Such sweetness found, as I would not forego,
No, not forego, for all the drear, cold ease,
Which dull indifference could e'er bestow,
Or he who never loved could ever know. C.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

We have not yet done with this subject, and we do not know whether we shall not find it convenient to make it a standing dish, to be served up from month to month, for the edification of our readers. The materials are ample, and only need to be carefully collected together, and skilfully compounded, to form a species of literary nourishment at once agreeable and invigorating. It is delightful to watch the march of intellect, to behold the aggregation of knowledge,—to see the new discoveries, and to admire the brilliant scintillations, which illumine the onward track of the human mind. Every day produces something novel, ingenious, or queer. To us especially, in the West, must such investigations be productive of a most improving influence. We are a young people, and have much to learn. We are a modest people, and listen with humility to the instructions of those who are wiser than ourselves. There are some things of which we are proud: we have a richer country, taller trees, and more steamboats, than any other people in the world—our orators make a tolerable figure in congress, our doctors are reasonably successful in curing the sick, our merchants manage to acquire the means of livelihood, and our farmers make decent crops. Our laws are not very dissimilar from those of the older states, and are pretty well administered; we do not recollect to have known of an individual being hung for the offence of another, or a judge receiving a bribe to abuse his office, and we never hear of a mob except when we get the tidings by the eastern mail. We plead guilty to the ungenteel practice of eating with iron forks, and having a common comb hung up in the cabins of our steamboats, for the use of English travelers; but we are happy to say that the practice of sitting at the theatre *a la Trollope*, has been discontinued, since the visit of that very fastidious and remarkably polite lady; and that Major Hamilton might *now* find, in *some* of our hotels, both bells and chambermaids. On the whole, we are emerging from barbarism quite as fast as could have been expected, and almost as rapidly as our refined and benevolent friends at a distance could wish. The English language is now generally spoken throughout the valley, a large portion of the population wear clothes, and live in houses, and many of them can read and write. Some of the simplest of the arts have been introduced, and are carried on with a very creditable degree of skill; such as, raising corn, trapping beaver, erecting log huts, building steamboats, making steam machinery, type-founding, and the manufacturing of guns, gunpowder, paper, glass, cloth, iron-ware, tin-ware, and some two or three hundred other things, too tedious to mention. We have even made some maps, books, and pictures, and have invented some tunes that sound pretty well. Nor must it be omitted that there are some churches among us, and a few schools; the bible is circulated pretty generally among the people, and the prospect of converting the whole population to christianity, is quite as fair as in Burmah and Ceylon, and almost as good as in England, France, or Italy.

Considering all things, the march of intellect in the West has been tolerably rapid. Fifty years ago, the pioneers lived in camps and log cabins, wore moccasins, and ate venison; but now, their descendants wear boots and beaver hats, and eat beef, like civilized people. In those days it was quite an accomplishment to speak the tongue

of the Shawnese, or Mingoes, but now there are not a few who actually read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and even jabber French. When Daniel Boone came to Kentucky he found no road plainer than an Indian war path, and the army of Wayne was preceded by a corps of pioneers to cut away the bushes—now canals and turnpikes, after the fashion of the white people, intersect the country in various directions. *Then*, the only craft on the rivers was the canoe, the pirogue, or the barge—now the traveler may be decently blown up in a steamboat, or if he prefers journeying on land, be comfortably upset in an elegant stage-coach. And we are happy to learn that our advance is to be still further accelerated, and that means are in operation, the effect of which will place us on a footing with the most favored nations. What these are, will be explained by the following extract, from the Lowell Journal, a paper published in the town where, according to Major Downing, 'a mile of gals,' turned out to welcome the President, on his visit to the factories, and where of course there is a vast deal of knowledge and civilization, some of which is intended to be imported for our special edification. The remarks, which we quote, are taken from an address, said to have been delivered there by a distinguished divine from this region, on the subject of education in the West, and which, the editor of that paper says,

'Was listened to by a very numerous, respectable, and attentive audience. In the course of his remarks, he alluded to the diversity of character in the West, the larger portion of their society being emigrants from different parts of this and other countries; spoke of their limited means of education, and of the importance of introducing the social and religious principles of New England among them—New England principles, the matchless bounty of a bountiful Providence!—He dwelt upon the importance of early and immediate action—the importance of sowing the seeds of virtue before vice had taken root among them—bade us remember that *un*cultivated virtue was *cultivated* vice!—and called upon New England's sons to go among them—not in a mass, to excite an envious feeling—but to mix with them as *leaven* in the loaf, and thus produce a saving and enduring influence.'

Of the vast importance of introducing the 'social and religious principles of New England,' into our country, we do not presume to entertain a moment's doubt; for we cannot hesitate to believe that any thing which is to be brought so far, must be very good. But we confess that we are at some loss to know what the principles are, which are so different from our own, and so superior, as to be worth the risk and cost of so distant a transportation. We had supposed that in the *social* relation we were very much like the people from whom we have descended. We marry and give in marriage, and no man can lawfully espouse more than one wife—we honor our parents, love our friends, and open our doors to the stranger. We work six days, and rest the seventh—eat three times a day and sleep at night—just as the people do in New England. We love our uncles, and aunts, and cousins, as well as they, dress as neatly, and behave ourselves as well in company. They eat more fish than we, and have better oysters; but then we have more bread, and fatter hogs; our tables are more plentifully spread than theirs, while they excel us in some of their domestic arrangements. On the whole, we see no great fault to find with our *social* principles—nor do we know of a single *social principle of New England*, which we do not practise, nor an unsocial principle, which is condemned there, that would not be repudiated here. If there be a difference, it is that we have a little more of the social principle than they.

We are equally in the dark as to the *religious* principles of New England, which are proposed to be introduced. We know nothing about them, except from what we have read in good books, or gather from the late crusade against popish ladies at Charlestown, or have learned from the good people who have emigrated out of the land of steady habits. But we have gathered from these sources, that the people who inhabit the eastern states found their religious belief on the doctrines of the Bible, and supposing this to be the fact, we recognize no difference between their religious principles and our own, nor see any reason why those opinions which we hold in common, should be called *New England* principles. We believe in the Bible, as well as they, —we believe in the *same* Bible. To what faith then, are we to be converted, what belief is to be introduced, or what principle is to be inculcated? Is it to be something which is *not* found in the Bible, or is it some denominational creed, in which we have not as yet been fully indoctrinated? The march of intellect, in its hasty progress over our valley, has dropped many hints of new and strange things under the sun, but it has never told us of a New England Bible, or of a code of religious principles professedly drawn from that volume, which has not been fully taught in every section of the union; and we shall, as in duty bound, be truly grateful for any new light which may be afforded us on this very interesting subject.

What a fine thing it is to have learning! And how sad is our fate, to have grown up among the forests and prairies of the West, in ignorance of the occult mysteries which are taught among the spinning Jennys, and Sallys, and Pollys, of Lowell! We might have vegetated here forever, without being aware that we were degenerating so fast, that our race would soon become wholly corrupt, unless a cross should be introduced from a purer stock. We were not at all conscious of 'the importance of sowing the seeds of virtue'—by an importation of young ladies from Lowell, and young men from the Bay State—'before vice'—that is to say, our own sons and daughters, 'have taken root among us.' We thought that things were getting along pretty comfortably, that the country was improving, its institutions growing, and its people becoming enlightened; and we supposed that the good folks who came here from the east, were seeking their fortunes in a flourishing land, and bent on identifying their destinies with that of a rising community. We gave them credit for their good sense, and are still somewhat inclined to believe that most of them had no other views than those which they professed, and which all intelligent and modest persons profess, when they remove to a new country. Few of them, we imagine, arrogate to themselves any more wisdom or virtue than their neighbors; and those who unfortunately bring such notions with them, soon learn that the European doctrines of the degeneracy of the human mind in new countries, is rather fallacious.

Neither were we aware until now, 'that uncultivated virtue was cultivated vice' —or in other words, that an honest ignorant man, was a polished scoundrel. We had supposed that ignorance was a misfortune, not a crime; and that an individual might be virtuous, honorable, and pious, without cultivation. The march of mind has dispelled this fallacy; and we now learn from the new ethics, that a man's moral principle is in the ratio of his intellectual attainments. He that can read will be tolerably honest,—if he can write his name, he will be better still,—and a touch of the classics will imbue him with many excellent virtues.

The concluding sentence of the paragraph which we have quoted, is entitled to our grateful respect, on account of its considerate and benevolent spirit, and we hope that

the admonition will not be lost upon those to whom it is directed. New England's sons are called upon to go among the desolate population of the West, for the purpose of sowing the seeds of virtue in the minds of an ignorant generation. But they are to come, 'not in a mass, to excite an envious feeling'—how kind! how philanthropic! to spare us the mortification of witnessing the concentrated brilliancy of a *mass* of cultivated intellect from the glowing east! How generous to guard against the envious feeling, which would be awakened by the advent of such a galaxy of cultivated virtue! How judicious the plan, which, instead of pouring down the whole splendid effulgence of a constellation so redolent of social and religious principle, upon some one favored spot, proposes to scatter the genial luminaries, far and wide over the vast region of mental depravity and intellectual gloom! They are to mix with us, as leaven in the loaf, and quicken the heavy sluggishness of western barbarism, by the enlivening influence of eastern intellectuality.

We confess that we are struck here with an apparent inconsistency, which we do not see very well how to reconcile—in consequence, possibly, of our own deficiency of that same *leaven*, which is so highly recommended. New England people have been pouring into the valley of the Mississippi, for the last forty years—and if it be true that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, how does it happen that the required effect has not been already produced? Or is the process of deterioration so rapid, in this Bœotian climate, that the social and religious principles of the emigrants from that favored region, require to be frequently refreshed by new streams from the native fountain? And what security have we that the 'sons of New England,' who are to be poured, fresh and frothing, into our stagnant community this year, will not need themselves a little of the same kind of yeast next year, to bring them into a proper state of moral fermentation?

We may stop here to point out another curious operation of the march of intellect. Throwing off to the South, the states of Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi, we have in the West, six states, containing two and a half millions of white population. The people of those states have subdued the wilderness, have framed constitutions, enacted laws, organized civil institutions, introduced the useful arts, and cultivated the social principle, in great harmony and with signal success, by the aid of their own *uncultivated virtues*. They have now in complete organization the whole complex machinery of law and government; and they number among their citizens, gentlemen who make, and who expound laws, clergymen, physicians, merchants, artists, and farmers, who are as capable as those of other states, and possess as much general intelligence. Yet a proposition is gravely made to a 'very numerous, respectable, and attentive audience,' to send out people to introduce social and religious principles, and sow the seeds of virtue, in states thus intelligently populated, and successfully governed! The proposal was not to commission clergymen to preach the gospel—but 'New England's sons,' *to mix* with the people, for the purpose of civilizing them. Now we do say, that the audience which could have listened attentively to such an invitation, must have been better acquainted with the process of making shoes, than with the history of their own times and country, or else must have consisted of the 'mile of *gals*,' who might properly consider the project of mixing as leaven with the ruddy sons of the West, worthy of consideration.

We have great pleasure in stating another fact, which is probably not generally known, and will no doubt prove highly consolatory to those benevolent friends of ours,

who take so deep an interest in our affairs. The New England states contain a population of nearly two millions, and, according to the table published in the American Almanac, there are in their colleges 1758 students. In the western states, containing a white population of two and a half millions, there are reported to be 1696 pupils. This list we know to be in some respects defective, and we believe that 200 may be safely added, and that the correct number of students in all our western colleges is about 1900. On the other hand, the New England colleges contain a large number of southern and western pupils, and if one-fourth be struck off on that account, it will reduce their number to 1300, and the number of youth who are liberally educated will be found to be greater, in proportion to the population, in the western, than in the eastern states. And when it is recollected that of those educated there, a large number emigrate, and that many of them come to the West, it will be evident that the proportion of our population who are graduates, must soon become considerably greater than in New England. Again, there are in the eastern states *twelve* colleges; in the western states there are *twenty*—besides *five* in the western part of Pennsylvania: so that the number of colleges is greater here than there, in proportion to the population.

In all our large towns there are good schools, in which students may be prepared for college. There are also numerous schools, and those of a high order, in which young ladies are taught every thing that is necessary, and a great deal more. We venture to say that in many parts of the West, but especially throughout the state of Kentucky, the female mind is as highly cultivated, and as elegantly refined, as in any part of the United States. And when we recollect the powerful influence of our lovely companions, over the rugged nature of man, we are cheered with the hope, that from this source alone, an immense impetus will be given to the progress of civilization in the west; that under their propitious guidance, the cultivated virtues of New England, will be substituted for our own uncultivated vices, and that we shall all become as smart, and as honest, as if we had been born and bred down East.

It is our duty, before we close this article, to disclaim any merit or demerit in respect to it. The discovery of the great disparity in point of virtue and intellect, between the people of the two different sections of the country, is not *ours*. *We* hold to the doctrine of equality--and believing that there is no very marked difference as to intellect or intelligence, between any of the different parts of the United States, and that our political rights are certainly the same, we think that those who emigrate to this land from any other, should be welcomed with kindness as friends and fellow-citizens, and receive respect in proportion to their deserts. We have thought it a duty, to avoid the discussion of sectional distinctions, and to discourage rather than promote, sectional feeling. But when, from high authority, we find the opinion expressed, that our country must be civilized in the manner in which the same result is proposed to be produced in Africa—by the introduction of a race superior to ourselves in culture, and in the possession of a more elevated moral code, we think that the novelty of the enterprise, and the importance of its bearing upon ourselves, demand that we should give it publicity. It should be examined—and if it be true that the human race deteriorates, as is the case with some vegetables, by being cultivated too long on one spot—or if the reverse be the correct explanation, that the deterioration is caused by planting people upon a new soil, we ought to know it. Because, if we should continue to dwindle at the rate we have been going on for the last half century, in wealth, education, numbers, and improvements, we shall dry up at last, until (like Paulding's Kentuckian)

nothing will be left but a grease-spot. Besides, it can hardly be expected that our refined neighbors in the older states will tamely look on, while a semibarbarous race shall occupy this fertile and noble country. No, indeed—if we do not take to our primers and spelling books, pretty soon, and study hard, and keep up with the march of mind, we shall have to be served like the Cherokees, and be sent away to some new land, where we can enjoy the luxury of ignorance, and be out of the way of those who desire to improve the land, and who have no other object in banishing themselves into this wilderness, but that of pure philanthropy.

TEXAS. Observations, Historical, Geographical, and Descriptive. In a series of Letters, written during a Visit to Austin's Colony, with a view to a permanent settlement in that Country, in the Autumn of 1831. By MRS. MARY AUSTIN HOLLEY, &c. Baltimore: Armstrong and Plaskitt, 1833.

IN one respect we are the most highly favored people in the world. In whatever part of the wide west our lot may be cast, we are not only well convinced of the superlative excellence of the country we inhabit, but there is always some still more inviting region, holding out its allurements, and to which we may remove whenever it shall suit our taste or interest to make a change. Wherever the traveler may chance to rest in this great valley, he finds a prolific country, and a satisfied people. There is scarcely a spot which does not present its peculiar advantages. From the Allegheny mountains, to the sand plains of the west, and from the lakes to the gulf of Mexico, there is scarcely a tract of country of any considerable extent, in which the soil does not yield to the laborer an ample reward for his toil, while the diversities of climate, the facilities of navigation, and the varieties of mineral, give distinctive advantages to different points, which raise them in the estimation of their respective inhabitants above all others. It is hardly possible to touch at a place, which the residents do not claim to be *the place*, where happiness may be best enjoyed, or wealth most easily acquired. We are in this respect, a satisfied people. There are those among us, who abuse the times, or the government, or the bank, but none who quarrel with the country. As the ancients had a long muster-roll of duties, good and evil, from which every man might select according to his taste, so every individual among us has, if not a household god, a family devil, upon whose shoulders he packs all the grievances, real or imaginary, which afflicts the land. But no man has ought to say against the land itself—for it is a good land—a land teeming with milk and honey, and blessed with unrivalled prosperity, in spite of the bank, and the great magician, and all other evil influences which are supposed to be feeding on its vitals, and crushing its growth.

Ours, therefore, is not the patriotism that induces the Scot to love the bleak hills, on which, according to Dr. Johnson, a tree is a natural curiosity, nor that which binds the Swiss to his native rocks—but the rational love of those who know when they are well off. We can give reasons for the faith that we have in our country. We can point to our rich lands, and long rivers—to our mines of coal, lead, and iron—to our abundant harvests, our numerous manufactories, and our widely extended forests. There was perhaps more wit than truth, in the story related of the western preacher, who in describing a better world, is said to have declared that it was 'a fair Kentucky

of a place;'—but the spirit which would have suggested such a comparison, may be found in every part of the West. Not only in Kentucky, but in Alabama, in Ohio, in Illinois, and in all the other states, the people believe their own region to be the garden of the West, which is the garden of the world. And we are far from condemning this spirit; it is an honest spirit, and is founded in just principles; for althongh the various sections of our country cannot each be best, all are good, and each has advantages which its inhabitants appreciate above those of other places. The people of Pittsburgh congratulate themselves on being at the head of navigation, and those of New Orleans, on being at its foot—while those of St. Louis, Louisville, and Cincinnati, respectively, would not exchange with either of them, or with each other. One part of the country has rich soil, another navigable waters, and a third minerals; one place is suited for wheat, another for corn, and a third for cotton; here they raise cattle, and there tobacco; every man can choose for himself, and every man thinks his own choice best. Now this is what we call comfortable; and we think it something worth being proud of, that our country is all so good, that every man supposes he has got the best part of it.

But we come now to a seeming paradox, which the critical reader may imagine he has detected in the beginning of this article. We are proud of the West, particularly proud of our own state, and superlatively proud of that spot in the state, which we inhabit—yet there is always some one other place, which is even more desirable than our own. A Kentucky farmer will not admit, as an abstract proposition, that there is any better country than Kentucky—yet, in the next breath, he will tell you that he is going to Illinois. An Ohio man will demonstrate to-day, from the unexampled rapidity with which his state, and especially his own county, has become populated, that his lot has been cast in the pleasantest of all pleasant places—and to-morrow, he will sell out, and go to Indiana. This propensity for emigration, may be in some degree explained, by a fact to which we have alluded: that different parts of the country possess advantages differing in kind, rather than in degree, and that men change situations, not because their own are inferior, but because others would suit them better. The diversities of taste and judgment are such, that one man may imagine that to be an advantage, which another would consider as a defect, or view with indifference. Two persons may exchange farms, as they exchange horses, and each suppose that he has made the best bargain, which is true, if both remain pleased—but it cannot be true, if the intrinsic value of the property bartered be alone considered.

But there is, besides this, an adventurous and enterprising spirit in a portion of our population—an inborn propensity for roaming to newer lands, which is interwoven with every fibre of their natures, and induces them to change their habitations on the slightest cause. Many have inherited from their fathers, a love for the wilderness, where the soil is fresh, the game abundant, and the tangled forest, or the untrodden plains, afford a wide range for their numerous herds. They have a taste which is almost poetical, if it be not really so.

> 'Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
> Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
> More free from peril, than the envious court?
> Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
> The season's difference.'

From these various causes, we see the business of emigration going forward, not

only with unexampled rapidity, but with a steady action, which continues from year to year; and while every part of the West is increasing in population, some favorite portions are receiving vast accessions. One current is pouring in upon Michigan its crowds from New England and New York—another is filling Alabama with planters from Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolinas. A stream of New Englanders is entering Illinois from the North, and another from the South brings its thousands of emigrants from Tennessee and Kentucky. Indiana and Missouri are receiving their portions of this great flood, which, like the inundations of the Mississippi, deposits some of its particles upon every land over which it flows; while a kind of under current, a sort of supplementary emigration, is carrying off from all the western states, crowds of people, who are destined for Arkansas, and for the boundless regions lying along the whole western frontiers.

Wherever the traveler chances to wander over the wide West, he encounters the stragglers of this army, moving towards the setting sun. 'The cry is still, *they come.*' Along the whole chain of the Allegheny ridge, they may be seen crossing into our valley, by every pass which nature or art has rendered practicable—they are thrown in shoals upon all the shores of the northern lakes—they ascend in steamboats from New Orleans—and whenever the art of flying shall be discovered, which in the natural order of things must be soon, they will be wafted by every eastern wind, and darken the air like flights of pigeons. And let them come. There is room enough for all, and they can never eat us out of house and home. The universal Yankee nation might be conveniently settled upon the plains of Illinois, and all the free whites that can be spared from the South, would find elbow room in Missouri.

But what has all this to do with Texas? It has a great deal to do with it—we are coming to that presently. We like to do things in our own way. We have already suggested that although every part of the western country is good, and some of it surpassingly excellent, a large portion of our people are continually looking abroad for a better land. As a person of sanguine temperament is ever feasting in imagination upon some anticipated pleasure which is superior to all the joys that we are in possession of—so we have still some eden in prospect, which is more desirable than the prolific fields around us. The whole land is on the *qui vive*—wide awake, and watching for intelligence from some newly discovered *el dorado*, which would be a good place to move to. Sometimes one place is cried up, and sometimes another—and then they rush for it. One year it is Alabama, another, it's Jackson's purchase, and then, it is the Sangamon country; and no sooner does rumor thus invest a famed region with imaginary charms, than hundreds of farmers mount their horses and ride off to explore it, and hundreds of others, who are too impatient to look before they leap, gear up their teams, and move away to the land of promise.

The delightful season at which we are writing, brings these scenes forcibly to our recollection. The weather is dry, the sky serene, and the atmosphere mild; the roads are dry and smooth; the corn is ripe, the cattle and hogs fat, and the land teeming with abundance. It is the season in which the emigrant may travel with the greatest facility and cheapness. We have seen them at this time of the year strung along the roads of Illinois, in such numbers, that there seemed to be no end to the long cavalcade. Here is a little train of wagons, loaded with furniture and farming tools—the owner, a stout, sun-burnt man, walks before—the wife and children are stowed among the baggage—the tall girls, and the great muscular boys, each of the latter with a rifle

on his shoulder, are strolling in the rear. They are from Tennessee. At night they halt hy a spring, or on the bank of a stream, a great fire is kindled, the beds and pallets are spread upon the ground, and after a hearty supper, the whole party repose comfortably in the open air. There is another party, from the same state; they are more wealthy, the men ride on horseback, the females are in carriages or on horses, and there is a train of negroes—they are going to Missouri. Here is a family from Kentucky—they are very much like those that have just passed, except that they are better 'fixed'—they carry more household goods, and are a grade further advanced in their notions of comfort. All these that we have described are reputable farmers, who will enrich themselves, and do credit to the state. There is a band of a different character. Several families are together—not because misery loves company—for wretched as they seem they are as happy as others. They are all on foot, except a decrepid matron who is mounted on a lean poney, with a child in her lap, and a half naked, wicked boy behind. Their 'plunder' is carried in an ox-cart. They carry axes, guns, and knives, and are a half-clad, hungry, ferocious looking set, who, in Europe, if not taken up for robbers or gypsies, would be arrested for the crime of poverty. Yet *except their poverty*, and the indolence which produced it, there is no harm in them. Among them is a widow and nine children, all barefooted and bare headed—she lost 'her man' lately, and finding it hard to get along in the world, is going to try a new country. These are from North Carolina. A little covered wagon is seen—a creaking, crazy affair, almost worn out, drawn by one horse, whose last debt to nature seems to be nearly due. Within are seated a young man and woman; they are man and wife, and are as like each other as two peas—they have had the ague regularly every year, and are as sallow as a dried cornstalk. They have no property along, nor any baggage—nothing but the horse, the wagon, and their two selves; and they seem to have reached that part of the journey of life which the justice of the peace who married them alluded to when he said 'for better for *worse*.' They meet a gentleman who happens to be a lawyer in his circuit—the man hails him, and stops his lean poney, who straightway pokes down his head and falls to cropping the tall grass. 'Stranger, can you tell me of a good place to settle?'

'Oh yes, it is all good here, you can't go amiss.'

'I want to find a good piece of land, that belongs to congress.'

'Then you have come to the right place, for the government owns nearly the land that you see unimproved.'

'Well, I reckon, stranger, it would be no harm to settle down a'most any where, and build a cabin?'

'None in the world—where did you come from?'

'From North Carolina.'

'How long have you been coming?'

'Three weeks.'

'Where did you intend to go, when you started?'

'Nowhere, in pertick'lar. Me and my wife thought we'd hunt a place to settle. We've no money, nor no plunder—nothen but jist ourselves and this nag—and we thought we'd try our luck in a new country.'

'You are right,' said the lawyer, 'go ahead, you are just the man for a new country. Take possession of the first good tract that you find vacant, and fall to work.'

Sometimes a dozen or twenty of these companies, collect in the evening at the same camping ground. They kindle their separate fires, and circle round them. Whole

acres are covered with beds, tents, wagons, horses, and cattle. The men mix together, the women interchange civilities, and the whole scene is one of lively and picturesque interest. While the weather is open, there are few hardships to encounter in such a journey—but occasionally it rains. The sun sets behind a cloud, the wind changes, and cold, driving showers, pelt the defenceless travelers. They cannot travel in such a storm. Some crawl in their carriages and wagons—some make shelters by suspending sheets and coverlids upon poles—and some fare no better than the domestic animals who turn their backs to the wind, droop their heads, and stand in patient submission, while the rain is dripping from their shivering sides.

In the meanwhile, all the taverns and houses of entertainment are crowded with strangers of another class—gentlemen traveling on horseback; families who are not accustomed to 'camping out,'—merchants, lawyers, and wealthy farmers,—all floating along in the great stream of emigration. They are mostly from the South and West. But where is Jonathan, all this while? He *is* on the way—no mistake about him—wherever there is money to be made by hard labor, Jonathan will find out the place. But he has no notion of 'camping out,' and traveling by land is expensive to those who stop at taverns. He counted the cost, before he came forth to this warfare. He traced the various routes upon the map, read all the books touching the subject that he could borrow, and wrote to divers postmasters in the West, with whom he could correspond without the expense of postage. He even strained a point, and paid the postage on a few letters of inquiry. We could show some that afford admirable specimens of Jonathan's inquisitive nature, and prudent foresight—one in particular which contained, if we remember right, seventy-six distinct queries, the answers to which would have filled a volume as large as a dictionary. Jonathan, therefore, not only knows where he is going, but has ascertained the cheapest route, and the most eligible conveyance. He is floating quietly along the lake, or patiently meandering the Ohio. To look at him, you would not suppose him worth a cent—nor does he care what you think about the matter—he has Nicholas Biddle's passport in his pocket, and knows that no man can stop him. He has sold out all that he had, and put the whole concern into his purse. He might ride in a coach and four if he chose, but has taken a deck passage in a steamboat. He is a small, active, grave man—and most probably hath been a deacon. That decent, neat old lady in spectacles, is his wife, and a worthy lady she is. But she is terribly scared. With what earnestness she begs the captain not to go too fast, nor to let the boiler explode—and with what interest she inquires about snags, alligators, fevers, wolves, and Indians! Poor lady, she will never become morally acclimated, and never like the West a whit better than she does now; she is too old to degenerate, and too good to get better. There is more hope of those rosy girls, with plain, close bonnets, and large traveling baskets in their laps. They have come to the West to do good—and they will succeed—they will teach school for six months, which is a very good thing, and then they will get married, which is better—for them. Those slim young men, 'so melancholy and gentlemanlike,' are going to be lawyers and doctors. They are graduates, and their conversation is of the moral depravity of ignorance, and the intellectual destitution of the West. They are going to supply some of the waste places. The difference between them and the worthy deacon aforesaid, is that he is diligently trying to learn, while they are as zealously attempting to teach. The contrast is that between youth and age, between the young scholar and the old farmer.

Thus they are filling up the West from abroad, and thus they are moving, and circulating, and changing places within the West. But our broad valley is not wide enough for the operation of this enterprising spirit, and there are Alexanders among us, who having overrun every known field of ambition, are sighing for new worlds to conquer. The thousands of square miles that lie yet unbroken by the plough, the league after league of forest which remains unviolated by the ax of the backwoodsman, are insufficient. Our steamboats have ascended the Mississippi to the falls of St. Anthony; they have traced the meanders of the Missouri to a still more distant region; our traders pass annually over vast deserts to Santa Fe, and the adventurous trapper has sought the haunts of the beaver beyond the Rocky mountains; and yet the lust for newer lands, and for novel scenes of commercial enterprise is undiminished. The limits of the United States have been found too narrow to afford scope for the genius of her sons, and a hardy few have penetrated into the territory of our southern neighbor.

The settlement in Texas, which forms the subject of Mrs. Holley's entertaining little book, was projected in 1819, by Mr. Moses Austin, of Missouri. This gentleman was a native of Connecticut, who married at an early age in Philadelphia, and then removed to Virginia, where he engaged in the mining and smelting of lead. Not succeeding in this business, to the extent of his wishes, he visited Upper Louisiana in 1797, and procured a grant of one league square, of land, from the Spanish government of that country, including some of the lead mines, which are situated in the southern part of the present state of Missouri. He was an enterprising, ardent, and generous man, and in consequence of his too great liberality, was again unsuccessful. But undaunted by former failures, he determined to push his fortunes on a new scene, and the bold experiment of a colony in Texas suggested itself. After much negotiation, partly with the Spanish minister at Washington, and partly with the Colonial government of New Spain, authority was granted to Mr. Austin to introduce three hundred families into Texas, on terms that were satisfactory to both parties. Before any thing more was done, Mr. Austin died, of a disease contracted in consequence of the fatigue and exposure which had attended his journey into Texas. But in obedience to his request, his son, Col. Stephen F. Austin, prosecuted the enterprise, and in December, 1821, led a small band of emigrants into that country. They of course suffered many privations; it would have been a novel circumstance in the history of colonization if they had not. Some of their provisions were wrecked upon the coast, some destroyed by the Indians; the Carancuhuas and other tribes were hostile; and the government afforded no protection. Col. Austin, however, proved himself admirably well qualified for the charge he had undertaken. He was firm and prudent—unshaken in spirit, and indefatigable in his exertions. His people endured the sufferings to which they were exposed, with patience, and the colony slowly grew in numbers and in importance. Its existence soon became known abroad, and excited great attention in the western states. The news flew rapidly over the land, and thousands were ready to embark in an undertaking so congenial to the temper of our people. The country was represented to be rich, the climate delightful, and the land so abundant that it was granted freely, without money and without price, to all who came. Many gentlemen, and among them some of the most intelligent citizens of the West, visited Col. Austin's settlement, for the purpose of ascertaining the facts in relation to it. They generally returned pleased with the country. They found a

highly productive and beautiful region, with a delightful climate, lying near the sea-coast, and admirably situated for commerce. They were satisfied with the inducements held out by the proprietor. A league square of land, or 4428 acres, English measure, was offered to each family, or one-fourth of that quantity to single men. But the unsettled state of the country presented insuperable objections. Under any circumstances, the idea of expatriation would have been unpleasant. A prudent man would reflect seriously, and hesitate long, before he would resign the substantial rights of an American citizen—the privilege of voting, the trial by jury, the protection of known and fixed laws, the principle of religious toleration. Under no other government could they expect to enjoy these rights to the same extent, and in the same practical security; and still less, could they look for the protection and freedom to which they were accustomed, in a country where there was no government. Mexico was still in a state of revolution. Nothing was settled. Parties were fiercely contending for the ascendancy, power was passing from hand to hand, and even the form of the government fluctuating. There was no security for life or property, and few were willing to risk all that was dear, for the uncertain, though certainly alluring advantages, contingent on the ultimate success of the colony.

Col. Austin, however, persevered, and not only kept alive the confidence of the people who had followed him, but was singularly successful in maintaining his own standing with the government, under all its changes. So unshaken was his integrity, or so great his adroitness, or such the combination of these qualities, that while factions were tearing each other down, and men were wading to power through seas of blood, the sagacious American enjoyed the respect and protection of the various chiefs, who in rapid succession grasped the reins of government. Although many embarrassments surrounded the colony at first, and its existence was more than once threatened, within the first five years after its settlement, its prospects became brighter at the close of that period, and since then, according to Mrs. Holley, 'the affairs of the colony have flowed onward, with a silent, but rapid and uninterrupted prosperity.'

We have said that Col. Austin's project excited much attention in the western country. The intelligence of a newer and more southern country, has never failed to awaken the spirit of enterprise among our people. The products of the South are so much more valuable than those of the North, and the advantages presented by a combination of rich soil and genial climate so great, that it is not to be wondered at if our farmers should readily exchange the culture of wheat and corn, for that of cotton and sugar. But in addition to the clouded state of the political atmosphere in Texas, reports were circulated to its disadvantage in another respect. Its position in respect to the United States, induced a belief that it would become the resort of fugitives from justice, and that many would be tempted to say, in a different sense from that intended by the poet,

'Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious *court?*'

Rumor soon confirmed this impression. Whenever a felon escaped from the grasp of the law, or a debtor removed himself beyond the reach of his creditors, it was said that he had gone to Texas; and Col. Austin was supposed to be surrounded by a company similar to that which followed David to the cave of Abdullam—'And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them.' We remember

distinctly that such rumors were not only current, but very generally believed; and we are happy to have it in our power to quote the evidence of Mrs. Holley, in the refutation of that which was doubtless an exaggeration, if not a gratuitous slander. She says of the colony:

'It now numbers upwards of six thousand inhabitants, and the influx of emigrants is greater than ever. These people I am assured, are, as a body, of the most industrious and worthy character; for the greatest precaution has been used from the commencement of the enterprise, to exclude the idle and the vicious. This judicious policy has been pursued throughout, from a conviction that the success of the undertaking, must depend upon the good character of the population. A report, counter to this statement, has more than once found its way to the public ear, and been circulated in the newspapers, but it is a fabrication and a slander.' p. 107.

'Several fugitives, who found their way into the colony in 1823-4, he expelled, under the severest threats of corporal punishment if they returned, and in one instance he inflicted it. As regards the general morality, and hospitality of the inhabitants, and the commission of crimes, the settlement, it is intended, will bear a favorable comparison with any county in the United States.' p. 108.

The author furnishes the following information in regard to the productions of that country.

'The natural productions of Texas are, in general, the same with those of Louisiana and Florida. The indigenous indigo of Texas, is considered, by those who have tried it, to be greatly superior to the plant which is cultivated in the United States. It is manufactured in families, for domestic use, and is preferred to the imported indigo.'

'The productions which may be considered as naturally adapted to the soil of Texas, and which may be made profitable by cultivation, are short and long staple cotton, sugar, indigo, tobacco, olives, grapes, rice, wheat, Indian corn, rye, oats, barley, flax, hemp, sweet and Irish potatoes. The extensive natural pastures found in the prairies, furnish peculiar facilities for rearing horses, black cattle, hogs, sheep, and goats. Butter and cheese may be made in very great quantities and of superior quality. The honey-bee seems to have found a favorite haunt in Texas.' p. 135.

We learn further from this book, that, 'the water, generally speaking, is good in all parts of Texas'—'materials for building are abundant'—'specie is the only current money of the country.'

But it is not our intention to plunder Mrs. Holley's book for the entertainment of our readers, but only to give the orange a gentle squeeze, that they may judge of its flavor. It is the production of a highly accomplished lady, who has resided for many years in the West, and whose pen has more than once been engaged in enriching our periodical literature. Her style is pure and sprightly, and her descriptions vigorous and concise. The country described is one of great interest to the United States, and especially to the people of this valley—as it lies in a position in relation to a large portion of our territory, which must render it a valuable ally, or a troublesome neighbor. With six thousand industrious inhabitants now, it must soon grow into an important state, whose people will speak our language, whose products will be thrown into our markets, and whose traffic will afford an extensive circulation to the manufactures, and staples, of our more northern region.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

For the Month of OCTOBER, 1834; *taken at the Woodward High School, Cincinnati. By* JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date. Oct'r 1834.	Thermometer. min.	Thermometer. max.	Thermometer. m. tem.	Barometer. mean height in's.	Course Wind. AM--PM	Char'tr of Wind.	Rain	Char'tr Weather.	Miscellany.
1	63.0	78.0	73.1	29.036	SW-SW	hi.wd.	0·11	cloudy.	clouds very low.
2	52.0	72.0	64.3	29.206	SW-SW	str.wd.		clear.	
3	48.0	76.0	64.1	29.270	SW-SW	lt.wd.	0.31	vari.	rain at 3½ p. m.
4	61.0	70.0	64.6	29.190	W-W	str.wd.	0.07	vari.	rainy morning.
5	37.0	59.0	50.3	29.510	W-W	str.bre.		clear.	
6	37.0	69.0	56.8	29.470	S-SE	lt.wd.	0.48	fair.	rain at night.
7	54.5	63.0	60.1	29.396	SE-SE	lt.wd.	0.17	cloudy.	wet morning.
8	61.0	74.0	68.0	29.373	S-S	lit.wd.	1.37	cloudy.	rain at night.
9	55.0	63.0	57.4	29.336	W-NW	hi.wd.	0.07	vari.	clear at evening.
10	38.0	59.0	49.0	29.563	N-N	lt.bre.		fair.	
11	39.0	68.0	55.6	29.516	S-SE	calm.		clear.	foggy morning.
12	48.0	68.0	62.1	29.446	SW-SW	str.bre.		vari.	
13	45.0	55.0	48.1	29.473	WN-NW	str.bre.		clear.	
14	35.0	54.0	47.0	29.351	SE-SE	str.bre.		cloudy.	
15	34.2	65.0	52.0	29.390	SE-SE	lt.bre.		clear.	smoky.
16	47.0	78.0	66.9	29.476	SW-SW	st.wd.		fair.	indian summer.
17	55.0	77.0	69.3	29.466	SW-SW	hi.wd.		vari.	
18	47.0	69.0	59.8	29.016	S-W	hi.wd.	1.17	cloudy.	very high wd. nt.
19	28.5	38.0	35.0	29.270	W-W	lt.wd.		fair.	flying clouds.
20	22.0	46.0	36.8	29.440	W-SW	lt.bre.		clear.	
21	26.5	66.0	51 9	29.413	S-S	calm.		fair.	hazy.
22	53.5	67.0	58.2	29.421	W-NW	lt.wd.		fair.	
23	44.0	59.0	52.8	29.496	SE-NW	lt.bre.		cloudy.	very smoky.
24	31.0	67.0	53.0	29.551	E-E	lt.bre.	0.56	fair.	smoke gone.
25	47.0	62.0	55.9	29.206	SE-SE	lt.wd.	1.71	cloudy.	rain day and nt.
26	51.5	57.0	52.3	29.169	W-W	hi.wd.		vari.	
27	31.0	56.3	46.7	29.343	W-W	lt.wd.		fair.	
28	32.0	57.0	49.1	29.366	SE-NW	lt.bre.		fair.	
29	37.0	57.0	50.0	29.463	NE-NE	lt.bre.		vari.	
30	40.0	64.0	52,4	29.431	NE-NE	lt.bre.		fair.	very clear nights.
31	38.0	70.0	55.6	29.461	NE-NE	lt.bre.		clear.	

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale)	55° 43
Maximum height of thermometer,	78°
Minimum height of thermometer,	22°
Range of thermometer,	56°
Mean height of barometer, (English inches)	29.3779
Maximum height of barometer,	29.63
Minimum height of barometer,	28.86
Range of barometer,	.77
Perpendicular depth of rain, (English inches)	5.95

Direction of Wind: N. 1 day--NE. 3 days—E. 1 day--SE. 6 days—S. 3½ days—SW. 6½ days—W. 7 days—NW. 3 days.

Weather: Clear and fair days, 17—variable, 7 days—cloudy, 7 days.

Indian summer, unusually pleasant.

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